ROOSEVELT'S PLACE IN HISTORY By H. G. WELLS

DEC. 9, 1933

Liberty

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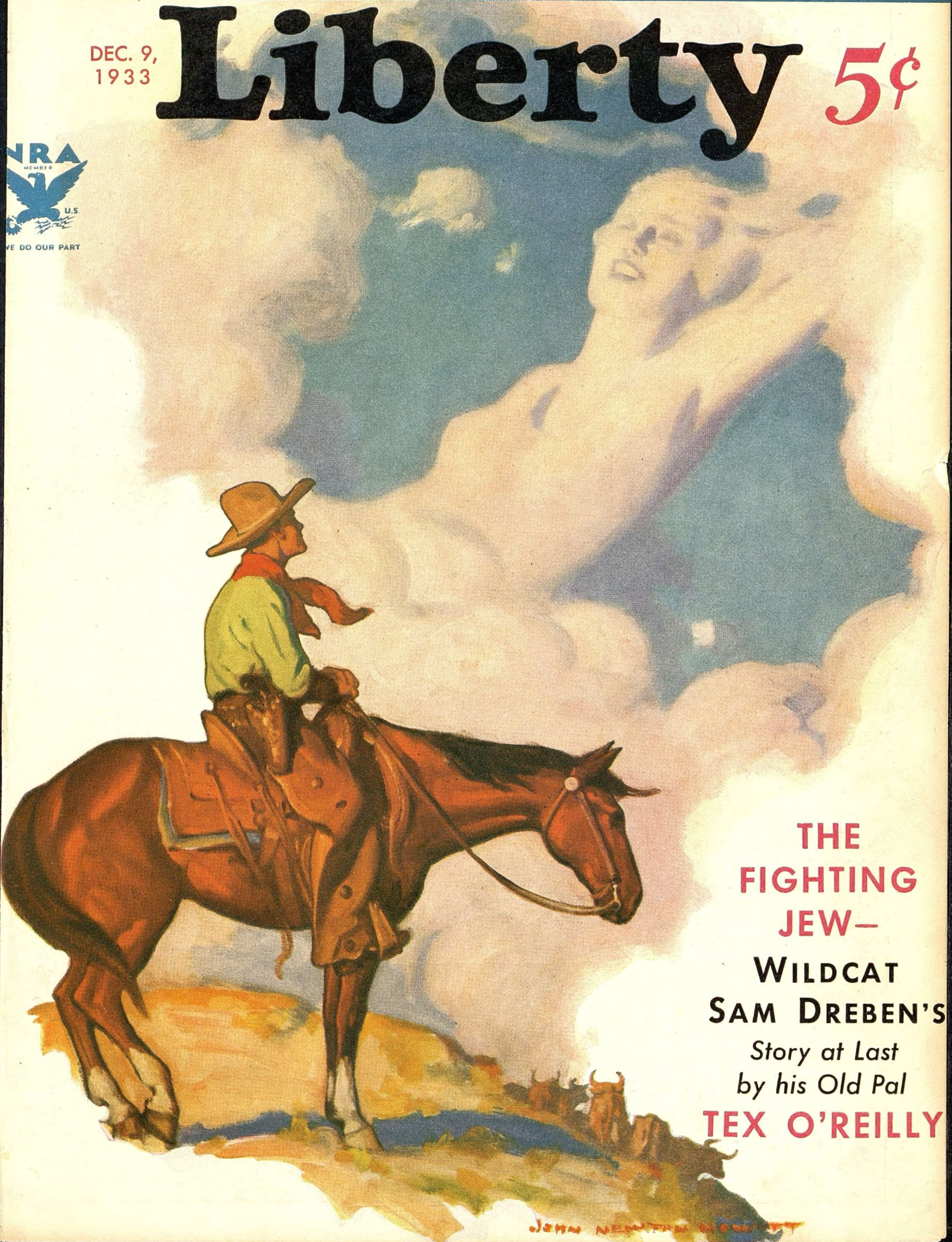
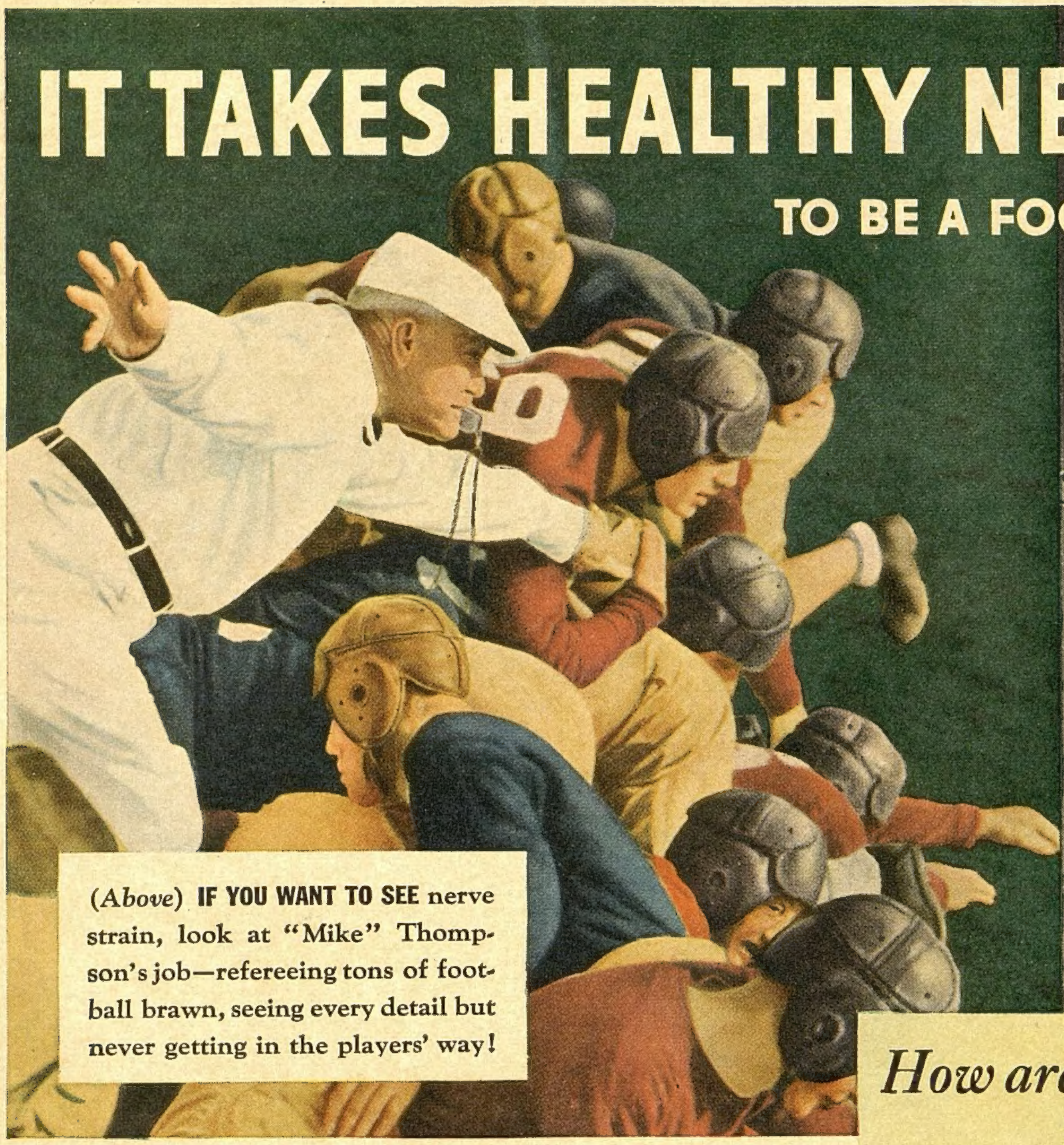
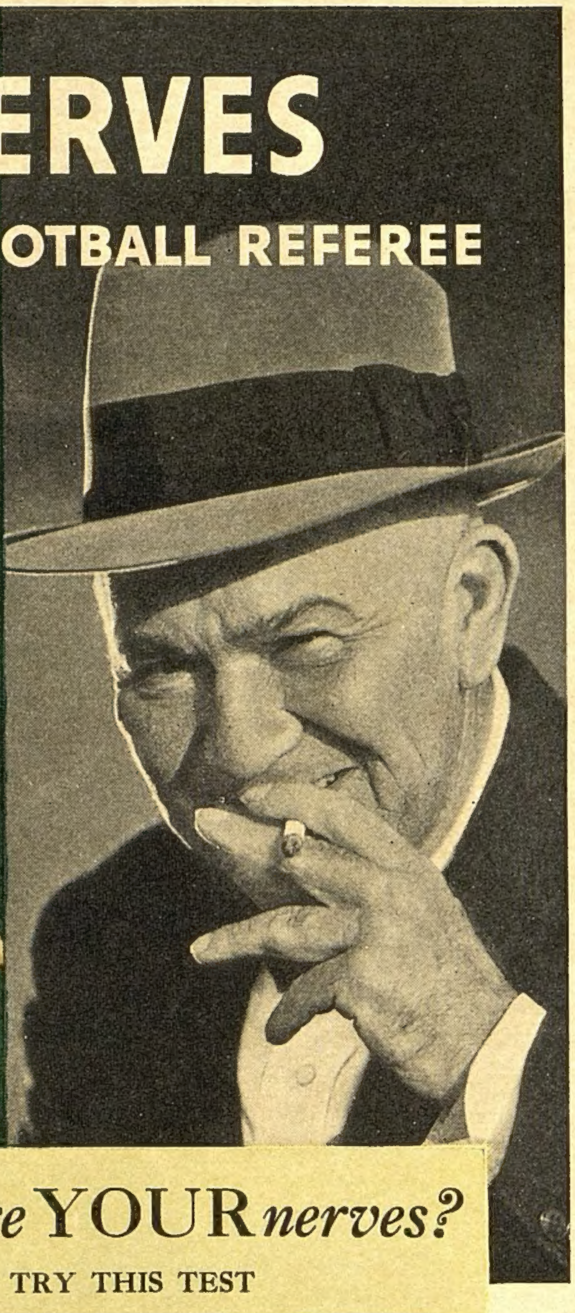

JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

THE FIGHTING JEW—
WILDCAT SAM DREBEN'S
Story at Last
by his Old Pal
TEX O'REILLY

IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES

TO BE A FOOTBALL REFEREE





(*Above*) **IF YOU WANT TO SEE** nerve strain, look at "Mike" Thompson's job—refereeing tons of football brawn, seeing every detail but never getting in the players' way!

Steady Smokers turn to Camels

M. J. ("Mike") Thompson, football's most famous referee, is a steady smoker who has to keep healthy nerves. He says:

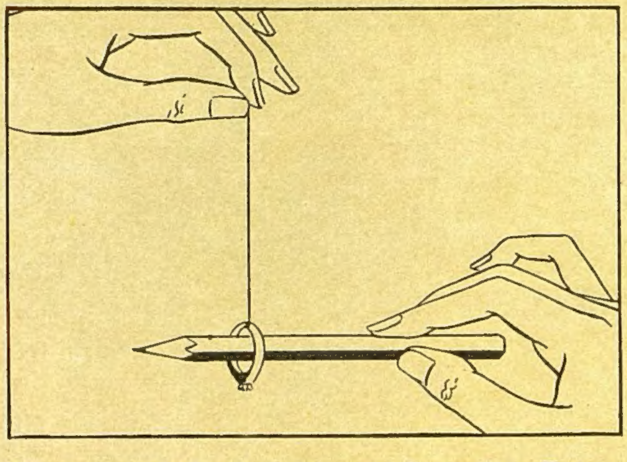
"Because nothing can be allowed to interfere with healthy nerves I smoke *Camels*. I have tried them all—given *every* popular brand a chance to show what it can offer. *Camels* don't upset my nerves even when I smoke constantly. And the longer I smoke them the more I come to appreciate their *mildness* and *rich flavor*."

* * *

Many smokers have changed to Camels and found that they are no longer nervous... irritable... "jumpy." Switch to Camels yourself. Smoke them steadily. You will find that Camels do not jangle your nerves—or tire your taste.

How are YOUR *nerves?*

TRY THIS TEST



Fasten one end of a short string to a finger ring. Have a second person hold string at arm's length above shoulder. The test is for *you* to make a full-arm swing downward and up... and try to put a pencil, held 3 inches from the point, through the ring. Good performance is being successful once in the first 3 tries.

George Santelli, (Camel smoker), champion fencer, did it on the first try.

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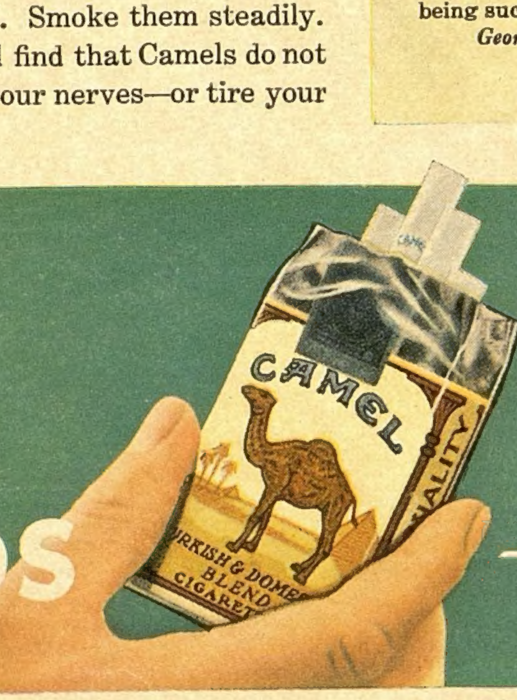
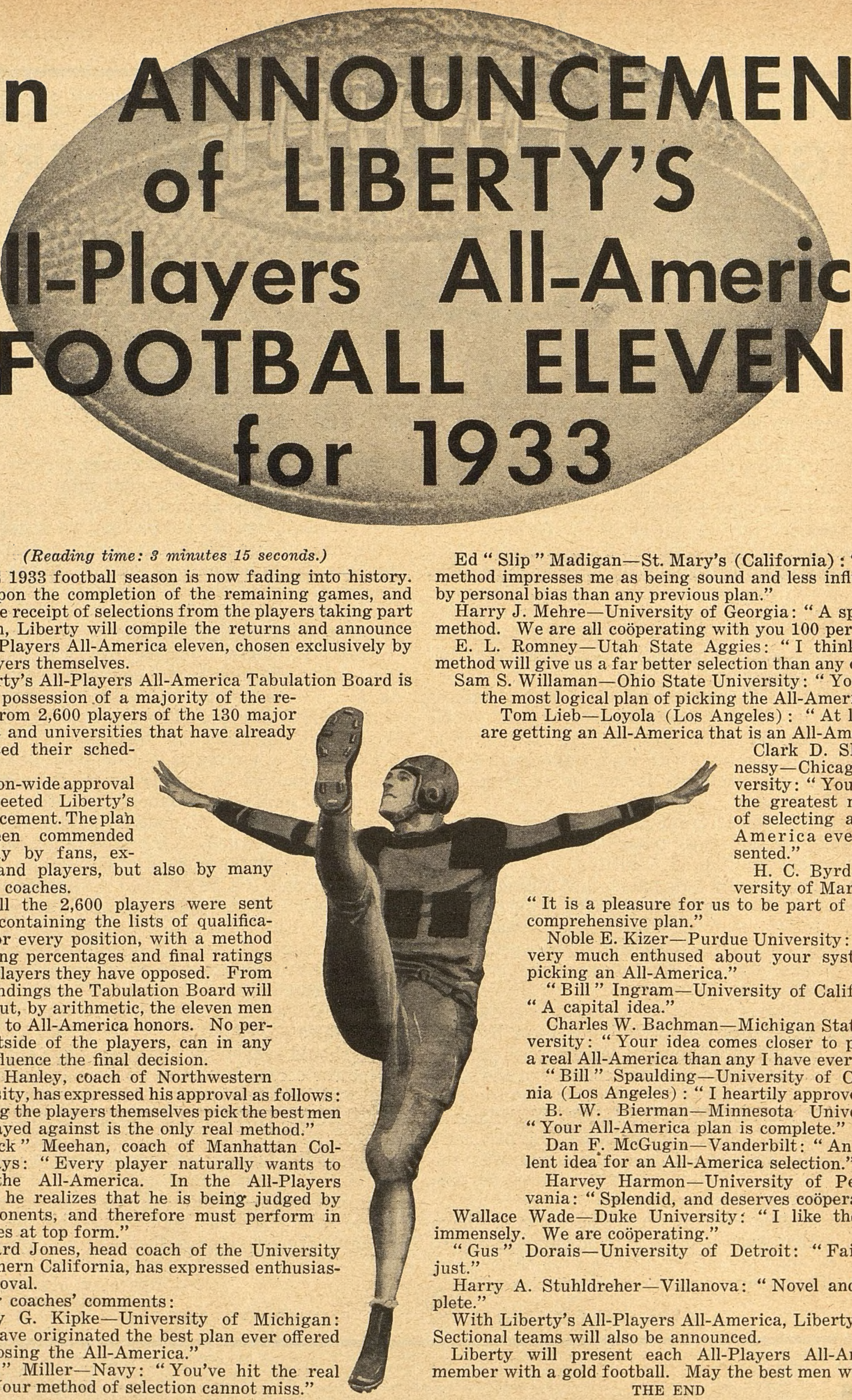
Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS



—THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES



An ANNOUNCEMENT of LIBERTY'S All-Players All-America FOOTBALL ELEVEN for 1933

(Reading time: 3 minutes 15 seconds.)

THE 1933 football season is now fading into history. Upon the completion of the remaining games, and the receipt of selections from the players taking part in them, Liberty will compile the returns and announce its All-Players All-America eleven, chosen exclusively by the players themselves.

Liberty's All-Players All-America Tabulation Board is now in possession of a majority of the returns from 2,600 players of the 130 major colleges and universities that have already completed their schedules.

Nation-wide approval has greeted Liberty's announcement. The plan has been commended not only by fans, experts, and players, but also by many leading coaches.

To all the 2,600 players were sent blanks containing the lists of qualifications for every position, with a method of finding percentages and final ratings of the players they have opposed. From these findings the Tabulation Board will figure out, by arithmetic, the eleven men entitled to All-America honors. No person, outside of the players, can in any way influence the final decision.

Dick Hanley, coach of Northwestern University, has expressed his approval as follows: “Having the players themselves pick the best men they played against is the only real method.”

“Chick” Meehan, coach of Manhattan College, says: “Every player naturally wants to make the All-America. In the All-Players method he realizes that he is being judged by his opponents, and therefore must perform in all games at top form.”

Howard Jones, head coach of the University of Southern California, has expressed enthusiastic approval.

Other coaches' comments:

Harry G. Kipke—University of Michigan: “You have originated the best plan ever offered for choosing the All-America.”

“Rip” Miller—Navy: “You've hit the real idea. Your method of selection cannot miss.”

Ed “Slip” Madigan—St. Mary's (California): “Your method impresses me as being sound and less influenced by personal bias than any previous plan.”

Harry J. Mehre—University of Georgia: “A splendid method. We are all coöperating with you 100 per cent.”

E. L. Romney—Utah State Aggies: “I think your method will give us a far better selection than any other.”

Sam S. Willaman—Ohio State University: “You have the most logical plan of picking the All-America.”

Tom Lieb—Loyola (Los Angeles): “At last we are getting an All-America that is an All-America.”

Clark D. Shaughnessy—Chicago University: “You've hit the greatest method of selecting an All-America ever presented.”

H. C. Byrd—University of Maryland: “It is a pleasure for us to be part of such a comprehensive plan.”

Noble E. Kizer—Purdue University: “I am very much enthused about your system of picking an All-America.”

“Bill” Ingram—University of California: “A capital idea.”

Charles W. Bachman—Michigan State University: “Your idea comes closer to picking a real All-America than any I have ever seen.”

“Bill” Spaulding—University of California (Los Angeles): “I heartily approve.”

B. W. Bierman—Minnesota University: “Your All-America plan is complete.”

Dan F. McGugin—Vanderbilt: “An excellent idea for an All-America selection.”

Harvey Harmon—University of Pennsylvania: “Splendid, and deserves coöperation.”

Wallace Wade—Duke University: “I like the plan immensely. We are coöperating.”

“Gus” Dorais—University of Detroit: “Fair and just.”

Harry A. Stuhldreher—Villanova: “Novel and complete.”

With Liberty's All-Players All-America, Liberty's All-Sectional teams will also be announced.

Liberty will present each All-Players All-America member with a gold football. May the best men win!

THE END

DECEMBER 9, 1933 **Liberty** VOL. 10, NO. 49

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

HIGH WAGES BRING PROSPERITY

A HIGH standard of living can be guaranteed every worker under a proper governmental system. But that means a radical change in some of our business principles. Instead of lowering wages as much as possible, the opposite policy must be maintained. Wages must be made as high as possible without destroying business profits.

No one will question the dependability of prosperity on high wages. And the question naturally arises, "Why did prosperity disappear with high wages everywhere during the boom period?"

First, because the principle of high wages was applied to industrial activity only. And the lack of organization in agriculture caused this field of activity to become a prey to price cutting that destroyed the buying power of the farmer. And furthermore, at this time the foreign trade which we had built up artificially by lending huge sums of money to foreign countries began to disappear.

The principle of high wages to insure prosperity cannot be denied. But it means high wages for everybody—not high wages for certain workers and no wages for others.

Edward A. Filene presented a system for business recovery in a recent issue of Liberty that shows masterly command of this subject. It is indeed deplorable that a man with such a thorough grasp of our present problems is not in an important official position.

Prosperity comes from buying power. And to secure buying power we must have an even and a thorough distribution of wealth.

When the demand was made at Washington for the continuance of high wages shortly after the Wall Street catastrophe, no thought whatever was given to the wages of the farmers, which represent about fifty per cent of the buying power of this country. The farmers were allowed to shift for themselves. If they had been protected the same as industrial workers our depression would not have been so severe. But with the financial catastrophes that we had to endure at that time—the collapse of the stock market, the high tariff that cost us hundreds of millions in foreign trade, the failure of thousands of banks, and the cutthroat price-cutting measures used on the farmers—this combination was too much. We can only wonder why the depression was not still more severe.

When we talk of high wages, however, we have to realize that wages can come from only one source—the earnings of the organization which employs labor. They may be taken from surpluses for a time, but that source is limited. Therefore, there is a certain amount of money available for wages, and, as Mr. Filene points out, hours should be shortened with a view of taking up all the slack labor—give everybody a job.

Labor and capital must be willing to adopt equitable adjustment. Money that is available for wages must be paid to all the workers, not to the favored few. That shows the asininity of minimum-wage laws. We say that workers cannot live comfortably below a certain sum. And when the government proceeds to forbid workers and employers to contract for a lesser sum, the government should be prepared to pay that minimum amount to the workers who are out of jobs. Wages, be they ever so small, are far better than no wages.

Under a proper intelligent governmental system, workers should not only be guaranteed the necessities of life—they should be guaranteed a certain amount of luxuries. And the more luxuries they are able to buy the greater the general prosperity.

Prosperity comes from buying power, not of the rich, but of the middle and so-called lower classes. As Mr. Filene points out, only one sixth of the buying power is supplied by the wealthy; the other five sixths come from the workers.

The policy of paying as little as possible for labor must be changed to paying as much as possible. The money paid out for labor goes into circulation almost immediately. The money paid out to capital is frequently hoarded, or invested in governmental securities, which takes it out of circulation.

Labor should not be satisfied until what we term the ordinary luxuries of life are continuously within its reach. But these will never be gained by demanding wages beyond the earning power of business. The workers must be willing to give and take. All they can expect is adherence to the policy of paying them as much as possible instead of as little as possible.

We should remember that nearly our entire buying power comes from the workers in the agricultural and industrial fields. And the money that is earned in these activities is almost the entire source of prosperity. If we stint wages, stint rewards coming to the farmer, prosperity disappears.

And if business men everywhere will recognize this great truth—if they will make a collective effort to raise wages as high as possible and insure the agriculturist returns that will also mean high wages—prosperity will soon be with us.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 6

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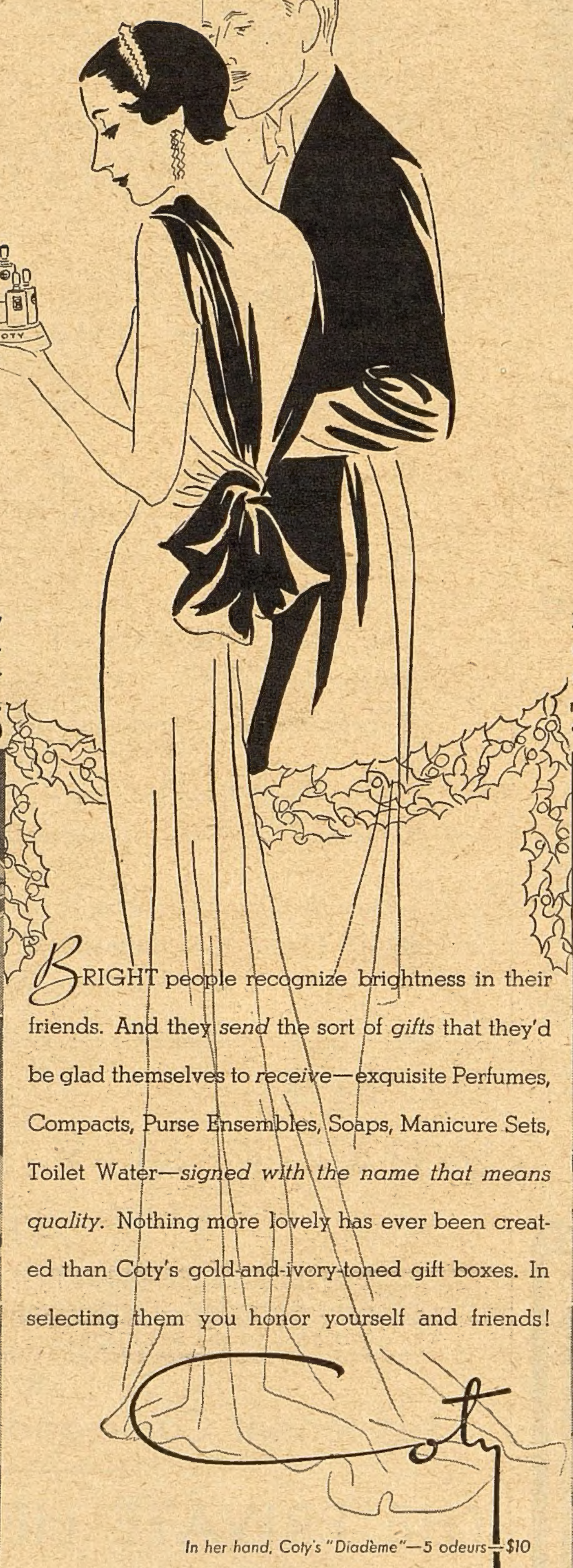
A *Sparkling* CHOICE FOR *Scintillant* FOLK

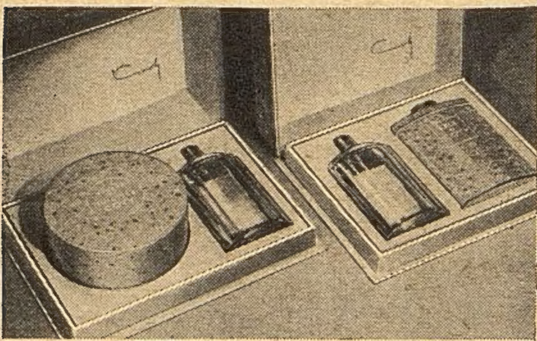


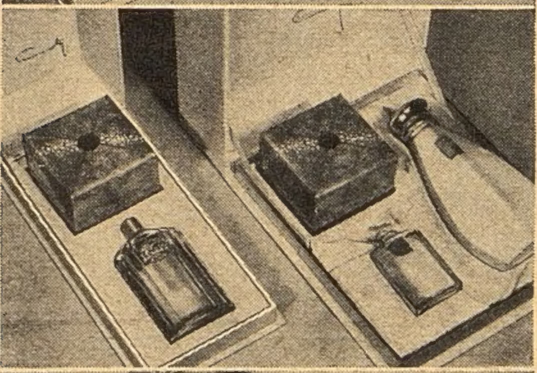
In her hand, Coty's "Diadème"—5 odeurs—$10

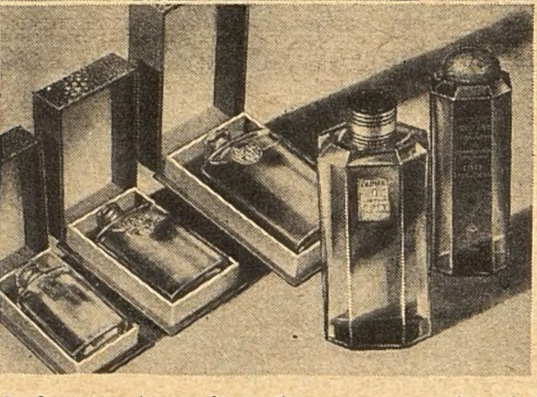
BRIGHT people recognize brightness in their friends. And they *send* the sort of *gifts* that they'd be glad themselves to *receive*—exquisite Perfumes, Compacts, Purse Ensembles, Soaps, Manicure Sets, Toilet Water—*signed with the name that means quality.* Nothing more lovely has ever been created than Coty's gold-and-ivory-toned gift boxes. In selecting them you honor yourself and friends!

Coty

For those smart bath-rooms—Coty creates new *Bath Ensembles* in lovely water-lily boxes. *Dusting Powder with Toilet Water*—$2.75; *Toilet Water* with *Talc* (in dainty metal container)—$2.25. Cool blue tones, with leaf traceries. (Below)



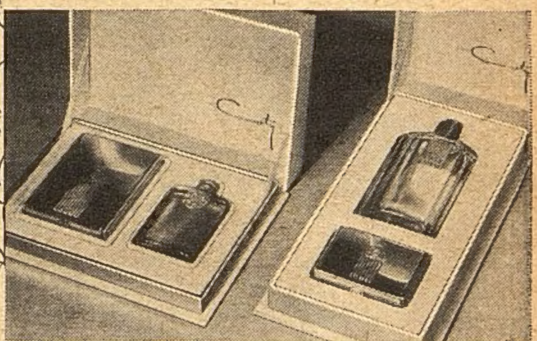


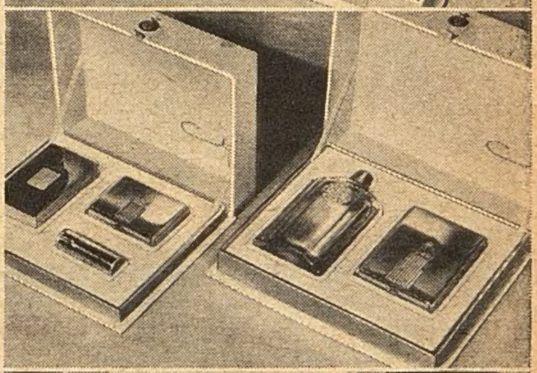


Perfumes make perfect gifts—especially *Coty Perfumes*, where even the *small* sizes look luxurious. One ounce, $4.15; half-ounce, $2.20; quarter-ounce, $1.10. *Fernery at Twilight*—Coty's newest odeur, $10; *L'Aimant*—glamorous, sunny, $14.30. (Above)

New! Fragrant Ensembles—center panel. De luxe box of Coty Face Powder, vermilion-footed; generous new bottle of *Toilet Water*—$2.50. The next Set unites de luxe Face Powder with *Coty Talc*, in frosted glass, and the new half-ounce of *Perfume*—$4.85.

Just created—*gold-toned Compacts*, handsome new designs, inlaid and flanged with "turquoise" or "vermilion". *Double Compact* with new half-ounce *Perfume*—choice of odeurs—$4.25. *Coty Toilet Water*, with *Single Compact*—$2





Gold-toned Purse Ensemble—new (at center)—*Purse Perfume Holder, Single Compact*, and *Round Lipstick*. Amazing value—three piece set—$3.75. Also, new gold-toned *Double Compact* with special *Toilet Water*, capped in color—the set—$3.

Fragrance carries through the Coty Gift Box above, with frosted bottle of *Talc*, de luxe box of Face Powder, flacon of *Toilet Water* and gilt-capped, crystal bottle of *Perfume*—$10. *Travel Manicure Kit*, $3.50. Other complete Manicure Sets, $3, $4, $5.

Give your home a REAL radio!
PHILCO 18X $100

One REAL gift is worth a thousand Gimcracks

Instead of passing around a lot of "here today—forgotten tomorrow" gifts this Christmas—why not give the home a REAL radio—a PHILCO!

Go down to the nearest PHILCO dealer and hear one of the new Inclined Sounding Board models—the radio so realistic in tone that the artists you hear seem to be performing right in your own home.

The 16X—the great all-wave PHILCO—is $175. Other Inclined Sounding Board models are $100—$125—$150.

$22⁵⁰ to $600 *All prices subject to change without notice*

PHILCO Auto Radio $49.95
(Complete and Installed)

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY SET

Marvelous tone, due to the Patented Inclined Sounding Board—Super "ClassA" Audio System and PHILCO Bass Compensating Tone Control. Auditorium Speaker. Tunes foreign short waves as well as American broadcast band.

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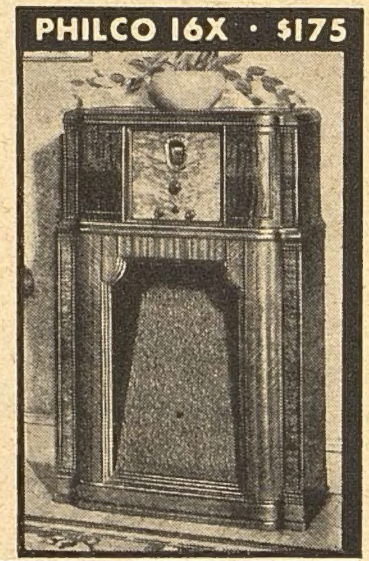
Listen to Boake Carter over key Columbia stations



PHILCO
A musical instrument of quality

CONTENTS

Liberty's All-Players All-America Football Eleven .. 3
Editorial 4
Beginning
The Fighting Jew .... TEX O'REILLY 7
Wildcat Sam Dreben's Story at Last, written by his old pal, the author of Born to Raise Hell
Shining Death—*A story* .... BEATRICE GRIMSHAW 12
Roosevelt's Place in History .... H. G. WELLS 20
England's most eminent observer of life offers a new and searching estimate of America's second President Roosevelt
Jumblejem 22
Twenty Questions 24
Funny Old Fellow—*A short short story* GERALD MYGATT 25
Sentiment, Sin, and Sorrow—*Movie reviews* BEVERLY HILLS 26
Forever, Perhaps!—*Part II* .... URSULA PARROTT 28
Good Books of the Month .... OLIVER SWIFT 34
Happy Days .... ANNA ROOSEVELT DALL 35
Vox Pop 36
The Private Life of Chanel .... ELSA MAXWELL 38
To the Ladies! .... PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN 43
Tarzan and the Lion Man—*Part V* EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS 44
Cross Word Puzzle 51
Love on Hollywood Boulevard—*A story* FLORENCE RYERSON 52
Chain of Circumstances Prize Winners for October 7 58
$5,000 Home Life Snapshot Contest 59
Cover by JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

NEXT WEEK—

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO THE AKRON

The ill-fated dirigible's first commander throws new light on aviation's greatest tragedy—Need it mean the end of all airships?

By

Lieutenant Commander C. E. Rosendahl

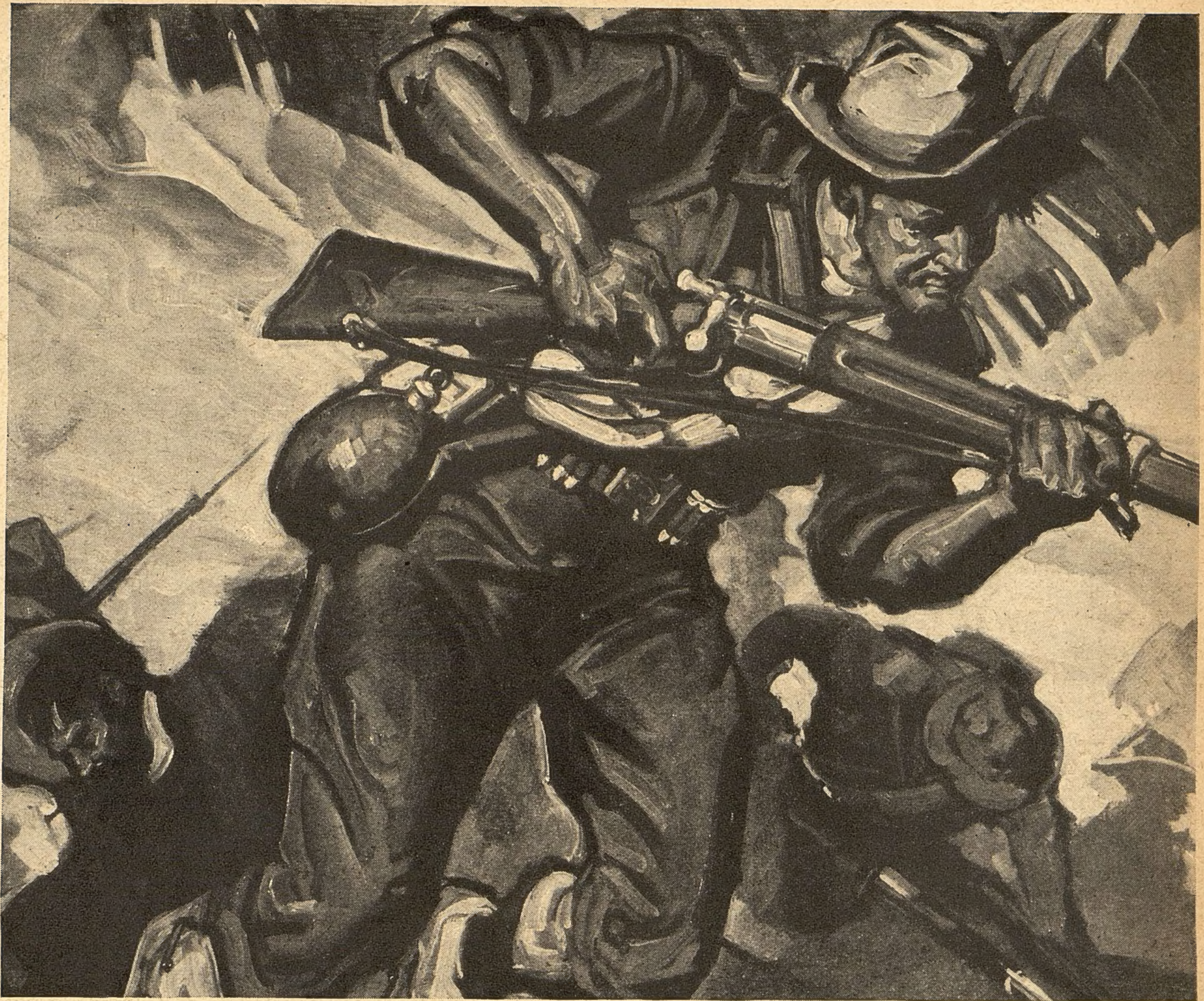
THE PRIVATE LIFE AND LOVES OF JEAN HARLOW

Beginning a revealing chronicle of hidden things in the career of the screen's most glamorous and least understood beauty

By

Adela Rogers St. Johns

BEGINNING



I suddenly saw one soldier emerge from the smoke, still trotting forward toward the bridge.

The Fighting Jew

WILDCAT SAM DREBEN'S

Story at Last, By His Old Pal

TEX O'REILLY

Author of Born to Raise Hell

Illustrations by CHARLES DE FEO

(Reading time: 24 minutes 30 seconds.)

PART ONE—SAM SHOOTS THE WORKS

MY introduction to Sam Dreben happened in the first battle of his truculent career. It was in a bayonet charge near Cavite Viejo, Philippine Islands, in September, 1899, that he won his first laurels as "the Fighting Jew."

An expedition under General Schwan had left Bacoor and Imus to drive the insurrectos back into Cavite Province. This force consisted of the Thirteenth Infantry, Eleventh Cavalry, a battalion of the Fourteenth Infantry, and Lowe's Scouts. Sam was a kid recruit in the Fourteenth; I was one of the Scouts.

Outside the town of Cavite Viejo the rebel natives had built a long line of intrenchments on the far bank of a creek which wound through rice paddies and emptied into Manila Bay. A graded military road ran between the rice field and the swamps along the shore. It crossed the stream on an ancient Spanish stone bridge.

Our Scouts were deployed in advance of the main column. It was believed that the trenches were deserted, but when we drew near the crest blazed with rifle fire. The handful of Scouts took cover behind the rice dikes, waiting for the main column to deploy and advance. I was lying about a hundred yards from the elevated road.

Then something happened that I have never been able to understand. It was a violation of all military tactics. Down that road came a company of the Fourteenth, in close formation of column of fours, with bayonets fixed. They passed us at the double, headed for the fortified bridge. They made an ideal target.

Suddenly there came a terrific explosion. A cloud of dense black smoke swept over the company. The "gu-gus" had planted an old ten-inch smooth-bore cannon on the bridge. It was loaded with black powder and half filled with scrap iron, nails, and rivets.

The captain and eleven men were killed or wounded. The company was halted and thrown into confusion, but quickly reorganized and deployed in line of skirmishers.

As I lay watching this slaughter only a few yards away, I suddenly saw one soldier emerge from the smoke, still trotting forward toward the bridge. He was the loneliest figure I have ever seen, jogging along like a boy running an errand. There were several thousand insurrectos in those trenches and the bullets were snapping around him, but he did not seem to notice.

Down the road he went, over the bridge, and into the trenches, as if he were taking part in a drill on the parade ground. Other troops came sweeping up to us, and the command came to charge the trench. Over we went. The natives broke and stampeded.

In the trench we found the lone soldier who had tried to win the battle single-handed. He was still fighting.

"You damn' fool recruit," a sergeant yelled, "do you think you're a one-man army? Why didn't you wait and fall in with the company?"

"Vell, I heard the captain say 'Forwards,' and I didn't hear nobody say 'Stop,'" replied the rookie.

"Who is this little wildcat?" I asked some one.

"Oh, that's little Sammie Dreben, the fighting Jew. Just a raw Johnny-come-lately, but a fightin' fool."

And that was the first time I saw Sam Dreben. This was also his first campaign, and when it ended he was no longer the joke of the company. He was a veteran with a reputation as a fighting man.

In the weeks that followed I came to know the little recruit. The Scouts patrolled the road between Imus and Bacoor, where the Fourteenth was stationed, and I saw him almost every day. At that time he was twenty-one, a skinny little youngster with powerful shoulders but almost no waistline.

ONE of the traditional old army games is the hazing of a recruit. When Sam arrived in the company he was made to order for the funny boys of the outfit. He took their hazing with grinning good nature, but he soon discovered how to get back at them. The Fourteenth had a system, common to all the regiments in the islands, of settling disputes with boxing gloves. Every company had a set of them.

There was a bamboo-thatched cockpit in Bacoor where the natives enjoyed their national sport of cockfighting every Sunday. Weekdays it was used by the boxers.

When Sam found his shoe strings tied in hard knots, or a snake in his bed, he laughed. But one day he appeared with the boxing gloves under his arm.

"Come down to the chicken house," he invited.

It was the unwritten law that a soldier could not refuse an invitation to box. Sam didn't have much luck in his first fight, but he showed up the next day and again invited one of the old-timers to the "chicken house." He was not much of a boxer in those days, but he was always cheerfully willing to be hit. A black eye became standard equipment; it seemed part of his uniform.

The funny boys could not understand it. They could whip Sam every day and he would be back to try it again. He was learning with each fight, and there were a few other black eyes in the company. The hazers learned to leave him alone.

Friday night was fight night at Bacoor. Several matches would be made and admission of two bits a head was charged. The gate went to the company fund.

The Friday-night star in these Bacoor fights was an Irishman. He was a real heavyweight in stature and pugnacity. He would charge like a bull, his arms swinging, until he got his man in a corner, and then somebody dropped. He had whipped all contenders.

One boxing night the contender against him had cold feet and refused to go in the ring. The promoters were desperate.

SAM, being a recruit, with a keen desire to improve his boxing, was asked to save the day. He protested, "I can't fight that Irisher. I need more practice."

He was told that it was all cut-and-dried. The Irishman had agreed to lie down in the second round. It was just an exhibition.

"Vell, if he promises to lay down in the second round, I'll box him," Sam agreed.

Probably there has never been a more hilarious battle staged in the ring, or a more appreciative audience. In one corner sat Sam, short and podgy, with a smile of expected victory. In the other corner the giant Irishman, with a scowl like a mad cow. There was a difference of six inches in height and about thirty-five pounds in weight, but the ribald audience liked the set-up.

At the sound of the gong the Irishman jumped from his corner, swinging both fists like a windmill. Sam toddled out to meet the hurricane. He met it, and as he hit the floor his grin resembled that famous smile of Lillian Gish in Broken Blossoms.

He came up somewhat damaged but still game, and managed to land a few punches in the big fellow's lunch room, much to the glee of the howling mob. The timekeeper was so busy cheering that he forgot his watch, and the round lasted more than five minutes. Sam was knocked down six times.

"It's all right," his seconds assured him between rounds. "He'll lay down this round. He's only playing."

"He plays awful rough," mumbled the little rookie.

In the second round Sam used strategy. He was knocked down only once. Then he got a bulldog grip around the big fellow's middle and hoarsely whispered: "Lie down! Go ahead! This is the second round."

"Lie down is it!" roared the Irishman. "It's you that's goin' to lie down. I'm goin' to murder you!"

Sam saw that he meant it. Something had gone wrong with the plot. He broke out of the clinch and flopped to the floor. Curling up like a soldier doing bunk fatigue, he waited while the referee counted ten. It was another one of those long counts, but Sam had all the time there was and he refused to renew the combat.

Mrs. Sam Dreben Says—

"First of all, I want to express my deep gratitude for this story to Tex O'Reilly, who knew Sam, the soldier, as only a man and a comrade could.

"The side of my husband that such a story shows most clearly is, of course, his extreme bravery. In his private life also he had the endearing traits and the gentlemanly nature of an outstanding and noble character.

"Few people, perhaps, knew of his almost fanatical love of his adopted country. Or of his hero worship. To him, General Pershing bordered on being a deity. Another of his heroes is Major Richard Burgess of El Paso, Texas, under whom he served in the World War. Sam would cheerfully have sacrificed his life to protect 'his major.'

"His friends are too numerous to list, even if I could recall their names. The ones I particularly remember hearing him mention are Burt Orndorff and Bud Flanagan of El Paso and Major Philpot of the United States Army. I want all those who are not named to feel that their friendship was greatly valued by Sam."

When the referee finally yelled "Out!" Sam dragged himself to his feet, bowed to the audience, and with a broken-tooth grin climbed through the ropes. From that night he was one of the gang.

Meeting him almost every day, I became Sam's friend. He was the kind of a man that makes friends! As our friendship grew he told me, bit by bit, the story of his early tragic years.

He had been born in Poltava, June 1, 1878, of deeply religious Jewish parents. His family had wandered to Kiev, where some of his relatives had been killed in a pogrom. Then, while he was still an infant, the family had moved to Odessa.

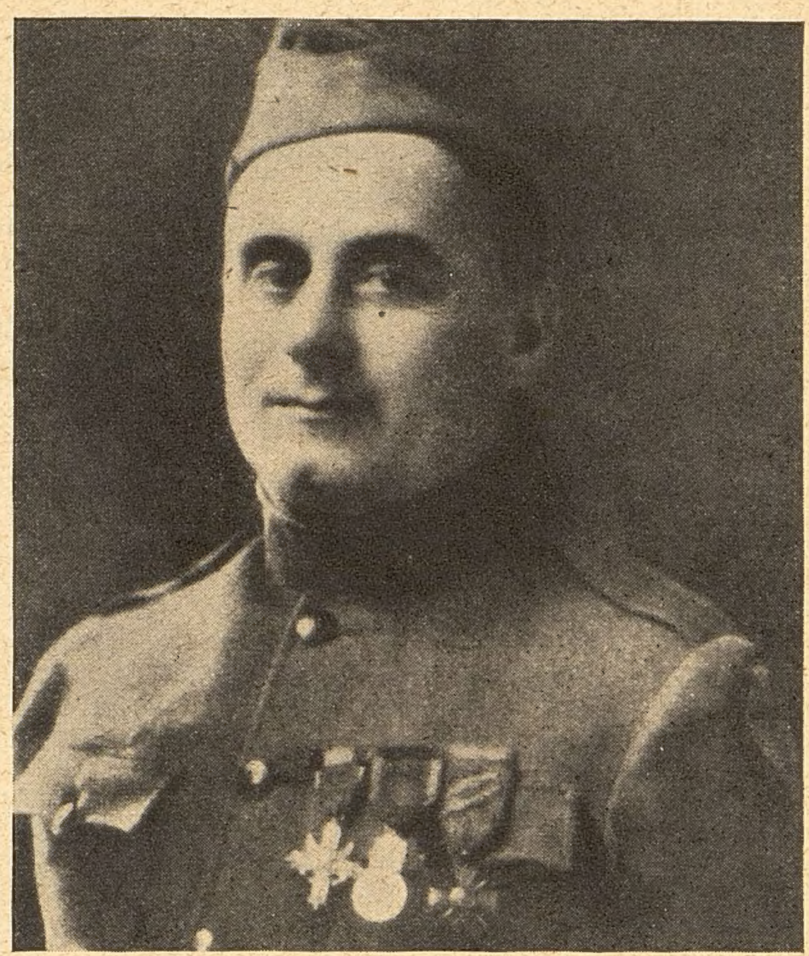
It was his mother's ambition for little Sammie to become a rabbi. The idea did not appeal to the youngster. He wanted to be a soldier, but was told that a Jew could not wear the shiny buttons of the Czar.

At the age of fifteen he went to work at odd jobs around the city. Twice he ran away from home, once going as far as Germany, but he found that there were no jobs for a Yiddish kid in the land of the Kaiser.

For a time he labored in the fields near Odessa. He heard stories of America, the refuge for the oppressed.

When he was eighteen he finally left his home. America was far away, he had no money, so the first stage of the journey was as a stowaway on a ship bound for England.

The lonely little waif drifted to London, and for months earned a precarious living there. One of his jobs was carrying vegetables to a market. He was fired for eating the raw vegetables. London was not the land of liberty that he had dreamed about, so he started on another leg of his journey to America.



Sam Dreben in 1919, back from overseas, with his Croix de Guerre and Distinguished Service Cross.

He bought a ticket halfway to Liverpool; he did not have enough money for the full trip. When the conductor tried to explain that he must get off the train, Sam took refuge in the fact that he could not talk English. He was probably one of the very few men who have ever beat their way on an English passenger train.

In Liverpool he found that the land of liberty was still elusive. He worked for a time as a dock laborer; also as a tailor's assistant in a sweatshop for a few pence a day. As Sam once said to me: "They might fool me on style, but I'm hell on buttonholes."

IN the end he saved the price of a steerage passage to America. He arrived in New York in January, 1899, and made his way to Philadelphia where relatives had preceded him. His aunt received him with open arms.

At last he was in the land of the free, but it was not the star-spangled heaven that he had imagined. A person had to work to eat, and Sam could not find a job. For a few weeks he went to a night school, fighting the English language, and getting about the same decision that he did later with the Irishman in the ring at Bacoor.

The war in the Philippine Islands was going on, and the little alien immigrant heard stories of the fighting. Then one day he met a recruiting sergeant for the regular army. He learned to his amazement that Uncle Sam paid his soldiers fifteen dollars a month, with free grub.

"Do they give the uniform free too?" he asked.

"Sure, you get all your clothes," the sergeant told him. "Also three meals a day and medical attendance. Why, if you get killed they don't even charge you a cent to bury you."

Within an hour little Sammie had held up his hand and sworn to protect the United States against all enemies, received his first free meal, and been dressed in a misfit uniform with real brass buttons.

When he returned to the home of his relatives his aunt promptly fainted. When she was revived she exclaimed:

"Sammie, you're crazy! Don't you know all soldiers get killed?"

"Maybe, but they don't charge you anything to eat," Sammie assured her.

He was assigned to Company G, Fourteenth U. S. Infantry, then stationed at Bacoor, and was given a ticket to San Francisco and expense money. With other recruits and a few old-time regulars he set out for the coast.

There is a time-honored custom in the regular army called "chiseling the rookies." On the first day Sam was initiated into the old army game of stud poker. On the second day he was broke. He went hungry for the rest of the trip, except for hand-outs from his companions.

AT San Francisco the squad of recruits were marched aboard a transport. In a few days Sam discovered that it was possible to make money. Extra coal passers were needed in the stokehole. Every soldier that volunteered for a four-hour shift would receive the princely sum of one dollar. It seemed like finding money. For four hours Sam sweated in the terrific heat below decks.

At the end of the shift he came on deck weary and weak, but he had a silver dollar in his pocket. On the mess deck a bunch of soldiers were ganged up in a corner shooting craps. Sam had learned all about the game on the train from Philadelphia. At least he thought he had. He took the dice, dropped his dollar on the deck, and said:

"Shoot de works."

One roll of the dice, and Sam heard the verdict, "Snake eyes," and he saw his dollar disappear.

Gambling always fascinated him. In later years he won and lost modest fortunes, but he never was in the big league as a gambler. He always shot the works.

Upon his arrival in Manila he was sent across Manila Bay in a launch to Bacoor, where Company G was stationed. There he learned his first lesson in the school of the old regular army. It was a hard school. I know, because I went through that same training. How much harder it must have been for young Sam!

In the autumn of 1899 his company remained at Bacoor, without further action except at the Barrio of San Nicolas. It was characteristic of Sam that he was making a frontal attack on the English language. With the daily newspapers and a dictionary, he enlisted the aid of friendly comrades, and soon learned to talk and read the language of his adopted country.

In the spring of 1900 the newspapers were filled with stories of a new war. The old Empress Dowager of China had espoused the cause of the Boxers. Foreigners were being driven out, or killed, in almost every province of China. The foreign legations in Peking were isolated and besieged. Sailors and marines of the United States, England, France, and other nations had landed and been driven back from Tientsin. The nations were sending troops to the relief of the legations, and the Fourteenth Infantry was one of the regiments to go.

The Ninth U. S. Infantry and Captain Reilly's battery were the first to sail for China in June, 1900. The Sixth Cavalry left from San Francisco. A few weeks later the Fourteenth embarked from Manila, and young Dreben went with his company. Although he had only a year's service he was no longer the funny little recruit, the butt. He was Dreben, the Fighting Jew.

The Fourteenth arrived in China after the city of Tientsin had been relieved, but they were in time for the long hike to Peking. The real story of that march from Tientsin to Peking has never been written. It was a colorful parade. The British had sent the Royal Welsh Fusiliers from Hongkong, the Royal Horse Artillery with their comic pill-box caps, the Bengal Lancers and other Indian troops. The Russians sent troops from Siberia and a regiment of Cossacks. Japan had a brigade. Germany was represented by several regiments, but they did not arrive until the fight was nearly finished. However, the Germans did send Count von Waldersee, and as ranking officer he commanded the allied troops during the attack on Peking.

Young Dreben saw as much of that campaign as any soldier in the ranks ever sees—what came within the range of his eyes. He has told me the story, and what seemed to have impressed him was a line of poles by the side of the road. On each pole a head was impaled; some were white men's. The Boxers fought every step of the way, and " No quarter " was the slogan on both sides.

The Fourteenth Infantry played a major rôle in the storming of Peking, and Private Dreben played a minor rôle in the ranks. It was a fight that old soldiers in the army still dream about. From the yarns of Sam and others who were there, it must have looked like an Oriental drama with all the stage settings. The Boxers fought with desperate courage on the walls and through the Tatar City and the Forbidden City. The allied troops certainly had to work their passage through the Chinese capital.

The main drive of the American troops was near the Ch'ien Mên gate of the walled city. Captain Reilly's battery tried to blow open the gates. Reilly was killed and the command of the battery fell to a young lieutenant. He advanced alone through a heavy fire from the walls and marked a point on the immense heavy gate with a piece of chalk. Returning to his battery he calmly ordered his gunners to fire at the chalk mark. They blew open the gate and the American troops entered.

The name of that young lieutenant was Summerall. He later commanded the First Division and the First Army Corps of the A. E. F. in France, and retired as Chief of Staff of the United States Army.

The American troops stormed the wall to the right and left of the gate. Sam saw the first man go over the wall. It was a bugler from the Ninth Infantry named Titus—another kid soldier, about nineteen years old. For his heroic deed the government sent him to school at West Point, and later awarded him the Congressional Medal of Honor.

THOSE who refer to the Chinese as a pacifist race would change their opinion if they could hear some of the gruesome tales told by those who took part in that fighting. Driven from the walls, the Boxer fanatics fought every step of the way. It was desperate house-to-house fighting, with many of the natives charging in for a hand-to-hand struggle with swords or bayonets. Most of them, however, were well armed with modern rifles.

In one of the narrow winding streets young Dreben received the " fright of his life." Sam was always telling about being scared to death, but it would be hard to convince his comrades of his timidity. Cautiously he advanced to the corner of a hut and started to peer around it. A burly Boxer came charging around the building, swinging a two-handed sword.

Sam leaped nimbly aside to avoid a collision. The human buzz saw followed him, swinging his snickersnee like a windmill. Then Sam's gun in some way went off, so he has said in telling me the story, and the Chinaman's soul took the " fiery ride."

The Americans were scattered through the maze of streets and alleys, fighting in squads. The troops had been ordered not to drink from the native wells, as it had been reported that many of these had been poisoned. As the hot days wore on the soldiers were desperate for water.

Sam and a companion were standing behind a wall discussing their plight. Dreben asked the other fellow to look at his watch. The man did not answer, and Sam turned and discovered that he had that instant been struck between the eyes by a bullet.

Dreben went on alone, but soon his thirst grew intolerable. He charged across the street and into a native house. A wizened old Chinaman and wife were crouched in the corner. In a wooden framework was a big jar of water.

Sam pointed his bayonet and, with motions which the old couple finally understood, forced each one to drink a cup of the water. They obeyed in bewildered amazement. They had expected to be killed. Sam watched them anxiously for a few minutes, but there was no sign of poison. Their jabbering and wailing increased. Deciding that the water was not contaminated, he seized the cup and downed half the contents of the jar.

DURING that long battle there was one occasion when Sam did run away. Not only he but several of his friends. They had jumped through a broken gate into a courtyard, seeking shelter from the bullets which were humming a tune in the street. A couple of natives crouched against the wall, chattering like magpies, and holding out their hands in supplication. The soldiers halted in terror. These creatures were grotesque horrors. They were revolting caricatures of humanity.

" Lepers! " somebody shouted.

With one accord the squad dived through the broken gate. The perils of the street were as nothing to the fear of those leper beggars in the courtyard.

One thing that impressed Dreben was the wholesale looting that followed the capture of the city. The legations were relieved; the old Empress Dowager and her court fled to Jehol—where recently the Japanese soldiers have been trying to impress their idea of civilization on the long-suffering Chinese. Soldiers of half a dozen nations scattered through the city looting palaces, temples, and private homes. Shiploads of priceless works of art, treasures of the ages, were sent from Peking to foreign countries.

It was a lesson in Western culture that China has never forgotten or forgiven.

The American officers made an effort to prevent this among their own troops. When found guilty of looting, their men were severely punished; but all soldiers seem to think that they have a natural right to loot in the enemy's territory. Other nations were not so particular; in fact, the wholesale confiscation of valuables was carried on in systematic fashion.

The American soldiers were not blameless. There were few haversacks that did not contain some valuable souvenir. Sam has told of one incident that seemed to amuse him. A collection of rare jade figures had been discovered, and the doughboys filled their pockets with them, little realizing their value.

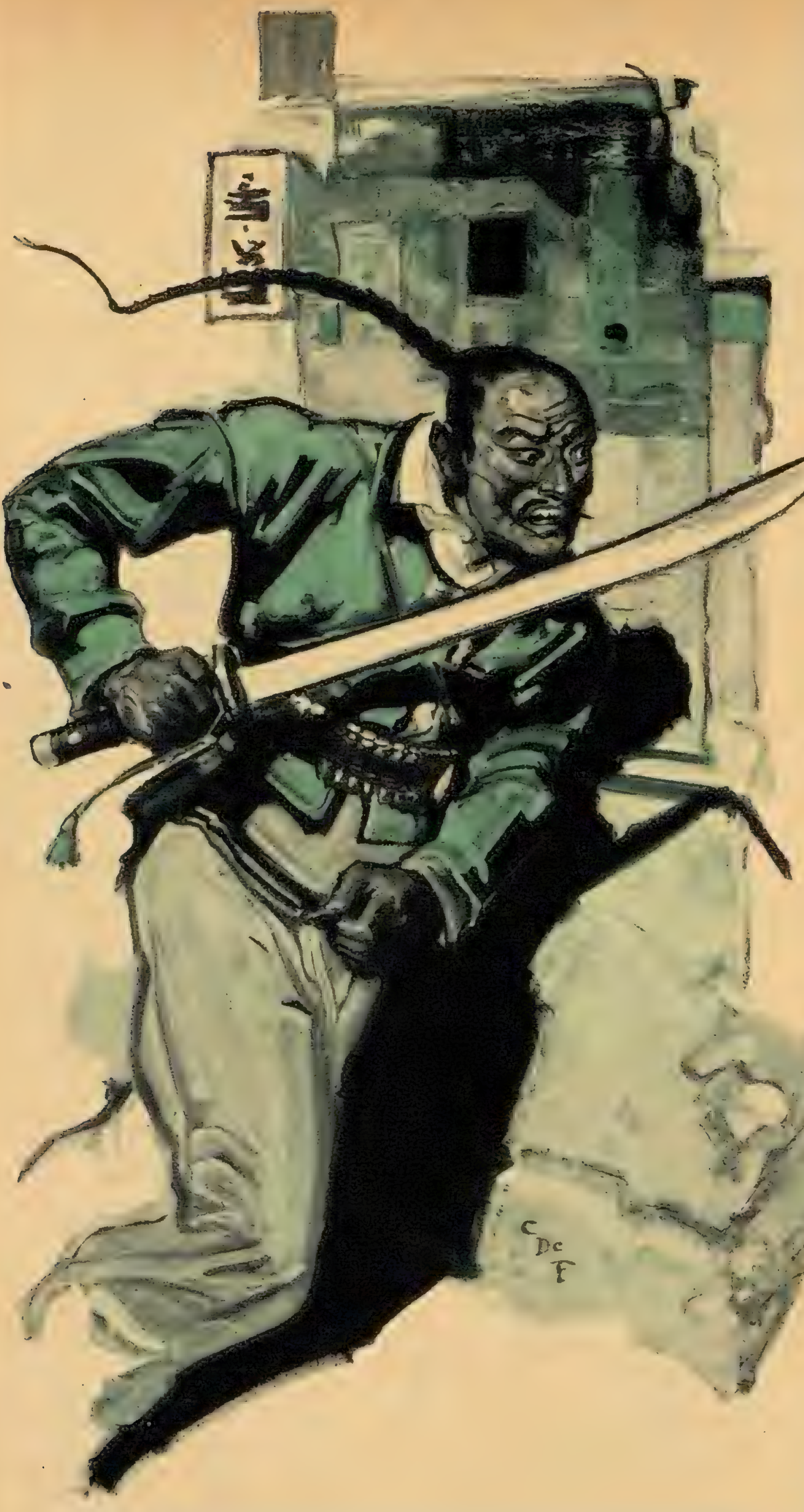
The Temple of Heaven was captured, and for a time Sam and some of his buddies found themselves loafing in the sacred edifice with nothing to amuse them. As is usually the case, somebody produced a pair of dice. It was a long way from pay day and there was little money in the outfit.

Some one thought of the little jade statues. " Shoot you a chin-chin joss! " a soldier shouted, dropping a carved idol on an ebony bench and rattling the bones.

" You're faded with a green elephant against your heathen god," offered another. " Come on, dice, be good. Little Confucius wants to come to papa."

The spot selected for the ribald game was the sacred throne of imperial China, the holy seat of the ruler of the Celestial Kingdom.

A very sad story that Dreben related he heard from other sources. The British and other troops were landing supplies from lighters at Tientsin. A civilian quartermaster's employee was in charge of some of this work on the docks. One of the shipments consisted of a lot of



A burly Boxer came swinging a two-handed sword. Sam leaped nimbly aside to avoid a collision.

corned beef in barrels, which had been forwarded from Hongkong.

That beef had been too long in the tropics. That dock was in bad odor. Even the native coolies refused to touch it, and anything in the shape of food that a coolie refuses is bad indeed.

The old army red tape was unwound. A board of reviewers officially sat upon the beef and declared it unfit for use. The barrels were marked "Inspected and condemned."

ABOUT that time the civilian employee and some of his soldier cronies unearthed an immense store of silver shoes, little bricks of bullion. It was necessary to remove it at once before the heathen owners reclaimed it. The civilian had a brilliant idea. That night he and his fellow conspirators moved it to the dock.

With great care they opened the barrels, threw some of the contents of each into the water, packed a number of the silver bricks in, and replaced the heads. The fortune was safely hidden. All that was necessary was to await an opportunity to sell the silver.

The next day the civilian was on duty in another district. When he returned that night he went to inspect his treasure. Imagine his shock when he found the barrels had disappeared! He investigated and was told the terrible truth.

That day the spoiled beef had been loaded aboard a lighter, towed down the river, and dumped into the sea near the Taku forts. That silver mine is probably still at the bottom of the sea; but for the civilian and his soldier friends that war was a flat failure.

After the fighting in north China was over, friction developed between the allied troops. It was inevitable that soldiers of different nations, speaking different languages, would develop jealousies. Quarrels occurred and sometimes grew into minor riots.

One day Dreben was orderly for Colonel Daggett, commanding the Fourteenth Infantry. The regiment was camped near a contingent of Sikhs of the British force. These Sikhs are a tall bearded tribe, the most noted fighters of India. Two of them filled up on rice whisky and staged a raid into the American camp. They were armed with knives and looking for trouble. Bad luck followed them, and when the trouble was over they were dead.

IN another international collision Sam Dreben played the stellar rôle. I have heard the story from an eyewitness. Sam and several of his friends were bewailing the fact that they were broke and there was nothing to drink. Down the street was a Chinese bar in which a group of Russian officers were staging a hilarious party.

"Never mind, I'll get the booze," Sam assured his cronies.

Down the street he trotted and entered the room where the Russians were singing. The song stopped; there came the sound of breaking glass, yells, and the crash of furniture. A few minutes later Sam swaggered through the door and came back. In one hand he had a club, in the other a bottle of cognac. There was a cut over his eye and a Russian's cap on the back of his head.

"Here's the booze," he said. "Didn't cost a cent."

"Sammie, you idiot, why did you tackle that bunch alone? It's a wonder they didn't kill you."

"Well, it's this way," Dreben assured them, grinning with delight. "Them Russians kill my people and chase them out of Russia. They chase me too. Now I'm an American soldier. I chase them out and take their booze. What could be fairer than that?"

Sam's adventures fighting Moros in the Philippines; his attempt to enlist in Japan's army to fight against the Czar and avenge the wrongs of his people; his variegated experiences as doughboy in peacetime, night watchman, rat catcher, and Canal Zone saloonkeeper; his part in a rebellion in Nicaragua, and the serious (and comical!) wound he received there; his association with those great soldiers of fortune, Tracy Richardson and General Lee Christmas—all this and much more will appear in next week's installment of Tex's account of him.

Shining Death

A Stirring Tale of Love and Terror in a South Sea Island Paradise

(Reading time: 30 minutes 27 seconds.)

HILLS of wood-smoke blue, and a windy river; fluting of tropic magpies, tinkling of bell birds from the bush; all the time the sleepy, bubbling call of swamp pheasants; all the day the scent of lime and orange flowers, and by night the delirious too sweet perfume of trumpet flower and papaw wet with dew. Flame of hibiscus, running fires of amethyst bougainvillea, scarlet of poincianas, like a sudden cry. Frangipani, saccharine and starry. Everything one had heard of—the spirit of the tropics at one sweep. In the midst of it all, with the weary pack horses and saddle horses standing by jingling their bells, with the strange wild Papuans, black, bare, and savagely grinning, drawn up at the door, the perfect house, Adorahi, so called by its latest owner (the word, in Motu, meaning " afternoon ") because at first sight of it he had caught his breath and murmured to himself, delightedly, a line from The Lotos-Eaters:

> ". . . They came unto a land
> In which it seemed always afternoon."

Until you have seen and lived under a grass roof, large as a church and cool as a cave, partitioned halfway up, so that you can see from end to end; deep-eaved and sleepy, with the sound of thatch softly rustling in the breeze, with the gentle noises of river, wind, and birds about it, and no other sound at all; with a gold-amber light filling it as Rhine wine fills a beaker, dying only when cool dark comes down and fireflies come flitting out—until then you do not know the perfect house.

House, I say—not home. That is a different matter.

Adorahi had been built for, but never yet had been, a home. Gibbons, the man from whose executors Flemming had bought the place, had planted it in rubber just at the wrong time and when things were at their worst; had first of all seen the failure of a copper show upon which he counted; and then had been deserted by his intended bride. On which he blew his brains out.

By
BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

Flemming, ready to marry, had been obliged to take a sudden journey to West Australia over a question of some small inheritance, and had not been able even to send word to Sarah in time to stop her from sailing. He had left directions that she was to go down to his place and await him there. It would be cheaper than Port Moresby, and the two overseers would take good care of her and her sister. Tamplin, he said, was rather a silly old thing, but Brian Kenny, who had been on the place with poor Gibbons, was a smart chap; he'd keep everything going and the girls would be all right.

On that first evening, that should have ushered in the night of her wedding day, Sarah Landon sat with the two men and her stepsister upon the eaved veranda, watching the stars that seemed to hang tremblingly upon the long tips of the thatching, listening, without knowing that she listened, to the endless talking down in the valley of the river. You could hear it through all your own

thoughts, through all the talk of other people, that low, multitudinous sound. It was like something in your own brain, that went on and on, would not let you listen, refused to let you rest.

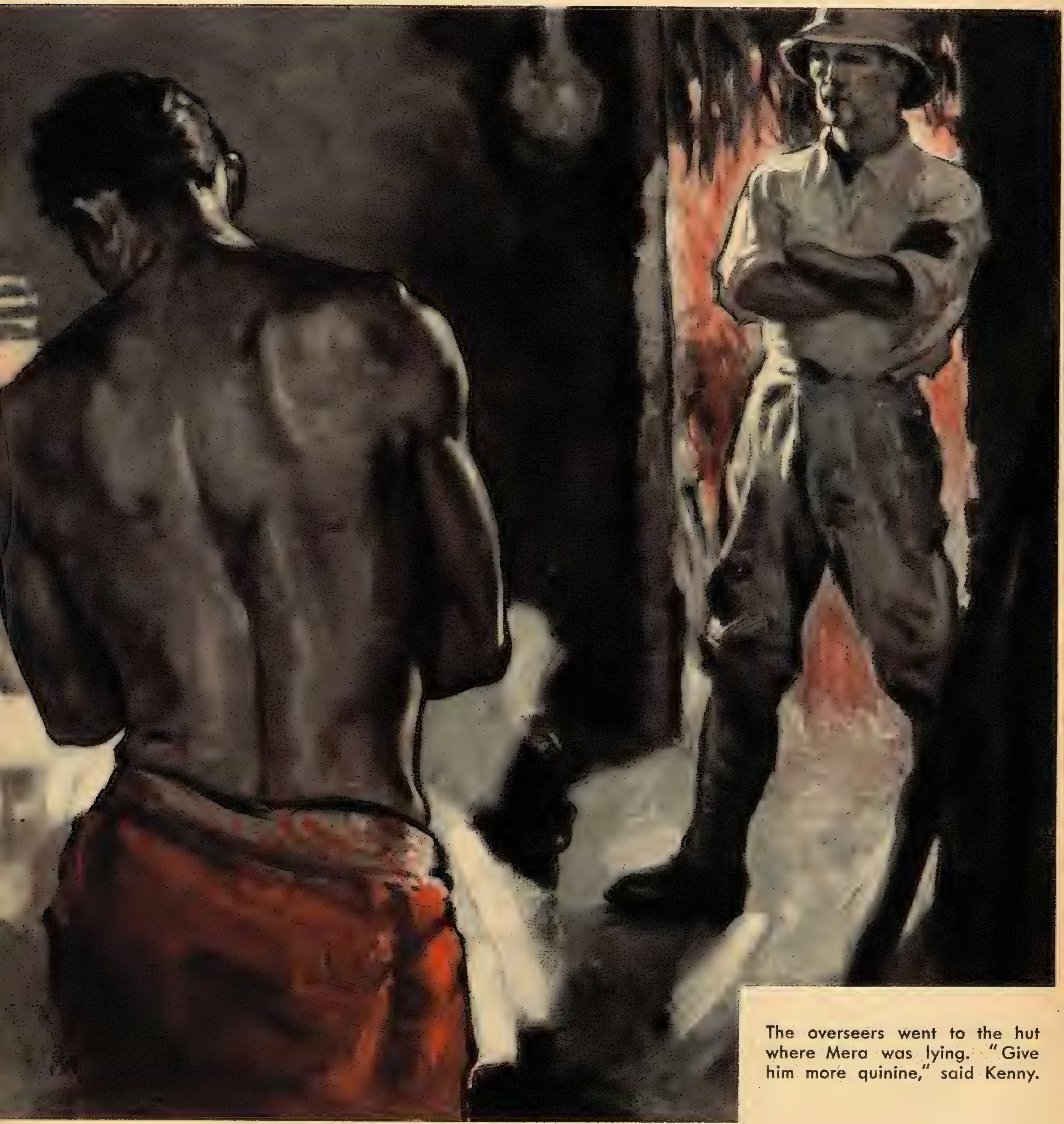
Strange night birds sounded: a woodcutter, chopping busily; a boobook owl, broken-heartedly crying. Long afterward she remembered that she had heard them. It was not only the aching sense of frustration that held her, the pain of being here in the dreamed-of house without the lover of her dream. (Why had he contrived such a thoughtless plan? Why were the best of men so insensitive?)

It was also something that Sarah, the sensible, would never have acknowledged to any one else. She was a little psychic, and did not like it. But there it was, the uncanny, hateful gift. And on this evening, with all her senses whipped to unbearable keenness, and the river down below hypnotizing her with its endless unchanging sound, she was possessed against her will by the idea that there was ill luck hiding about the place. Adorahi had broken the lives of two people already. Would it break others?

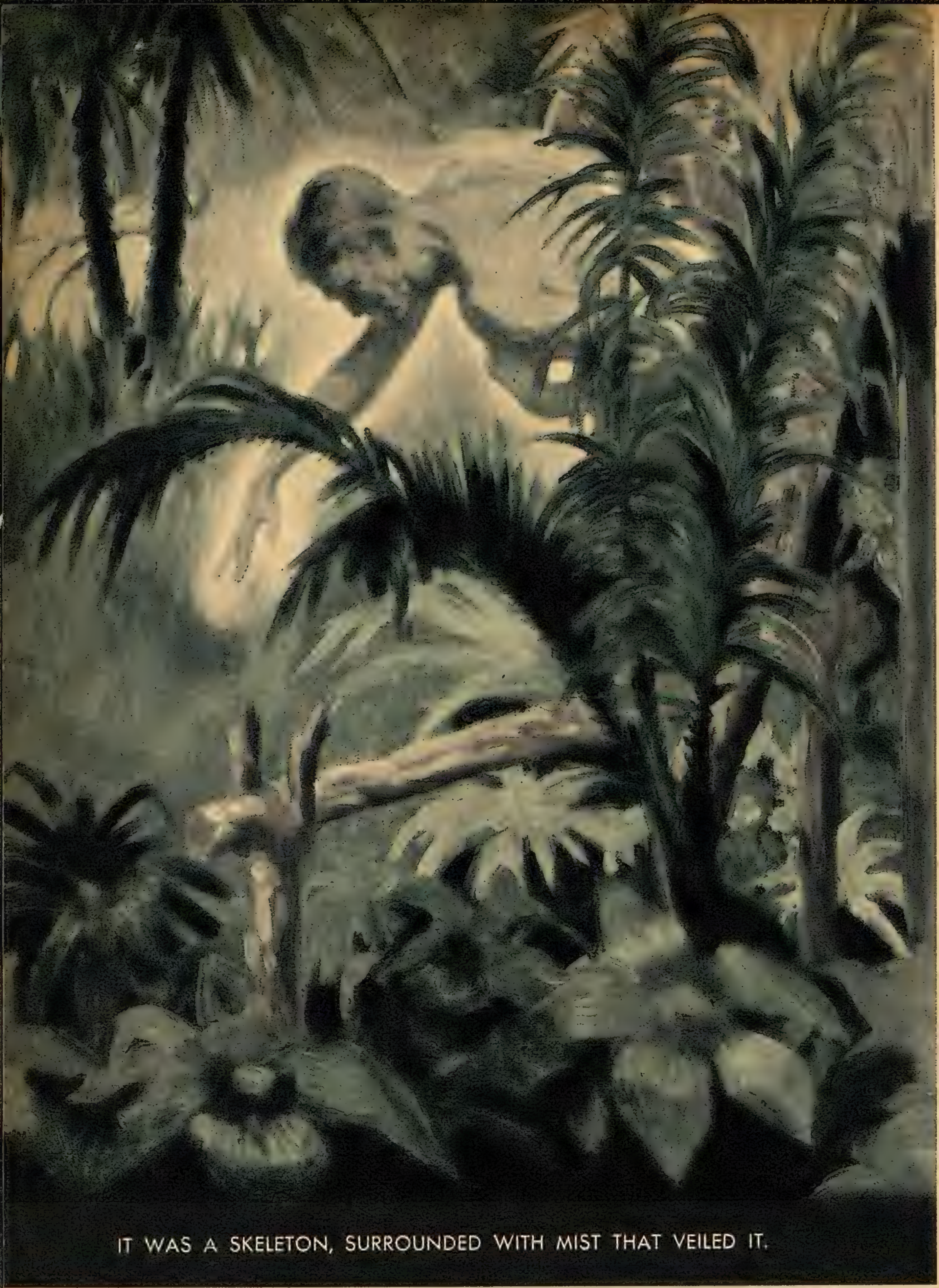
Kenny and Tamplin, the overseers, went on making polite conversation. Tamplin seemed elderly—fifty or more, with his cotton-white hair and pinky face. Kenny was young and had a cheerful manner. He made much of his luck, and Tamplin's, in having the company of two charming girls; paid broad compliments to both and was the very incarnation of good-natured kindness.

The stepsister, Sophie, not so young as she had been and never as pretty as Sarah, drew herself up a little and patted her hair. This was what one had been led to expect of New Guinea. This was something like.

In Dunedin the cold of the antarctic winds seemed to have crept into the souls of the young men—where Sophie was concerned. But here it would be different.



The overseers went to the hut where Mera was lying. "Give him more quinine," said Kenny.



IT WAS A SKELETON, SURROUNDED WITH MIST THAT VEILED IT.

Next morning Tamplin, by daylight, showed up not as old as Sarah had thought him. He was an albino, with the flossy white hair of his kind, and blinking eyes, ruby-colored, like the eyes of white mice. Sarah did not like him much. Kenny she thought too handsome, in a Hollywood sort of fashion. Phil Flemming, that hard-bitten New Zealander, with his gray eyes and lean figure, had spoiled her taste—if she had ever had any—for men with long eyelashes and naturally wavy locks, with perfect features, and figures inclining ever so little to fat.

But she was glad that he was here at Adorahi to keep Sophie and herself company. The albino, queer and clever, irked her nerves. Kenny was surely the sanest, most commonplace of creatures. And when your heart is very sore, plain people are the best.

Brian Kenny, eating, talking, and laughing, had an eye to spare for Sarah. "Phil is a lucky man," he thought. There was something finished, competent, cool about Sarah, from the top of her neat brown head to the tips of her white shoes. She had a small waist—what our forefathers would have called "jimp"—and her wrists and ankles were beautiful. She was rather short, and she had a way, which Brian found attractive, of looking up at you through dark tangled eyelashes that were like rushes in a pool. A pool bright, full of dancing lights and baffling shadows. Blue? Perhaps. Gray? Maybe. Deep? No one knew.

Not one to wear her heart upon her sleeve, this girl. One perhaps to let it quietly break if things went very wrong.

But nothing was likely to go wrong. Phil would be back in a very few months. There would be a wedding at Adorahi, and then the men in charge, their duty done, would take their way back to Port Moresby. Assistance, as a rule, could not be afforded on small places. Phil would run it himself.

IT would be rough on old Tamplin, but Kenny was strong and young. And meantime they had a soft job, the two of them. And it was very pleasant by and by, before the sun had gathered strength, to ride with the women over the few hundred acres that made up Adorahi — Sarah competently sitting her lively mount, her legs, in breeches, as neat as Kenny had guessed them; Sophie bumping about a bit, in a flapping divided skirt, and foolishly giggling now and then at her own antics. But she was a woman, and not so bad-looking. If you liked red hair and a rather big red mouth with white teeth prominently displayed—why, then, in Sarah's stepsister you had your taste.

Tamplin, riding beside Sophie (and an unexpectedly good seat on a horse he had), was talking to her, making much of her. Sophie was certainly enjoying her day.

Sarah felt that, disappointment apart, she ought to have been enjoying hers. Perhaps she was. It was pleasant to ride over these picturesque acres soon to be called her own; to hear the wild call of a bird of paradise and see the flaming creature sweep across the track with a rustle of golden plumes; catch one's breath at the sight of huge butterflies, green, black-and-white, and velvet blue, flying, strong as birds and nearly as big, above the delicate-fingered rubber trees.

She thought of the previous owner. How often he had passed that way! What bright hopes he and the girl who had played him false must have had! She asked Kenny a question or two; but Kenny did not want to discuss Gibbons. "Let's talk about the next manager and his wife," he suggested, sending Sarah a long glance from under his dark brows.

Sarah did not want that. She said hastily, "Why did they bother themselves about copper?"

Tamplin answered obligingly—he was always obliging: "Because, dear lady" (Sarah wished he would not call her "dear lady"!), "this country of New Guinea is as full of minerals as a pudding of plums. Gold, platinum, copper, osmiridium, wolfram, silver, nickel, and coal and oil. Sapphires, amethysts, maybe diamonds. Pearls down east. And every bit of it's a curse. Because one man in twenty thousand, maybe, finds payable stuff, while the rest break their hearts over it. It's always just round the corner, you see, but never, or almost never, any nearer."

"It seems to me," said Sarah, "that planting's safer."

Kenny laughed. "Much safer," he agreed, "if you plant the right thing. But sometimes there's nearly as much guessing about that as about minerals. Come on, race you to the house!"

The question of Gibbons was dropped by mutual consent. Four white souls islanded in the midst of a hundred natives, four civilized people mutually dependent on one another for comfort, amusement, and company, they agreed tacitly to keep to cheerful subjects. Sarah had been afraid at first that Sophie might find the place too dull. She had not Sarah's personal interest in Adorahi, and she had always been one of those who naturally preferred the town pavements to the dewy grass. But Tamplin seemed to be keeping her amused—the queer clever creature whom Sarah, repelled by his pink-and-white albinism, did not particularly like. Very little pleased Sophie. A walk, a bunch of flowers, a box of chocolates brought by pack horse from the town—these things and others as trifling made her bliss. To Sarah, loved by "the finest man in the world," it seemed a little pitiful.

Kenny tried to flirt with her, and Sarah had trouble sometimes keeping him in what she conceived to be his place. She liked him well enough in an ordinary way, but there was, of course, Phil; and besides that, the streak of snob in Sarah demanded to be heard. She and Phil were gentry. Kenny, handsome and gay as he was, was no one. His father had been a small tradesman emigrant from Ireland; a working watchmaker in a Sydney back street. So Port Moresby gossip had it, and Sarah liked handsome Kenny none the more on that account.

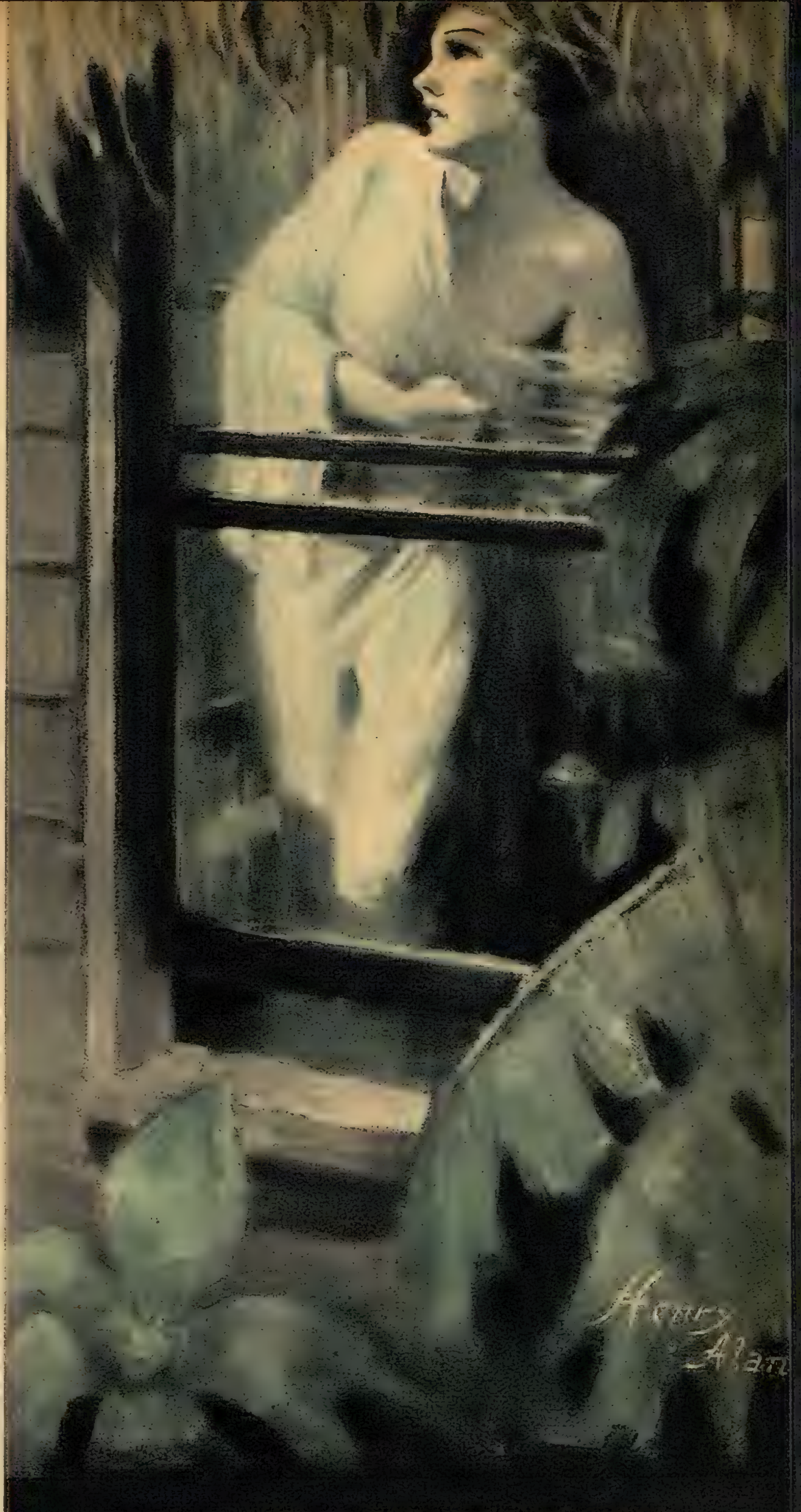
Sarah, too, preferred self-restrained people, people with deep reserves. Kenny seemed like a shallow pool that reflected every passing mood of the sky and owned no depth. And he was self-indulgent, extravagant, she was sure. She could imagine him spending a year's savings in one wild week's burst "down south," as other men in New Guinea did at times. Phil wasn't that sort, thank goodness!

BUSY with the plantation life and trying to learn all she could (for by and by she meant to be a help to Phil), she had forgotten all about the presentiments that had held her on her first arrival—about the goose that had walked, *plap, plap*, with cold feet, over her grave when she entered the house of Adorahi. It was all recalled to her one night when, for the first time, she thought she was getting fever.

She woke in the middle of the night feeling hot and uncomfortable—though indeed the height of the thermometer in that January midsummer might have accounted for both. But it wasn't the heat only. She felt restless, troubled about nothing. Fever symptoms, these. And when she got up, flung a light wrap over her nightdress, and went over to the window for coolness, she became suddenly quite certain that she must have a temperature. For she "saw things."

Eyes, the fever subject often sees; eyes in the pattern of a cushion cover, in the sharp glitter of sun upon leaves. Sarah knew that. Phil had told her everything about malaria, warning her especially not to think too much of it, or trouble herself about it, beyond taking the weekly fifteen of quinine. It wasn't serious, as a rule, nowadays.

She knew that bad attacks of fever did bring visions, but she had never heard that you "saw things" when you were on your feet and perfectly clear-headed. Things—as apart from mere fancies about the pattern of a cretonne or a leaf.



SARAH'S HEART CLIMBED INTO HER THROAT.

What she saw now, in the clear starlight, walking across the space of weeded ground about the house among the flower beds, was distinctly a "thing." It was a skeleton, or what looked like a skeleton, surrounded with a sort of mist that half veiled it from view. It shone faintly in the tropic dusk. Slowly it moved, as if with difficulty, and she could have sworn she heard it groan.

Sarah's heart climbed into her throat; she felt her knees shake. She did not believe that fever accounted for this. She thought she was probably going mad.

"It must be fever. It shall be fever!" she thought. The thing had disappeared—not melted away or vanished, simply gone round the corner of the kitchen-house.

Sarah had always thought herself brave, but she could not now find courage to do the one thing she longed to do—follow that apparition. She feared that she knew what it was, and if by following it she proved to herself that, like the vision in Jane Eyre, it came out of the recesses of her own mind, fear would change to certainty. Then what about herself and Phil? What about letting him marry a girl with a taint in her mind?

She could not face it. She looked once more down the flowery slope, where papaw and frangipani palely showed beneath a rising moon, where at the bottom of the hill the river incessantly went on hush-hush-hushing. These things didn't care. Just so the river had sung, the white flowers sent forth their riant perfume, on the night when Gibbons died. Just so, if she were dead—

"Stop it!" said Sarah to herself, and went and took ten grains of quinine.

In the morning, save for a headache, she was as well as ever. She told nobody what she had seen. You didn't tell things to Sophie. If you did, that well meaning maiden always capped your story with experiences of her own. Said she could feel for you because—and went on to demonstrate that she did not. You didn't tell them to Tamplin; he knew too much already. Sarah tried to avoid his eyes—those pink eyes that seemed to see so little and in reality missed nothing. She would not tell Kenny, but he was a comfort: so big and commonplace, so roughly kind. It was pleasant even to see him, to hear his tuneless merry whistle, when you wanted sympathy and couldn't ask for it.

The life of the plantation went on: that lonely, busy-idle life that gets into the bones of those who live it, and somehow changes them forever; so that if they go far away to the cities and the crowds, if they live to be eighty and never come back again, the remembrance of it clings and stays. In the racket of New York, in the roar of London, under the cool-bright suns of Sydney town, with all the sweets of civilization close at hand, those sweets they longed for years ago, they will hear the sound of the axes on the forest breast, smell the odors of cut wood and crushed leaves, the incense of the tropic rain. They will hear the trade winds rustling in the long grass thatch. They will dream, of nights, when the city roars beneath, that the river is rising; sleepily wonder if there's going to be a flood. They'll sicken, at the table d'hôte, for a mess of rice and tinned curry, for tea in a pannikin, laced with tinned milk. And when the moon comes up, pale and cold, they will remember—how well!—those warmer tropic moons that gilded nights of love, such love as colder countries seldom know.

Brian Kenny, on these gold nights, was lying often awake, as Sarah lay—and for the same reason; love unsatisfied. He wanted her, that little competent creature, the very spirit of steady cool New Zealand—Sarah, who was above all things a one-man woman and did not hesitate to let you know it. Such women love well. Brian knew it. He was very far from being a one-woman man, but he was more deeply taken by Sarah than ever yet by any of his passing loves.

For reasons unknown to any of the whites at Adorahi, this troubled him. The way was by no means plain, even if Sarah had not been so definitely the property of another man. Kenny could not see his way, and the uncertainty was wearing him down.

IT happened one afternoon, as he and Tamplin were passing down the labor lines after knock-off, that the head "boy," a grizzled veteran in a pocket handkerchief and a string of beads, came up to speak to him.

"One boy very sick, sir," he said. "Name Mera. Sick long time, now very bad. He have quinine, do him no good."

The overseers went with him to the hut where Mera was lying. "Give him more quinine," said Kenny after listening to the symptoms. "He's got fever."

Tamplin took the case more seriously. "I don't know," he mused. "Seems a bit unusual. I'll make you up a sedative for him; his temperature's very high."

"This boy, sir," the boss boy explained, "he not stay in the house; he make walk-about too much nighttime."

"Delirious," said Tamplin. "You keep him quiet, savvy? I send you medicine."

The boss boy shook his head. "Medsin no good," he objected. "This one he been *puri-puri* [cursed] along sorcerer. This sick 'nother kind."

"All right; I'll fix him," Tamplin said a trifle conceitedly.

The two white men went out together. "Going to send him some of your herbs?" Kenny asked with a grin. "Some of your pet potions?"

"Who told you I was—ever—"

"A chemist who got into trouble? Old chap, Port Moresby knows everything. Don't you worry." He called back to the boss boy as he went, "Keep that fellow in his house; he'll be all right if you look after him."

"He's got the hell of a temperature," Tamplin said. "I think he'll die."

The medicine was sent, but Tamplin's prophecy proved true.

Mera in a day or two died.

Kenny, in these days, was generously helping Sarah in her efforts to understand plantation management and accounting. "It's good of you," she said with some difficulty, for she did not wish to encourage the passion that she felt rather than saw—"it's very good of you to bother when you're not staying on."

Kenny looked up from the ground, where he was marking off lines for lining out. "Oh, but I am," he told her. "For a little while, anyhow, after Flemming returns. I've offered to do it free; I was here before and I know all the ground. Besides, I understand kapok a bit. What's the last news of Phil? You had a letter lately, hadn't you?"

"He expects to be here in about six weeks."

KENNY said nothing for quite a minute, and Sarah felt almost sorry for him. If Phil had loved somebody else, not her, how it would have hurt!

"Six weeks," Kenny repeated. He seemed to be counting up the days. "That's—soon." He brought her horse to her, gave her a leg up, and rode home with her in silence.

About this time, or a little earlier, trouble began to lay cold hands on Adorahi. Sophie grew fretful; was feverish, depressed, complained of this and that. Tamplin was absurdly worried about her. "You've got indigestion," he told her. "You eat too many sweets." For Sophie was a "chocolate baby" and went through tin after tin from Port Moresby; while slim, keen little Sarah had too much respect for her figure to touch anything of the kind.

"I'll make you up a bottle," Tamplin said. But the bottle did no good.

"She wants quinine," Kenny told them both. "In this country everything is malaria, or mixed up with malaria." He seemed rather indifferent to Sophie's woes. Was she not thirty and plainish?

Tamplin got quinine cachets for her, tasteless and easy to take, but they seemed to do no good. Sophie still pined.

Everything wearied her: the noise of the axes chipping in the forest, the call of the birds, the low continual talking of the river. "Where does it go?" she asked Sarah one evening when she was lying down, wearied, in her room. "Why doesn't it go there and be done? It's always going, going, going." The word seemed to intrigue her. "Like me," she ended.

Sarah's heart gave a painful leap. "Darling, you mustn't talk like that! The river's going down to the Coral Sea, miles off, and you're going to Port Moresby as soon as you feel like it."

From the river the long snarling bellow of a crocodile suddenly sounded, interrupting Sarah's voice. They called like this sometimes at Adorahi.

There was nothing to fear. The beasts couldn't touch you unless you foolishly went to the deepest part of the river to swim, or upset yourself in one of the plantation canoes. But Sarah had never liked the sound; cold chills crept down her back when she heard it. The boys said the crocodile was calling for a dead man to eat when it bellowed like that. Sarah knew better. She was naturalist enough to know it was merely calling for its mate. But she hated to hear it. It might upset Sophie.

Sophie was not upset; she did not seem to notice. "Where's Horace?" she asked. Horace was Tamplin's Christian name; for some time now she had used it.

"Horace is getting your medicine from the medicine press," Sarah said.

The press was in her charge; she kept tally of it and gave out every day what was wanted for the native labor.

When Kenny and Tamplin took anything away, as both did now and then, they marked it up on a slate.

"I—like—Horace," Sophie said, shifting uneasily.

"Heaven mend your taste," thought Sarah, but she was silent.

The medicine was brought and left by the bed. It was growing late now. Strange birds were clamoring and calling. Under the eaves of the house came creeping the uncanny emerald light that marks the ending of a northwest day in Papua. The crocodile called once again, and was silent.

Sophie, still uneasily shifting, said, "I think I hear—bells."

"It's only the bell birds, dearest. They're settling down for the night."

"Not birds," persisted Sophie. "Pack-horse bells. Somebody coming."

Well, that might be—the three-weekly steamer was two days in—but Sarah did not think it likely; they expected no one. She fanned Sophie and asked her if she would have the lamp. For the most part, Sophie hated to be left in the dark.

"No," she said pettishly now. "My head aches too much. It's worse than ever tonight. Don't wait; you worry me."

Sarah arranged the bed and left her.

"I'll get you some tea," she said.

Coming back with the tray, she all but dropped it at the sound of a shriek from Sophie's room. She set down her burden and ran. Sophie was standing in the middle of the room. From the opened door a dim light slanted in.

"Sally," she cried, "I've seen a ghost!"

Promptly Sarah replied, driving away the remembrances of that night spent sleeplessly many weeks ago, "There isn't such a thing—you couldn't have!"

Sophie had hold of Sarah's hand; her own was cold. "But I have. I—I saw it in the mirror! And when I looked round it wasn't there."

"Lie down," said Sarah, drawing her to the bed.

Sophie moved away from the faint light in the doorway; sat on her bed. "I did see it," she persisted.

Sarah stood looking at her with her heart in her throat. There was no light in that corner of the room, but dimly, in a strange outline surrounded by a shining aura, she saw Sophie.

There came a knock at the door. Tamplin entered. "I heard some one scream," he said. "Can I—" He stopped dead, and Sarah knew that he too had seen what she saw.

Behind them, in the doorway, came a strange sound—a kind of snorting gasp, as if somebody had caught breath suddenly and tried to conceal the action. But when Sarah and Tamplin together look around, they saw no one. There was only the faint light from the far end of the veranda, and the black-satin starlit night without.

In the distance, from far down the track, they heard, clearly and unmistakably now, the sound of pack-horse bells.

SOPHIE had dropped on the bed in a kind of stupor. Sarah, with Tamplin, slipped out of the room.

"That's Phil," said Sarah, with quiet certitude.

"How could it be? He isn't due for weeks. And how do you know?"

"I can't say. I just feel it. I—feel things—sometimes."

She told him, quickly, of her curious presentiments, and of what she had seen on the night when she looked out from her room across the garden. "And now this too," she finished. "Am I mad?"

"If you are, I am," said the albino gravely. "For I saw—Sophie."

"What is it?" was Sarah's cry.

He answered, "Radium poisoning."

"But how—who—"

"How? Maybe I can answer that—by and by. There were chocolates," he said, as if to himself. "Quinine cachets. Yes. That's one half of it. The other we—"

Hoofs came trampling to the door; bells suddenly jangled. There was a noise of natives running and shouting; hurricane lamps swung low against the stars. A hearty voice called.

"Oh, God, it's he!" cried Sarah. And Tamplin noticed that, even in that moment, she used the grammatical form. "So like Sarah," he thought. Then quickly, "Before you do anything else, go into her room and take away the mirror."

Sarah understood. She made a swift entry into Sophie's room, took the glass from the dressing table, and carried it out to the light. Sophie said vaguely, "What are you doing?" and seemed to lapse into sleep.

Sarah, always careful, set the mirror down on a table, and then, arms free, fairly flung herself down the steps and into the ready embrace of Phil.

The tall sandy man with the fine gray eyes was in high spirits. He lifted little Sarah high in his arms and danced her like a doll. "Come back, sweetheart!" he said. "Come back before you expected, eh? What about the wedding? Next week, eh?" His face was red with sun and wind; his eyes sparkled. All his look was that of the man who brings good news.

Sarah said, when he set her down, "Why, darling, what happened about the money?"

"Little Shylock!" he said good-naturedly. "The money's all right. I engaged a lawyer to finish the job and took the first boat home."

"But a lawyer will cost—"

"Not much matter what he costs. Dearest, we're made, both of us!" He beckoned to a boy, opened up a small heavy metal box in his baggage, and told her to look inside.

"I SEE nothing," she said, "but a dirty bit of stone. And, Phil, if you're going prospecting, I warn you I'll wash my hands of you. Gold, in this country, is worse than drink."

"Listen," he said. "I'll tell you the whole yarn by and by, but this is the meat of it. Gibbons, the poor chap who shot himself here before I came, left some of his dunnage. I went to look up his mother and give it to her. But she was dead, and there was nobody I could find related to him. So I turned out the stuff and went over it again: some trumpery cuff links and a few books and a photo or two, and some of those bits of ore that everybody in this country, pretty near, has put away somewhere.

"Copper in it, low-grade—that's what did for him at last—and this dirty scrap, marked with the place he found it. I reckon he meant to have it analyzed if he'd remembered. Well, maybe he didn't, but I did."

Sarah stretched out her hand.

"Don't touch it!" Phil said. "I don't know—it's queer stuff. Sally, it's pitchblende, and I happen to remember there's any amount of it right in sight, doing what I thought was spoiling the land, out by the six-year rubber."

"Pitchblende!" she cried. "Why, Phil, that's—that's—"

"Radium ore; you're right. Gold isn't in it with the stuff."

"Is it dangerous?" Sarah, her head spinning with what she knew, what she half feared, backed away from the specimen.

"I think not," he said. "You'd have to have tons of it before you could get anything dangerous out of it—but one never knows."

Tamplin had disappeared and returned. Now he came forward. "Most people don't know," he said incisively. "But there's one who thought he did—Kenny."

"Kenny!"

"Yes. The same gentleman who was here when Gibbons shot himself—if he did—with his own revolver. The person who just missed getting Adorahi by the skin of his teeth, after. Flemming's name was down first. What if he meant to make sure this time? I've found a pair of sheet-lead mittens in his room, and a book, and a box full of bits of watches."

"But what? How?" Flemming asked amazedly.

"Listen. He must have known about the pitchblende and meant to have it. Missed it once. Swore he wouldn't miss it again. Maybe he thought, being ignorant as a pig of everything much except drink and women, that he could use the crude ore as a poison—the sort of poison

"I've seen a ghost! I—I saw it in the mirror!"

that couldn't be sheeted home to anybody because, of course, the person poisoned would have been careless in working a newly found deposit. That was all. Very nice plan. But if he read this book he must have realized that he could hardly manage to put several tons of ore through chemical processes to get what he wanted. Then he finds a clipping telling about the deaths of some young girls in America from radium poisoning; incurable, certain, caused by licking their brushes when they painted watch dials.

"So he says, 'That's it,' and he sends to the trade addresses of his father's business and gets a raft of watches to sell. Chips the figures off. Mixes it into Mera's quinine. And Mera goes all right.

"He's never seen Mera at night. He didn't understand the talk about sorcery. He didn't know what radium can do; I reckon that clipping didn't tell the whole thing, or was cut short. Because now he starts a new experiment to make sure. He—he—"

Tamplin's voice broke; he put one hand to his face. "Tell him," he said, and left the veranda. As he went, he violently snatched at the mirror and threw it crashing to the floor.

"Is this a lunatic asylum or what?" Phil Flemming demanded.

"I—I thought it was myself some time ago," confessed Sarah. "Sit down and have your supper, and I'll tell you while you eat. Thank goodness, neither of us is temperamental."

SHE told him what she had seen on the night when she looked out of her window: Mera walking past, dimly outlined in the fatal light of the radium poison. She told him of Sophie looking into the glass and seeing what she thought was a specter—what was, in truth, the death-lit phantom of herself. Of Kenny and his unwanted love. Of Kenny's intention to stay on after Flemming's arrival, and help with the plantation, unsalaried.

"Phil, Phil, if he had!" she said.

"Or," said Phil, "if he hadn't happened to be in love with you. I reckon that's what kept you from taking Sophie's place, once his trial experiment was made. You—and me. Napoo!" He got up from the table, laying down knife and fork.

"You haven't done," Sarah remonstrated.

"All the supper I want," he remarked with a certain dangerous quietude, "is a little talk with Kenny."

But Kenny was not to be found, as Tamplin, that quick thinker, could have told them half an hour ago. His room was in disorder, his clothes gone. The boys, when questioned, said that they had not seen him, but that one of the plantation canoes was missing and that some one had heard a noise of paddling down the river.

"The coastal boat passes the river mouth tomorrow," Tamplin said.

"If he thinks," said Flemming, "that he's going to sneak over to Thursday Island and get away—"

"He may think it," commented Tamplin darkly, "but I don't."

"Why not?"

"Probably if you listen you'll know."

They were all silent, not quite understanding. Outside it had long been dark. Fireflies were dancing, like stars set loose, among the papaw flowers. The boobook owls were beginning their heartbroken cry. Under and over all, the river sounded.

PRESENTLY, while they waited, a snarling bellow rose from the river bank—a call like nothing else on land or water; something of the ship siren in it, something of the tiger, something of the bull. A crocodile, full-grown, calling for mate or meat.

"That's what I mean," said Tamplin. "The river is alive with them, and Kenny's a rotten hand in a canoe. You'll want," he said, "a new canoe tomorrow."

But he was wrong, for they found the old one, turned upside down on a river flat. Kenny, or any part of him, they never found.

A day or two later Sarah and her lover were talking over future prospects. "We shall be rich beyond dreams," Phil was saying. "We'll sell the place and go to live in Sydney or in London."

Sarah tapped him on the arm. "You men!" she said good-naturedly. "Talking as if you owned the earth. You all have your dreams, haven't you? Kenny had." She grew a little pale. She had forgotten what Kenny had been willing to do for the realization of his dream of riches. Sophie was still sick, confined to her room.

"Well," she went on, "so have women their dreams. And Adorahi is mine. A better one than yours, old man."

"You don't mean to say you want to stay on after—"

"Why not? Sophie'll be well again soon—Tamplin says so, and he's as good as any doctor—and after we're married she can live with us."

Tamplin came to him a day or two later. "Sophie," he said, "is better now. She's well."

There was something in his face that made Flemming recoil. "You don't mean," he said—and stopped.

"It's incurable," the other told him. "And—worse. She went very quietly, in her sleep."

"But, man—"

"'But' nothing. I was had up once—everybody knows it—for other things. I thought them right; I may have been wrong. I know this is right. And if I were going to be hanged I'd say the same.

"Of course," he added, "I realize I can't stay here. Can I have the horses tomorrow?"

"They're going in," Flemming said, "to fetch the clergyman. He'll be too late for poor Sophie, but—"

"Thanks," Tamplin said, "I'll go with them."

Flemming, a day or two after the wedding, was sitting with Sarah on the veranda. "That pink-eyed chap," he said suddenly, "knows how to love."

"Oh!" said Sarah. "I think Sophie too— But it wouldn't ever have done, would it?"

In the world there is no more beautiful place than Adorahi, and—now—none happier.

But it is noticeable that Sarah—for such a pretty girl—looks very seldom into any glass.

THE END

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Roosevelt's Place in History

England's Most Eminent Observer of Life Offers Through Liberty a New and Searching Estimate of America's Second President Roosevelt

(Reading time: 17 minutes 25 seconds.)

BECAUSE I am something of a prophet and because I have read a good deal of history and summarized it for general use, I have been asked to speculate a little on the place President Roosevelt will take in the history of the days to come. This is an invitation to guess amid a wide assembly of incalculables. But it gives a fresh way of approaching the criticism of what is certainly the most conspicuous, exciting, and interesting individual in the world just now, Stalin, Mussolini, and Hitler notwithstanding. How will he come out in a school outline of history in the year 2033, let us say? Let us, without any attempts at burlesque or satire, guess an answer to that question.

But before we can even start that guessing we have to make a preliminary assumption that is by no means sure of fulfillment. We have to assume that in 2033 there will be any decent history in the sense in which we take the word today, that is to say as a clear and unbiased description of the past. Few of us realize how rarely it has happened that any people at any time has had access to such a quantity of *criticized* historical truth as our favored generation—I write of the English-speaking communities—has available. Generally rulers and militant religious and political organizations have kept a tight hold upon the supply of historical information to the people under their sway. Propaganda seems inseparable from history, and it is only when all sides get a hearing that its influence can be neutralized. When they have not, then history for popular use has been exactly what Mr. Henry Ford has called it, *bunk*. I am all for Mr. Ford in that oft quoted utterance. It is much to his credit that he used the word. Most history *is* bunk. Bunk with a purpose.

We have heard a lot of the " debunking " of history in recent years, but the reverse process excites inadequate remark. Yet at the present time, over large areas of the world, history is being converted into bunk for political ends more vigorously and unhesitatingly than has ever been done before. Without bunk in the place of history few existing political movements could hope to carry on.

The young Russian is made obedient and serviceable by a monstrous caricature of the story of the world's economic development. In Italy an entire generation is being fed with another distortion of history designed to concentrate the national imagination upon the rôle of Rome and the Latins in human affairs. In Germany teachers are enforced by threat and outrage to teach about a superior Aryan race unknown to critical anthropology. " Aryans " are no more a race than Esperantists or Golfers or Diabetics, and the whole fabric of the new Hitlerian legend which is being imposed upon every German schoolboy is a tissue of planned and deliberate lying resting on a fundamental ethnological lie. It will be almost impossible for the German children now at school to grow up with anything like a sane conception of the historical process. They will be put wrong not only in interpretation but upon questions of fact. They will, for instance, be made to believe a concocted story about the Reichstag fire, just as for a century or more all England was made to believe a concocted story about the Fire of London.

We English-speaking folk cannot affect much superiority to other peoples in this matter. Neither British nor American school history has ever been bunk-free—even nowadays one could cite things—and in the past it has been shocking bunk. Even when the broad lines of history seem to be near the facts, there is still a vast amount of scandal, animus, and forced enthusiasm in the treatment of individuals. It is very doubtful whether any of the great figures in history can be regarded as veracious portraits. At the best they are exaggerations. More often they are libels.

Franklin Roosevelt is unlikely to prove an exception to this general rule. History will see him in a glass darkly. He may count with certainty upon being drawn wrong to some extent. It may be he will be drawn wrong to a very considerable extent. Extraordinary distortions may happen, and very probably will happen, both to his record and to the account given of his conditioning circumstances. There is bound to be a lot of forcible feeling about it all. If, for instance, the present economic collapse produces a phase of organized class revolution and a communist régime, then Franklin Roosevelt will certainly figure in the subsequent histories as a little pink fellow, neither good "red" nor good reactionary, who tried in vain to save capitalism by concessions to working-class demands; while on the other hand if some sort of Fascist tyranny jumps the United States, he will figure as a dangerous experimentalist—another Giolitti or Facta—whose rash proceedings the teachers will say were arrested none too soon by the valiant roughs who took control. I doubt if there is any great degree of probability in either of these extreme alternatives being reached, but it is necessary to define them as our limits before we explore the intermediate possibilities.

I am attempting to forecast the rôle in history of a contemporary I have never seen and who is living the whole breadth of the Atlantic away from me. I see no valid objection to that. It involves the advantage and the disadvantage of a very limited but a very controllable view of him in his American situation. A close-up may show you more of the man perhaps, but a distance shot gives more of his position. Maybe I do not know many important, local, and intimate facts that those who are near to him do know, but maybe by that very ignorance I am enabled to see more plainly the main forces at work about him and his country, and so escape losing sight of the forest among the trees. The observer at a distance in space has many of the qualities of an observer at a distance in time, and foreign opinion has anticipated more than once the opinion of posterity.

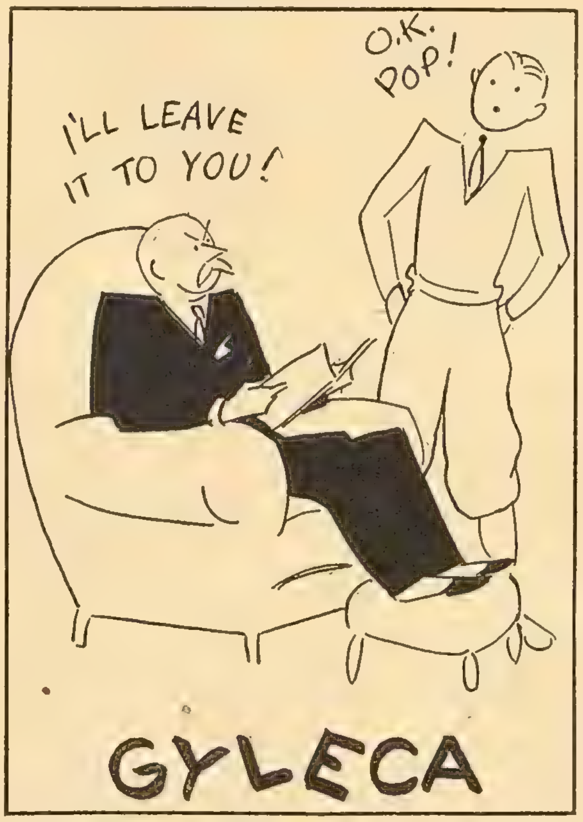
ON the whole I may say at once that I think the chances are overwhelmingly in favor of his figuring very importantly in human history, of his being picked out by his circumstances as marking an epoch, and perhaps also by his character as helping to make one. I think the people of 2033 are almost bound to take him, just as they are bound to take President Wilson, as a figure of crucial significance in the world history of our time, whether they blame him or praise him. The historians will be able to tell their story most conveniently by centering their analyses of events upon the problems, difficulties, intuitions, and errors of these two men. No contemporary Europeans except Lenin and Stalin are likely to rank with these two American Presidents in—what shall I call it?—elucidatory importance. Hitler and Mussolini in contrast are essentially digressions—as Napoleon was a digression—who will, I think, dwindle down the corridors of time to comparative insignificance. They are setbacks, irrelevant to the main process of human development. And the whole process of British politics remains still essentially insignificant, still centered upon secondary issues. But both Wilson and Roosevelt are figures already in direct contact with the mighty world problems our race must solve or perish—Wilson with the riddle of world unity, for which he failed altogether to find an answer, and Roosevelt with the débris of Wilson's attempt and the added problem of increased unemployment in a world of excess production.

We are all beginning to realize something of the broad change in the human outlook that has been going on for the last century and a half. Let me try to state that

"I am attempting to forecast the role in history of a contemporary I have never seen and who is living the whole breadth of the Atlantic away from me. I see no valid objection to that."

H. G. Wells

change as simply as possible. It is becoming plain to us that the disaster of the Great War and our present social and economic disorder are not isolated misfortunes, but broad aspects of a now profound disharmony in the conditions of human life, a disharmony between tradition and present material necessity. A huge release of human energy through invention and discovery drives us on inexorably toward the establishment of a new type of society in which the production and distribution of necessities will be the easy task of a diminishing moiety of the population, while research, new enterprise, new extensions and elaborations of living, the conquest not simply of material but of moral and intellectual power and of beauty, vitality, and happiness become the occupation of an ever greater multitude. But our political habits and sentiments, our financial and business usage, and most of our traditions of behavior bar our way to this new type of society. We do not know what to do to meet the new demands upon us, and the pursuing forces jam us harder and harder against our limitations. We are unable to go back. Retrogression to less progressive conditions seems more difficult and dangerous now than a revolutionary advance. Either we must go on to this new state of disciplined plenty or lapse into chaotic and violent barbarism. I, at any rate, can see no other outlook.


O.K. POP!
I'LL LEAVE IT TO YOU!
GYLECA

The jumbled letters at the bottom of the picture form a real word when put together in the proper order. A clue to the word will be found in the conversation of the people in the picture. The unjumbled word will be found on page 50.

Everywhere from China to Peru, in Peking, Moscow, and Washington alike, the advancing and still undisciplined forces that make for the new state shatter and disorganize the old, shattering and disorganizing themselves also in the process. Yet it is growing very plain now what is needed and what is desirable. More and more of us are realizing that this new social order has to be a planned order, that is to say it has to be a socialism, and we are beginning also to realize that somehow it must be made worldwide. These two main points are becoming platitudes, and even more so is the third primary necessity of a monetary measure of value of world-wide validity. A cosmopolitan planned economy with a controlled money system is becoming the universal desideratum; the problem is to get to it.

THE problem of Stalin, the problem of Roosevelt, the problem of every statesman who rises above mere party activities, becomes more and more plainly the problem of attaining with the least possible wastage of life and possibility this imperative new world order which grows upon our perceptions. All these men work against immense resistances and disablements, resistances and disablements that are within them as well as without. The place these leaders and rulers must ultimately take in history depends almost entirely upon the originality, vigor, and wisdom they display in their efforts and upon the measure of success they achieve.

How much originality, vigor, and wisdom has Franklin Roosevelt still to display?

One of the handicaps of creative statesmen everywhere lies in the fact that while the new order of things must manifestly be a world order, based on a world-wide understanding of its aims and methods, they are obliged to approach their creative task by way of the ideas and institutions of the old order. And another, even graver handicap is that each in his own sphere of influence is out of phase with his fellows. Russia, America, China, Europe under the sway of the same inexorable material necessities, move all toward the planned freedom and plenty of the coming world state, but they move out of step, they jostle one another, they see the common objective from different angles. They started from different levels of social development and of educated opinion. Habits of national egotism distort their purpose. The men who will ultimately figure in history as the true Fathers of the World Republic will have to make a world-wide appeal. That is the supreme need; at present nobody is successfully carrying over a world-wide appeal, and until such a world-wide appeal is made this fatal difference of phase, this jostling and mutual misunderstanding, this needless thwarting and frustration must continue. America, Russia, Europe, and Asia will continue to jangle in their wasteful uncoördinated thrusts toward the common goal.

SO in our guess whether Franklin Roosevelt will figure in history not simply as an outstanding man but as a great and directive one, it is important to make up our minds whether he appeals now, or is capable presently of making an appeal, to the world outside his American battlefield.

That such an appeal is possible, that the whole world can be made to look nowadays to a single leader, was amply demonstrated by the reception of President Wilson in 1918. A bold appeal from the President to all mankind against the creditor and speculator, against the warmonger and the narrow patriot, would speedily restore that strange atmosphere of expectation and reconstructive hope throughout the earth which Wilson failed to satisfy so completely in 1918-19. But so far as we can discover from this side of the Atlantic, Franklin Roosevelt is not making, does not intend to make, and is probably incapable of making the tremendous gesture that would raise his effort to the scale of a world effort.

In the Old World the thrill that greeted the opening phase of his Presidency, the feeling that "Here at last is a Planetary Man," has passed away. People are thinking, talking, and writing now of the "American Experiment," and the sense of participation with the United States in a common world political and economic problem has shrunk to less than prewar dimensions. He does not seem to us to have a philosophy, and we are beginning to doubt whether he is working with a clearly seen objective or merely meeting each emergency as it arises. There may be sound reasons in America for his inexpressiveness, but so far as world coöperation goes it is an unmitigated misfortune.

I will not digress here to discuss why it is that Europe and America, especially English and Spanish Europe and America, do not seem able to get to any common understandings and coöperations upon economic policy. Frank H. Simonds has dealt with the riddle very ably in his Can America Stay at Home? What is most evident now is that President Roosevelt betrays far less will or far less ability even than President Wilson to go out from America to the main mass of mankind. President Wilson did at any rate try to get something over to Europe. President Roosevelt seems resolved to neglect the weight of the outer world altogether and concentrate on his domestic problem. To Europe now, so far as any conscious coöperation with him goes, he might as well be on another planet.

That brings him down from the level of a world leader to a purely American statesman, but it still leaves what he is doing vastly important. The American Experiment, for all its intensifying isolation, will probably remain more edifying and influential to Europe, the British Empire, and South America than the Russian Experiment, because it is

(Continued on page twenty-four)

SPUD
Fan Mail

Here we are in Louisville, doing our best to give smokers a thoroughly enjoyable, all-occasion cigarette. Sales figures tell us how well we are succeeding, but what we like best is Spud's fan mail . . . *unsolicited* letters from Spud smokers . . . like those printed below.

W. F. AXTON, *President*
The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc.

Dear Mr. Axton:

●

Heartiest Congratulations . . .

"What a grand feeling, for a person who really enjoys smoking, to discover a cigarette that is exactly their ideal.

"I'm not writing this for any other reason than to show my appreciation, so please accept my Heartiest Congratulations!"

Mrs. J. F. Heuser, San Francisco, Cal.

First thing every morning . . .

"Finally I decided to try Spuds, and I am so pleased with the fine taste left in my mouth when I finish smoking . . . the pleasing, cool and refreshing smoke the first thing every morning."

Webb Zachry, Nashville, Tenn.

After thirty years . . .

"I have been smoking cigarettes for thirty years, changing from one popular brand to another, then back again, always looking for something I could not find.

"Two months ago, I smoked my first Spud. The second pack pleased me more than the first, the taste grew on me and I found what I had been looking for: cool, mild, pleasing taste."

Fred Dahm, Jacksonville, Fla.

Cool and clean . . .

"Being a dancer fundamentally, and not a smoker, perhaps this will not be of much value to you.

"They are cool and clean, catering to the refined taste. Without a doubt, Spuds are incomparable."

Miss Claire Miriam Leeds, Allentown, Pa.

A carton a week . . .

"Really, the cigarette was so comfortably cool while I smoked it, that I was forced to ask him the name of the brand. It was SPUD, of course. I bought a package . . . and find them so satisfactory that I purchase them by the carton, using one carton a week. I doubt if I ever will leave this brand."

John Stanley Stone, Cleveland, Ohio

The coolest smoke . . .

"It was a hot day when I thought I'd try Spuds. It's Spuds always now. Spuds are the only cigarettes that give me real enjoyment . . . the coolest smoke."

August G. D'Onofrio, Newark, N. J.

Menthol taste disappeared . . .

"At the suggestion of friends, I tried Spuds. I was not accustomed to the menthol taste, but I did find that they left a cool, refreshing effect. After several more packs, the menthol taste practically disappeared and I enjoyed with perfect satisfaction the true richness of the tobaccos. Since then nothing but Spuds have given me the ultimate pleasure and satisfaction for which every smoker is looking."

Edward C. Bonner, Jr., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Clean, fresh mouth . . .

"Recently I switched to SPUDS . . . It is indeed a pleasure to awaken after an evening of constant smoking and discover a clean fresh mouth and throat. SPUDS, I have found, are everything and more that you claim them to be."

C. E. Moreland, Brownsville, Pa.

"Nadoh' chlee-chah"

"Several weeks ago, an old Indian (Apache) living off in a remote part of this reservation asked me to purchase a few things in town for him. Among other necessities of life, he asked for 'nadoh' chlee-chah' . . . literally, good-tasting tobacco. He wanted Spuds, of course.

"Not only did the Greeks have a word for it . . . even the aborigines of these parts know the meaning of 'mouth-happy.'"

Gerhard H. Mundinger, Whiteriver, Ariz.

Perfect for all occasions . . .

"You've advertised them as a cigarette to smoke when you're 'keyed up.' That certainly is true. You've advertised them as a cigarette which gives you 'mouth-happiness.' That's certainly true also.

"I really don't know when Spuds aren't just right . . . in fact, they're perfect for all occasions in my estimation. In the Summer, they're cool. In the Winter, they add just that much more to that cold, fresh air, and make you feel on the top of the world."

Dick Rushmore, Meadville, Pa.

Spud
Menthol-Cooled
CIGARETTES
CHOICE TOBACCO

20 FOR 15c

(25c IN CANADA)

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

(Continued from page twenty-two)

being made on a much more kindred social and economic structure. The Russian Experiment has sought to build a modern state on the basis of a medieval peasantry and the wreckage of a quasi-Oriental absolutism; the American reconstruction is being attempted upon an industrial fabric huger than, if not quite so highly developed in its labor organizations as, any in Europe, and with a population at levels of education varying with each state but in some states even higher than and on the average quite comparable to those of western Europe. What America tries today, the European communities realize they themselves are likely to be trying tomorrow. This is particularly true of the Anglo-Saxon portions of the British Empire. The phases may be different, East and West may be out of step, but they will have to march in the same direction. It is in the rôle of a foundation builder or a noble failure that President Roosevelt seems most likely to find his place in world history.

From the European viewpoint the American Experiment seems handicapped by some very distinctive difficulties. The United States civil service is comparatively underdeveloped. It is, we are told, a weaker organization altogether than, say, the British or German prewar civil services. It follows that such a revolutionary change-over from free competition to controlled production and distribution as the President is attempting, a change-over from individualism to socialism, can work only if the bulk of the executives of the great business organizations can be converted at one swoop into an emergency civil service. These men will have to swing their minds right round from business fighting to business coöperation, and work for the public profit instead of shareholders' dividends. Is such a change of heart and habit possible? Or will the President after his first bold break toward Planning, find support falling away from him? Will he discover a dry rot of disloyalty in these new organizations he is evoking? Will he discover that the more one changes America, the more America remains the same thing? Or has he reckoned with that? Is he a driving force, or is he just gesture and resultant—like any of those old things we call statesmen in Europe?

EVEN if he is not a driving force in himself, perhaps there is more driving force behind him than most European observers suspect. On the whole I think academic European thought greatly underrates the vigor, originality, versatility, and penetration of the American mind. In England and France we say things better and quicker than in America, and because we form a closer intellectual society we understand each other more completely—within our limitations. But it may be just these limitations that make us more easily expressive, and the slower, clumsier social, political, and economic science of America may have a much greater and more valuable content. It may be coming into operation behind the President. The habit of cheapening and depreciating American thought in European circles seems almost ineradicable.

Even while I am disavowing it here, it may be subtly at work in the back of my mind and I may be blind to the fact that behind Franklin Roosevelt is a power of —Franklin Rooseveltism that will carry him on to things that seem to me unattainable.

It is quite possible too that we observers at a distance underrate the President personally and his personal possibilities. He may feel it necessary to reserve his essential philosophy, and mask the full scale of his plans until general opinion comes up to him. We may presently see promise crystallizing more distinctly in the United States and have him speaking across the Atlantic in the hearing and knowledge of all men, saying to the British, let us say, "Here in America we have done so and so. We have imposed a certain system of controls upon industrial life and we have proved that a measured inflation to lighten the weight of the creditor upon us is possible. It is beginning to work. Will you come into phase with us? Will you assimilate with us in a planned production and distribution, and in our new controlled monetary method? Then the cogs of our machinery and yours will mesh and the incorporation of the rest of the world with us into a new planned world-wide economic structure will be only a question of time."

That might prove a very compelling utterance.

SUCH a thing is still a possibility—but I feel it is highly improbable. And if it does not happen before very long, if creative forces do not become confluent across the Atlantic, then I think the present American Experiment, like the Russian, will figure in history rather by its lessons than its permanent achievements, and the task of reconstructing human affairs on the lines of the world state will have to begin again from some other center and at some other level.

These are the reasons why in my imaginary history of the near future, The Shape of Things to Come, I have represented President Roosevelt as marking but not making an epoch in human development. And I do not think that this is really a very serious detraction of the man as a man. By the scale of Great Men in the past it may still leave him personal greatness. But I doubt if it is in the capacity of any single human being to lead our race round this difficult corner. In the past great generals arose. They fought little daylong battles with armies a few score thousands strong. On that scale glory was in the compass of one man. But no great generals arose in the World War. The job was too immense. And this present job before mankind is vastly greater. It will never be tackled by Wilsons, Roosevelts, Lenins, Stalins, and so forth all working on their own. The carry-over from the catastrophic phase of today to the new world state of freedom and abundant life must, I believe, be the work of a gathering, growing number of men inspired by a common apprehension of the needs and possibilities of the case. I am not thinking of any hastily compiled Brain Trust—though even to have entertained that idea puts the President on a far higher level than that all-sufficient poseur Mussolini; I am thinking of a wide unorganized growth of understanding.

When that understanding develops commanding force the new world will be made accessible; and not before. The days of one-man leadership are at an end.

History may have to tell of Franklin Roosevelt as a significant gesture and a failure; that will detract nothing from the real heroism and the real pathos of his lonely and manifestly quite honest attempt to face the needs and menace of his time.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the Pope's triple crown called?

2—Who was Sisyphus?

3—What is a fez?

4—Who was General George Goethals?

5—What is the oldest college in Canada?

6—What is Maumetry?

7—How many lines are there in a rondelet?

8—What is a keeve?

9—What country was called the Ottoman Empire?

10—Who and what were the Elzevirs?

11—What were the Nereids?

12—Where and what is the Matto Grosso?

13—Is the iguana vegetable or fowl?

14—Who was Joris Karl Huysmans?

15—What was Poor Richard's Almanac?

16—What are loxodromic lines?

17—Where is the American naval hero John Paul Jones buried?

18—What is the meaning of the phrase *Delenda est Carthago?*

19—Who was the Greek god of wine?

20—In what novel and by whom written is the character Iris March?

(Answers will be found on page 42)

Funny Old Fellow

A Short Short Story

By

GERALD MYGATT

(Reading time: 5 min. 10 sec.)

WE called him the funny old fellow at Jake's until the evening he blatted about his diamonds and where he kept them. After that we called him poor old devil, because there wasn't a one of us who didn't know that he was just as good as dead and in a coffin. You see, the funny old fellow was standing at the bar when he made his spill, and the man standing next to him just happened to be Single-Shot Singel himself.

Single-Shot Singel never " just happened " to be anywhere. He always knew what he was doing—none better. If he was standing alongside the funny old fellow he was standing there for a good and plenty reason.

About Jake's—it was what you call a hang-out. That's why I was assigned to hang around there evenings. Two of us newspapermen had it—me and a guy from the other tab. The job was to sit there and nurse a couple of drinks from ten to two. Then you got your good-night and could go home. Nothing much ever happened except a lot of dirt for the columnists; but once in a while something did. Incidentally, the name of the place isn't really Jake's.

It was funny how the funny old fellow first drifted into Jake's. He came in, believe it or not, in tow of a harness bull, which means a cop in uniform. The cop laughed and said, " Hey, Jake, take care of this guy. He's lost in the great city and he wants to know where a speakeasy is. You don't happen to know, do you, Jake? "

All the regulars roared, and then the cop went out, and there was this funny old duffer standing against the bar and sort of smiling around. After a while he said to Jake, kind of timidly, " I knew this was a speakeasy all the time. That policeman couldn't fool me."

He was a funny-looking old duck, one of those pink, plump, smooth-shaven, good-natured men who look fifty when they're nearer sixty-five or seventy. The top of his head was as shiny bald as a toy balloon, but on each side of his face, in back of his ears, a spurt of reddish hair stuck out like a sidewise beard.

Inside of a week we knew all about him. He'd been in show business in the sticks: carnivals, tent shows, amusement parks, things like that. Lately he'd been specializing in freaks—rubber men and sword swallowers and human skeletons. But his pet hobby was waxworks. He'd get talking waxworks by the half hour: Madame Tussaud's, the Eden Musée, all the rest of them.

" I used to model the heads myself," he confided one night. " You may not believe it, but I did my famous group, the President McKinley deathbed scene, just from photographs."

He had already spoken of having money to invest; that was why Singel " just happened " to be hanging around. It was quite a lot of money, the old man rather boasted. It was in diamonds.

Singel drifted to the bar, where the old duffer was talking. The room went quiet, like the cold room in the morgue.

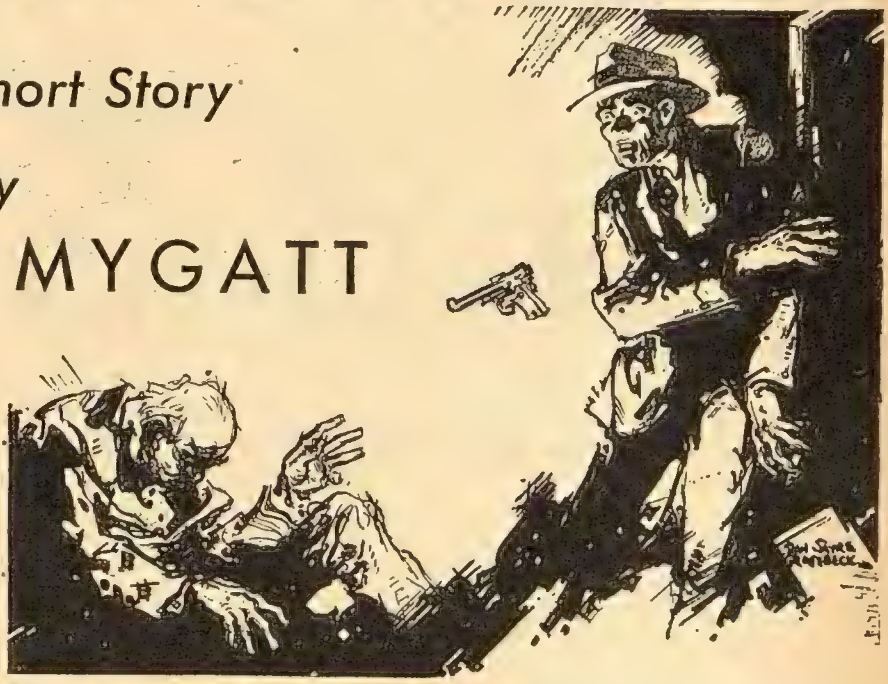
" Wherever those diamonds are, don't keep them in your mattress," said Singel, smiling suavely.

" They're not in my mattress," protested the old man. " I guess I know better than that! They're in a safe. I sleep right next to it."

" You must sleep soundly," said Singel, sarcastic-like.

" No; I sleep very light."

" I should imagine so," murmured Singel, who was smooth. Then he added, with a shrug and a laugh, " But, of course, probably the money doesn't amount to much! "



" It's over a hundred thousand dollars at the current market," stated the old man almost petulantly.

It made us all feel pretty bad. Everybody knew what Singel was and everybody knew how slick he was—so slick that neither the state nor the federal government had been able to touch him, ever. The chair at Sing Sing could have used him plenty, but he had never been dragged within anything but laughing distance of it. We knew Singel, and we knew that the old man lived alone in a two-room apartment on the third floor of a walk-up on Nineteenth Street. It was too easy!

We afterwards heard that Singel spent two days framing a jimmy-proof alibi—a gang leader can always do that—and then at four of a morning silently climbed the three flights of stairs to the silent apartment of the funny old fellow. He took only two of his mugs with him, one for the rough work and one for the doors and the safe.

INSIDE of ten seconds the carefully locked door of the old man's place was open. Singel and his two mugs stepped in, closed the door behind them without a sound. Then for the first time Singel used his flash.

It revealed a bare square room, windowless, with a door at the far side. And against that door, which was tightly shut, slumped the dead body of the funny old duck. His head had been split wide open with an ax, and the ax lay upon the floor beside him, and the ax was not pleasant to look at, either. Singel wheeled, snarling. He shot his two companions dead, using a single shot for each. Then he stood over them and proclaimed, " Double-cross me, will you? " He rubbed his gloved hands together and daintily dropped his gun. He would be downstairs and on the street before anybody was really awake.

Laughing harshly, he reached for the door knob. But there was no knob—nothing. The inside of the heavy door was as smooth as a plastered wall—nothing to grab hold of—no way out. Singel jumped for the other door. It was the same—perfectly smooth. From the next room he heard a voice. It seemed to be the voice of the funny old fellow, telephoning. First it called Spring 7-3100, which is New York police headquarters. Then it called Washington, D. C., the Department of Justice.

Presently: " Twenty-two speaking," said the voice. " I've got him. Got him cold. First-degree murder. Two of his own pals."

It was then that Singel, white with terror, committed suicide. The funny old fellow opened his door presently and picked up the unpleasant wax image of himself. The old fellow eyed it with affection and pride. " I guess they'll stop kidding me now about waxworks! " he said.

THE END

Sentiment, Sin, and Sorrow

(Reading time: 7 minutes 10 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★ CRADLE SONG

THE PLAYERS: Dorothea Wieck, Evalyn Venable, Sir Guy Standing, Louise Dresser, Kent Taylor, Gertrude Michael, Georgia Caine, Dickie Moore, Nydia Westman. Directed by Mitchell Leisen.

A GIRL enters a convent and finds herself overcome by sadness at the remembrance of her small brothers and sisters. One day some one brings a basket to the convent door and in it the young nun finds a baby who somehow makes up for the loss. When the foundling, grown up and too light-hearted to spend her life in the convent, goes away to be married, the nun, who has been her mother for seventeen years, is broken-hearted again. This time there is no one to replace the loss.

That is the whole story of Cradle Song. Beautifully directed and beautifully photographed, keyed to the slow chime of the convent's bells, there are only a few moments in which its compressed emotions become explicit—one when the baby Teresa arrives in her basket, one when the convent doctor brings her a new dress which Sister Joanna (Dorothea Wieck) thinks is too worldly, one when Teresa goes away and says to a nun who asks her whether she will come back to Spain: "We both want to."

The fact that Cradle Song is a picture almost perfect of its kind does not necessarily imply that you will find it satisfying entertainment. The truth is that mother love, sublimated, redirected, and frustrated, is somewhat tenuous as the emotional basis for so long a picture. When introduced against the background of a nunnery in which the sisters have dizzy spells when the doctor and the grocery boy both call on the same day, the general effect is so subdued that it produces the impression of a faint museum whisper.

Dorothea Wieck, whose hit in Maedchen in Uniform, led to her importation to appear in Cradle Song.

Dorothea Wieck—who persuaded Paramount to have the Martinez Sierra play adapted for her when she was imported after her success in Maedchen in Uniform—gives a performance distinguished, like Mitchell Leisen's direction, for a reticence both appropriate and a trifle wearying.

Claire Trevor and Spencer Tracy in a scene from The Mad Game, a new phase of the gangster film.

We would like to see Miss Wieck—who used to be Germany's Mary Pickford when she played light-comedy parts in a blonde wig—risk her new reputation as a serious actress in a rôle which does not require her to wear institutional habiliments and a spiritual frown. This will be possible, from all reports, in her next picture—called Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen. It contains, among other things, a scene in which Miss Wieck takes a bath with Baby LeRoy. When the scene was photographed Miss Wieck ordered all cameramen off the set, causing a kibitzer to inquire whether she would not prefer also to have a girl baby substituted for LeRoy.

★★½ THE MAD GAME

THE PLAYERS: Spencer Tracy, Claire Trevor, Ralph Morgan, Howard Lally, J. Carrol Naish, John Miljan, Matt McHugh, Kathleen Burke. Directed by Irving Cummings.

For some reason or other—presumably because gangster pictures are unpopular with the Hays organization—kidnaping has been left out of this year's movies. The Mad Game rectifies this omission very skillfully with a plot constructed to please the most captious censor. The hero is a kindly beer baron who, double-crossed by his mob before beer is legalized, is able and willing to help the government track down the gang when, on the collapse of the bootlegging industry, they take up "snatching."

A Mother-Love Picture with an Imported Star — A New Twist on the Gangster Film — Paul Muni in a Cradle-to-Grave Story — and a Complex Tale of an Unwanted Child

By BEVERLY HILLS

If you have ever seen a gangster picture you do not need to be told much about the ingredients in this survival of the school. There are fewer sirens and machine guns than there used to be, but the girl reporter still appears, with, for a final touch of journalistic nonchalance, a habit of rolling her own cigarettes. The best set in the picture is the kidnapers' hide-out—a rickety high-stooped edifice to which the final touch of sinister suggestion is supplied by its name, painted on a wooden sign above the door: New Hope Sanitarium.

The World Changes, the story of a man's life, has Paul Muni in the lead role. With him is Jean Muir.

★★ THE WORLD CHANGES

THE PLAYERS: Paul Muni, Mary Astor, Aline MacMahon, Donald Cook, Allan Dinehart, Guy Kibbee, Margaret Lindsay, Henry O'Neill, Jean Muir, Anna Q. Nilsson, Alan Mowbray, Philip Faversham. Directed by Mervyn Le Roy.

Since every male actor in Hollywood, doubtless including Jackie Cooper, feels that he is being cheated if not allowed to dress up in a beard and play Grandpa, it was natural to suppose that Paul Muni would presently be seen wabbling about in a gray wig and abusing his descendants. The fact that Muni works for Warner Brothers made it almost inevitable that his particular journey from the cradle to the grave would have to do with the Chicago stockyards, which have lately become Warner Brothers' favorite stamping ground.

The surprising thing about The World Changes is that there are moments in it in which somehow or other Mervyn Le Roy's direction and Muni's enthusiastic stampings bring the picture to life. There is, for instance, the episode in which Muni, a defeated, puzzled, proud old man, sitting comfortably at the window of his New York club, receives a call from the bedraggled young baronet who is engaged to his granddaughter. They look at each other for several minutes and then Muni waves his hand. " Go away," he says.

This is undoubtedly the most eloquent as well as the shortest speech in The World Changes. The rest of the dialogue was apparently written by some one under the unhappy delusion that any speech if recited four times will acquire a value that would be missing if it were repeated only once or twice.

Randolph Scott and Martha Sleeper as they appear in one of the scenes in the picture Broken Dreams.

The most interesting parts of the picture are the earliest, before Muni has reached his second wig. As a young cattle rancher bringing Texas longhorns into Omaha he is an excitingly real person. After that, as a Chicago millionaire with a temperamental wife, and as a superannuated clubman munching sadly on his false mustache, he is a good actor too, apparently enjoying a holiday his employers never should have allowed him.

★½ BROKEN DREAMS

THE PLAYERS: Randolph Scott, Martha Sleeper, Beryl Mercer, Joseph Cawthorne, Buster Phelps, Charlotte Merriam. Directed by Robert G. Vignola.

This is a curiously complex little rigmarole about a small child, despised by his father and brought up in a pet shop by affectionate relatives; about the father and his second marriage; and finally about the complications which ensue when the child is removed from the pet shop to a handsome suburban residence, where he is distressed both by a governess and by the spectacle of his stepmother being kissed by a strange man.

It may well be that all this could have been made an interesting picture, though we are not at the moment prepared to explain how. Little Buster Phelps gives an ingenuously pleasing performance, but even a capable child actor cannot be expected to carry a picture which calls on him to do no more than spill his ice cream on the floor, whine about his French lesson, and reiterate his enthusiasm for baseball. Our nomination for the silliest speech of the season is Randolph Scott's explanation to Martha Sleeper of why she ought to have a baby.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Bowery, The Private Life of Henry VIII, Bitter Sweet, The Power and the Glory, Berkeley Square, F. P. 1, Lady for a Day, Bed of Roses, Dinner at Eight, Noah's Ark, The Warrior's Husband, Thunder Over Mexico.

★★★—Man's Castle, College Coach, Bombshell, The Way to Love, I'm No Angel, Take a Chance, Tillie and Gus, Ann Vickers, Footlight Parade, The Solitaire Man, S O S Iceberg, Wild Boys of the Road, The Emperor Jones, Too Much Harmony, My Weakness, I Loved a Woman, Torch Singer, Bureau of Missing Persons, Turn Back the Clock, One Man's Journey, Night Flight, Broadway to Hollywood, Paddy the Next Best Thing, Morning Glory, The Man Who Dared, Another Language, Double Harness, The Stranger's Return, Pilgrimage, Good-bye Again, I Loved You Wednesday, Voltaire, Peg o' My Heart, Gold Diggers of 1933, The Silver Cord, Looking Forward, I Cover the Waterfront, Never Give a Sucker a Break, The Barbarian.

Forever,

By

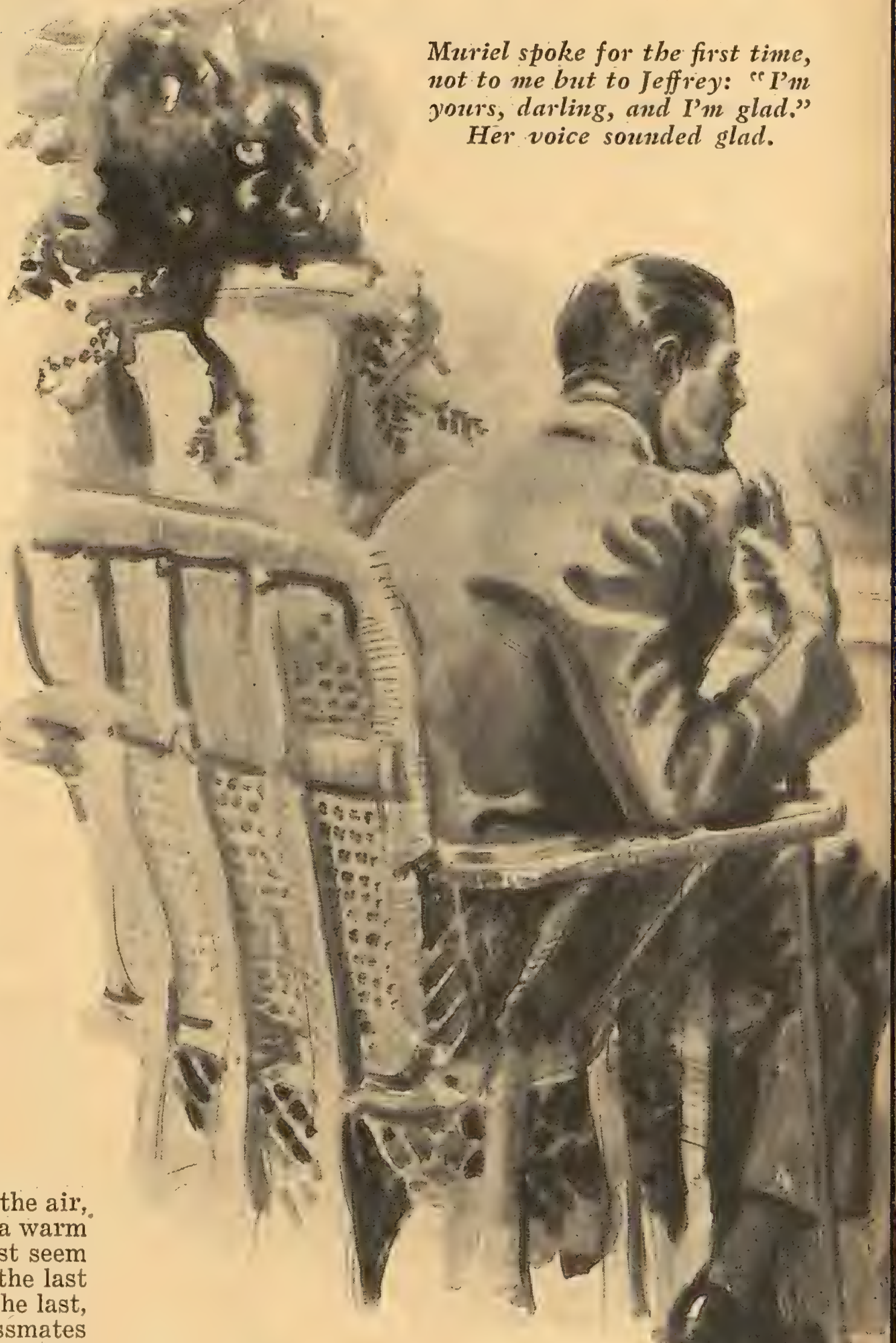
URSULA

Author of STRANGERS

A Poignant Novel

Youth that Lived

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES



Muriel spoke for the first time, not to me but to Jeffrey: "I'm yours, darling, and I'm glad." Her voice sounded glad.

(Reading time: 24 minutes 55 seconds.)

PETER, who has been grievously crippled by an accident, is the narrator of this story of his sister Helena, of Muriel Kent, and of Jeffrey Jennings. They live in a Westchester small town.

Muriel, seventeen, and Jeffrey, twenty, become engaged during the feverish days just after the United States entered the war. Jeffrey is in training for a commission in the Aviation Corps. At a party given by Stephen Mills, wealthy stock-market manipulator, Jeffrey, perhaps under the influence of a little too much champagne and of the moonlight on the terrace, kisses Lela Patterson. Muriel has come out on the terrace with Stephen and sees Lela in Jeffrey's arms. Hurt and indignant, Muriel breaks the engagement and within a very few days marries Stephen Mills. After a brief honeymoon, Stephen is ordered to France and Muriel removes to her husband's town house in New York.

Jeffrey marries Peter's sister Helena and continues his aviation training. On the day that Jeffrey receives his orders to sail for Europe, Muriel returns to her Westchester home. She is going to have a baby. Jeffrey says that he feels he should see Muriel for a few minutes to say good-by and Helena heartily agrees.

PART II—HOME AGAIN

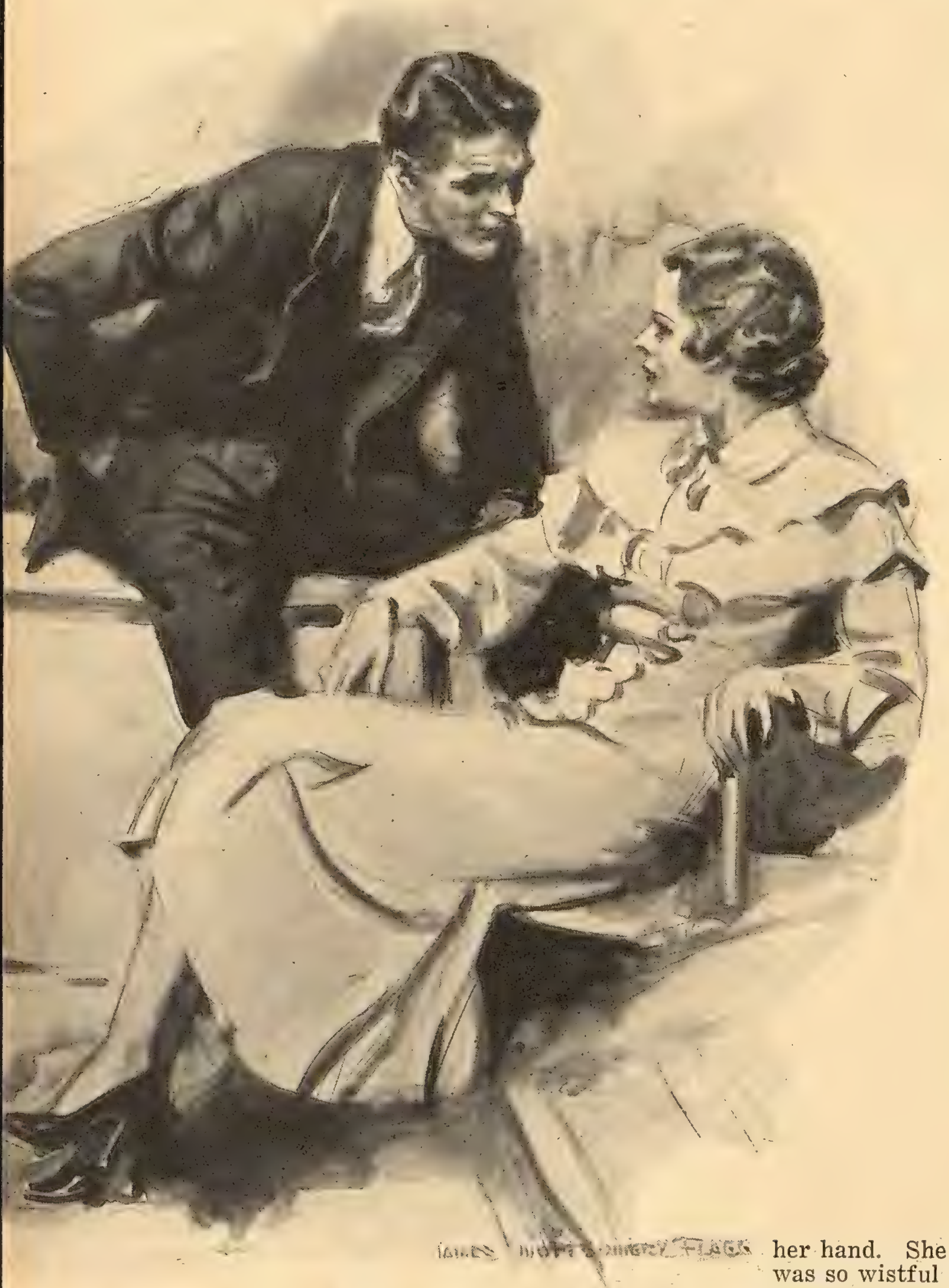
JEFFREY nodded, hesitated, then responded to the complete trustfulness of his wife's voice by turning to me. "Come along, Peter," he said. "I don't want to go alone."

He walked very slowly, accommodating himself to my inability to walk fast. We did not go across the lawn and terraces. We went by the road. We did not talk to each other, but I remember that I thought, "Honeysuckle has begun to bloom somewhere. It's a fragrant evening." And that I wondered how this pleasant long-familiar street, in the dusk of a spring evening, with the faint pungent scent of tulips in the air, with plum blossoms drifting across the walks and a warm breeze stirring the young leaves of the elms, must seem to Jeffrey who was walking down it for perhaps the last time. And I wondered, not for the first time or the last, what it would feel like to live, as most of my classmates and intimate friends were living, with the certainty that all the familiar things were receding quickly. For me they would remain; they would remain always. I had been given security within narrow bounds.

A caretaker opened the door for us. Did not seem to understand precisely what we wanted, but brought us down the hall with him. It was obvious that the house was no more than half open. He did not announce us, but brought us straight into the long drawing-room, where Muriel lay, staring into the fire. She did not turn her head for a second's space, until the caretaker muttered something about "Some one to see you, ma'am." Then she looked at us.

She did not attempt to rise. She looked at us as if it were necessary to pull her thoughts a long way back to focus on us, to recognize us even. The beauty of her

Perhaps!



face, that strange glowing beauty that she kept her whole life through, was undimmed, but she looked older. Until she smiled. Then quickly she was just the girl Muriel whom we had both known all our lives, and both had loved, smiling at us, wearing a gold negligee very like the color of the gold-lace frock she had worn the night she said she must marry Stephen.

She said nothing at all significant. Her first words actually were, "How nice of you both to come to see me!" But her voice was warm, as if she meant it, as if she was pleased to see us both.

But her enormous eyes went, after a moment, from my face to Jeffrey's and rested there—rested there as if they had sought him a long time. And he looked as if he had been thirsty for the sight of her.

I THINK I knew then again, though very briefly, that they were inescapable each to the other. And even though he was my sister's husband, and Muriel was the girl I had loved futilely, in that quiet moment I had no personal emotion about either, only pity for them both.

Nothing at all happened. They regarded each other as if it were some private reassurance to each of them to know that the other was still in the world and now in the same room. They talked utter conventionalities. She read him, in fact, part of an amusing letter from Stephen describing the front. He was doing well enough in the war, it appeared.

Neither of them made any reference to the fact that she was so soon to have a child. I had the conviction that they had both forgotten about that, and told myself with exasperation that I was developing all the traditional warped notions of a cripple, and the only person having odd emotions in that room was myself. I said impatiently:

"They'll be waiting dinner for us, I'm afraid, Jeffrey."

He and Muriel looked at me with some slight surprise, but he rose to go immediately. She lay still. He took her hand. She looked up at him with a still smile that was so wistful it wrenched at my heart. I saw that his hand, holding her steady one, was shaking, and despised myself somehow for noticing it.

They must have been thinking of it, because the memory of two children that they no longer were, two children walking in a garden in the moonlight of a finished June, and promising to love each other forever, perhaps, came back to me so suddenly and sharply. Now that they were saying good-by to each other forever probably, I felt horribly like an intruder, felt that they should have that moment certainly alone.

There was no way of leaving them, but something in my face must have showed what I felt, or I must have made some clumsy movement, because Muriel glanced at me quickly and said very gravely, though it sounded so

PARROTT

MAY KISS

of Tangled Loves, and
for the Moment

MONTGOMERY FLAGG

irrelevant, "It's quite all right, Peter dear, really."

Her voice, as she turned her face back to Jeffrey's, was almost gay. "The phrase," she said, "my dear, is, I believe—take care of yourself." But she repeated it. She said, "Oh, Jeffrey, my darling, take care of yourself always, please."

His voice was stiff with anguish. He said, "Do the same thing for yourself—Mur-mur." That was a pet name he had for her when they were children.

She nodded. She said, "Good-by," and Jeffrey walked out of the room without turning his head. I turned, at the doorway, because I could not help it. But she did not notice me. She was staring after him with her heart in those great eyes of hers. And there were tears on her cheeks.

They did not see each other again for five years.

By 1923 life had speeded up. We had most of us become more or less what we were to be, though few of us were what we had thought we should be before the war. That war, which seemed very far off, which it was unfashionable to mention, had nevertheless cut across the lives of most of my contemporaries so sharply that it separated them permanently from first youth.

The horse which had separated me from my own youth was grown very old and was pastured permanently in Stephen Mills's hill field—which had never got made into a polo field after all. I used to look at him with a certain ironic amusement when I passed on one of my daily short walks. It made so little difference, after six years. People who met me since the war assumed that I was crippled in it, so they carefully avoided questioning me.

My mother was dead. I lived alone in my old house. But Jeffrey and Helena, in the remodeled Jennings house, were only five minutes' walk distant. The governess brought their little daughter to see me every afternoon at the hour I usually returned from a law practice more diverting than important. That was a happy enough marriage, judged by the uncritical standards of 1923. Jeffrey drank a little too much, and Helena was becoming, a trifle too young, the completely complacent suburban matron.

The Mills place, next to mine, was empty and neglected. Muriel had not returned to it since Stephen's death. He did not die in the war, but in the influenza epidemic in 1920. He died in the best hotel in Paris, which was probably some comfort to a man who came so far so quickly from the equivalent of a log cabin in Kansas.

THEY mentioned in his obituary, along with the famous raid on Genesee common, his decent war record, and his couple of decorations, that he was self-made. They did not mention, but it was whispered in our town, that he was born five miles from the village where Lela Patterson was born, and that she was his first wife. They had divorced, to progress their separate ways more quickly than would have been possible for them together. The obituary said: "He married Muriel Kent in 1917, and is survived by her and one son, Stephen Mills II." But obituaries, in the Times columns anyway, if not in the less formal but more amusing passages of the tabloids, proceed on the *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* principle, so there was no mention of the fact that he had made his wife horribly unhappy. That too, though, was known in our town, told by people returning from Paris in 1919 and 1920.

They said she was more beautiful than ever, but more scornful; that he, having acquired her, ceased to find her provocative; that she, instead of consoling herself with the practically endless opportunities open to beautiful and restless young women in Paris of the postwar years, studied dancing under an excellent ballerina and singing under the former teacher of the Grand Duchesses, and considered a stage career. We did not know directly. She never wrote—except, when he was dead, to send formal notes of acknowledgment to our letters.

Yet I never quite forgot her; nor, I am sure, did Jeffrey. Sometimes on summer evenings when I sat on the country-club terrace—enlarged and redecorated and with a better orchestra since the influx of new money after the war, watching the long-skirted graceful girls, who had succeeded the short-skirted amusing flappers, dancing languorously to tunes the underlying restlessness of which never changed from year to year, I found myself searching for one bright tawny head.

And here, as well as anywhere, I should endeavor to explain what became, in the light of things that happened afterward, a curious inconsistency in my comfortable conventional standards. Jeffrey was my sister's husband. I liked my sister, thought her a charming innocent helpless woman, hoped that she would always be well looked after and happy. Jeffrey looked after her well, and made her happy to all appearances: though some of the fire that flamed in him in his youth was dwindled now, as all things were dwindled a little, as the generation which had been forced in '17 and '18 to regard the ultimate significances of living and dying talked now of comparative golf scores and winnings in the market.

Nevertheless, I who by accident in my twenty-third year was removed from the love of women understood that Jeffrey had loved Muriel Kent as he could never love my sister.

WE—Helena, Jeffrey, and I—were having coffee after dinner on my veranda when we got the news that Muriel was coming home. We had been talking about her rather indirectly. We had been looking at the rise of ground leading to the Mills place, where the caretaker mowed the grass on the terraces not more than two or three times a summer, and where six years had contributed a certain congruity, a certain disorderly charm, to Stephen Mills's conventional landscaping. We had wondered idly whether she would keep the place much longer. It was known that his fortune was too new, too uncertainly established, without his steady gambler's hand to manage it, to have weathered the flurries of 1920 and '21.

A telegraph boy, who had probably been dawdling for an hour on the two-mile way from the village center, came up my flagged pathway, between the rows of blossoming iris, with steps conscientiously rapid. I signed for the message, asked him to wait to see whether there was an answer, and opened it. Jeffrey and Helena watched me without much interest. The message read:

I HAVE COME HOME TO LIVE PETER DEAR STOP WILL YOU MEET ME AT THE RAILROAD STATION AT THREE TEN TOMORROW AFTERNOON STOP IF YOU DO IT WILL MAKE IT A PLEASANT WELCOME HOME MURIEL

I looked at them both. After nearly a couple of thousand days spent in the realization that I could only approach dramatic moments via the faces of my friends I was grown hard-boiled about looking at them. But this time both Jeffrey and my sister disappointed me. He put his hand across his mouth and yawned a little, the complete picture of the contented American husband after having dined well and preceded dinner by two too many cocktails.

And she—well, the child had a very kind heart. If six years past she had come as close to envy and acute dislike of Muriel as she was likely to arrive ever, she had nevertheless forgotten that. She had married the husband she wanted; had a daughter whom, no doubt, she preferred to a son, being that kind of woman.

And Muriel had become, in Helena's mind nowadays, a sort of lame duck: a lovely young unfortunate friend who had not achieved the faithful good-looking husband with the dependable income and the promising future. Muriel's life might have been infinitely more exciting than her own; but Helena would never be jealous of that.

She was fundamentally kind-hearted. Muriel was probably much more vivid in her memory as the little girl who had gone to school with her than as the disturbing young woman who had made insecure and uncertain, for a season, all our comfortable permanent relationships.

Helena said, "We must do a lot of entertaining for her. She must have recovered from any grief she had for that man, if she really ever had much after the way he treated her, from all accounts. It would be nice if we found some one suitable for her—" She hesitated, obviously going over in her mind the relative matrimonial qualifications of Jeffrey's golf partners, and was surprised but not in the least disconcerted by a joint burst of laughter from Jeffrey and myself.

She said to us calmly, "Well, I am a happily married woman, and I know it's the best destiny for any one born female."

That silenced me. Jeffrey stopped laughing too, and patted her golden head very tenderly.

. . . .

She was changed and not changed. Paris, Continental society, or just six years perhaps, had put a lacquer on her beauty, on her manner.

Time, which had taken a little of her fire, had added a little to her grace. She was quieter and her eyes were cool; but her smile somehow, when she greeted me, was as young and friendly as ever.

Her child was not with her. She explained that he was coming in a day or two, with his governess. That was at dinner, to which she had invited me to go over her affairs, which were involved but not hopeless. She had, in fact, enough money to run the Mills place modestly—not with the fountains playing. She had also an offer to appear in a new comedy with music. She said of that:

"I'll never be more than a second-rate actress, because I began a little late, and also probably because I can't take a career"—she put emphasis on that word career by her tone—"with any desperate seriousness. For that matter, I don't think I'm capable of taking anything with desperate seriousness, after the war. That's happened to ever so many of us, hasn't it? How are Jeffrey and Helena?"

I SAID, "Well. Reasonably happy. A little bored, but they don't know it yet."

She laughed that warm laugh of hers, said, "Peter, time gave you complete detachment, didn't it? That's the best gift, too. I'm never going to be sorry for you any more."

I said, "Don't be. You're bored too, aren't you? Well, you're young and more beautiful than ever. You will fall in love."

She gave me then a very straight look. She said, "I never tasted that drink but once, very briefly, very long ago."

I said, "I know."

Her voice was crisp: "I know you do; that's why I mentioned it."

"Helena and Jeffrey want you to dine with them tomorrow," I said. "Helena will telephone you in the morning."

She nodded. "That will be nice. They have a daughter, haven't they, a bit younger than my son Stephen?"

I didn't suppose she had kept sufficiently in touch with us to know that, even, but I said, "Yes." And because I was thinking, very stupidly, of how much she and Jeffrey had loved each other, and how long ago that was, I said, "The children can play together."

She flung back her head and laughed and laughed, the smooth clean line of her throat as lovely as ever.

The children did play together.

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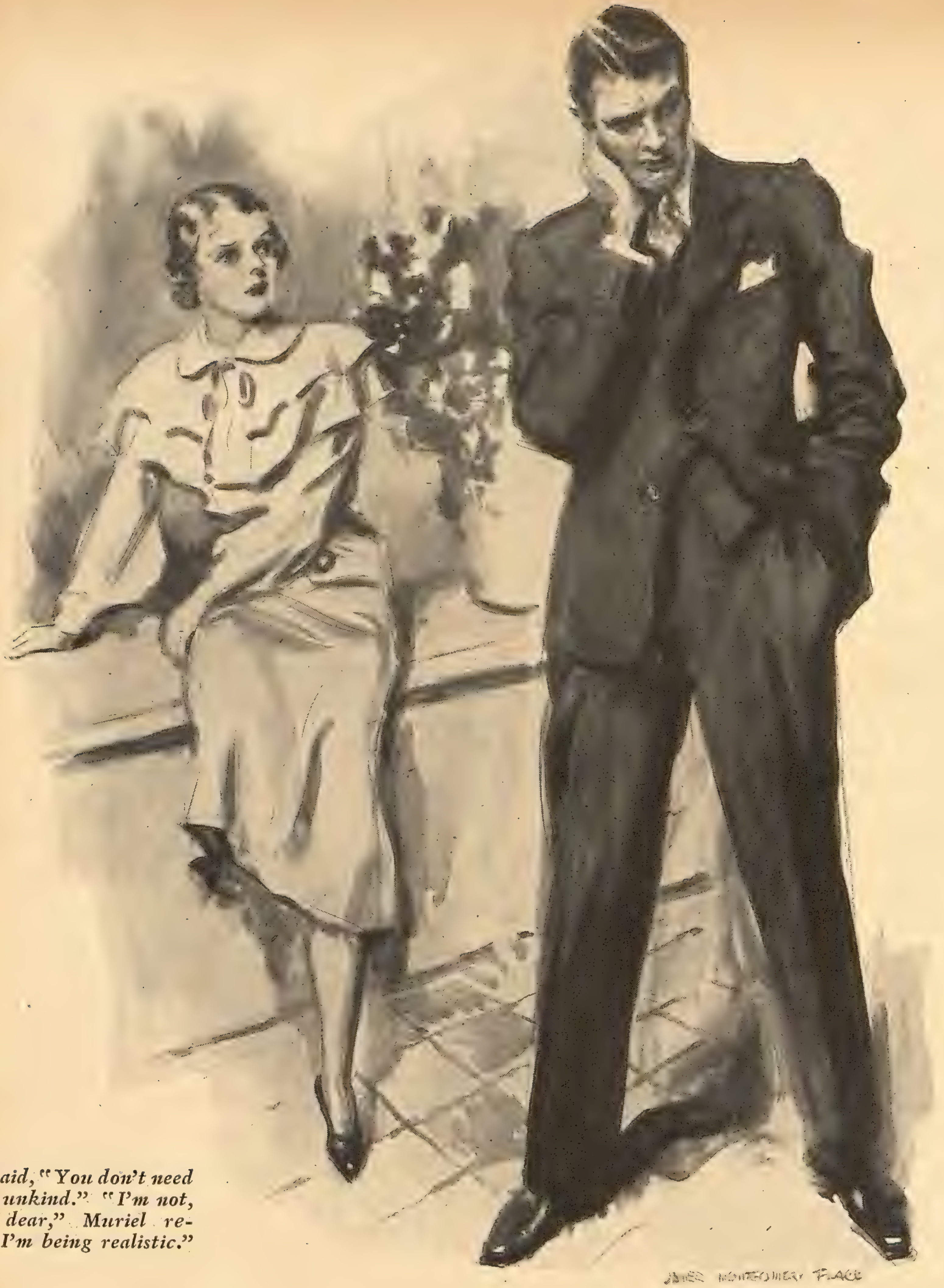

Jeffrey said, "You don't need to be so unkind." "I'm not, Jeffrey dear," Muriel replied; "I'm being realistic."

They grew very fond of each other, Helena's blonde daughter and Muriel's handsome dark son. Helena and Muriel got on beautifully too, as they had when they were young girls.

Muriel was in New York a good deal for rehearsals of her play. Then it opened, had a moderately good run. She got moderately good notices. In fact her type of beauty and charm did not come at full strength across the footlights. She was an adequate enough ingénue, and that was all. She knew it and was not particularly disturbed by the knowledge. Aside from the fact that it was desirable to supplement her limited income, she found work in the theater an absorption which she felt she needed.

She had been living as our neighbor a whole year. We all dropped into one another's houses at cocktail time, dined together two or three times a week. She and Helena went shopping together. The children played together. Jeffrey and Muriel and Helena played golf. He escorted both of them, with a sort of family joke grown already old about "his blonde and his brunette," to the theater and to country-club dances. He and Helena had fifth-row center seats for Muriel's openings. It was all as undramatic, as safe, as commonplace as possible. The four of us actually won a local bridge championship.

The only times that even I remembered that Muriel and Jeffrey had loved each other in a summer when they were very young was when rarely, across a room, with some dull jest exchanged perhaps at which they both laughed dutifully, they regarded each other with a certain look of surprise, as two old friends meeting in a far country stare at each other, wondering how they happened to arrive at that odd rendezvous.

And then, one summer night, the storm broke. The storm broke literally. There was thunder in the air all that heavy June afternoon. In Muriel's garden, where some of Stephen Mills's carefully thought out plantings still blossomed luxuriously—about the only relics of his accomplishments still growing in the world, except that son of his, who was Muriel's son much more than his father's—no breeze stirred the tall stalks of delphinium and the late peonies drooped a little in the heat.

I was occupied with some work, and sat on my veranda, that faced Muriel's garden, most of the afternoon, because it was cooler there. Once or twice I saw her white frock in the distance on the upper terrace.

With dusk the storm came suddenly with such violence that it wrenched a great branch from the old elm beside my veranda. Between lightning flashes I thought I saw Jeffrey's car going up Muriel's driveway, although I was not sure. I was glad if he had gone to call on her, remembering that when she was a little girl she was terrified of lightning. I should have gone to stay with her myself, but I expected a client for dinner.

When he came, although we had a great deal of business to discuss, conversation was practically impossible for an hour because of the noise of the storm. The electricity went off for a half hour or so. My man fetched candles and we dined by their swaying lights.

THE storm was still violent, though it had lessened somewhat, when the telephone rang. It was my sister Helena—in New York, as I knew, for some dinner with an old school friend. She said that the storm was less there, but rather severe; that she had tried to call her own house, but that either Jeffrey was not at home or the wires were down—and would I please tell him that she would stay in New York overnight? I said rather abruptly, for recurrent lightning flashes swept the room, that I would do so, and hung up.

I telephoned Jeffrey's house much later, when my guest had left. He was not at home. I gave the message to a maid. I had some thought then of calling on Muriel; but it was nearly midnight, and I was tired. When I walked up and down on my veranda for five minutes before I went to bed, I saw that the lights were still burning in her drawing-room, and thought, not for the first time, that her life was curiously lonely. There she sat evening after evening, after she came home from the trivial and innocuous dinner parties and bridge parties and country-club dances that made up her amusements when she was not working in the theater. She read widely, I knew, sitting by the fire in that great room where the purchases of Stephen Mills grew slowly a little shabby and outmoded.

Next morning she telephoned me very early, with exigency in her voice, and asked me please to come to her house immediately. I dressed hurriedly and walked through her garden, where the storm had beaten down leaves and flower petals across the flagged paths, but where the air was fragrant and clear and rain-washed.

SHE was on the terrace waiting for me. So was Jeffrey. He spoke before she could begin:

"Muriel wants you to persuade me that I'm quite mad. I'm not, for the first time in years. I'm wholly sane, I think."

He paused, and I looked at him. I looked from one to the other of them. They sat in the clear cool early-morning sunlight, looking like two people newly come alive. She glowed as the little girl she used to be once glowed with happiness, with excitement, over something in her young day that seemed important. Jeffrey, who through the years had grown a little heavy, a little dull—had become not quite the person we were so sure, in college long before, that he would be—looked younger than since the war.

Though it was Muriel who had sent for me, now that I was there she seemed to have nothing to say to me at all, but regarded me, her eyes shadowed a little by her long lashes, as if she were looking at me from very far away. But she was smiling, and he was smiling.

I spoke heavily: "You don't have to tell me, either of you."

Jeffrey's voice was even: "I suppose not. And I suppose this must come as a great shock to you. You are Helena's brother, and this that happened in the storm—but that was bound to happen some day, first or last—will hurt her. Do remember though, Peter, in judging us—Muriel and me—that we have loved each other, under all the trivial things with which we've occupied our lives, for seven years."

I said, "I remember. I'm not judging you. Only don't talk for a minute. I'm trying to think."

Yet thought was profitless. I remembered a boy and a girl who had said that they would love each other forever, perhaps, and I saw a handsome man with something restless in his face, and a woman who was beautiful, and I felt that there was no hope for them.

Oh, mechanically the situation presented no insurmountable obstacles. Dozens of couples in the easy gay postwar society in which they moved changed partners to the accompaniment of the rather creaking and ever unwieldy machinery of the divorce courts, and moved on again lightly

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enough. But the emotion blazing in the morning sunlight there between these two was at once too deep and too fragile for such a practical solution.

It was clear to me, looking at them, that they had forgotten for that hour any considerations usually called reasonable, but that recollection, when it came, would break them. They were not insensitive enough to walk over Helena's happy and gentle heart easily.

Muriel spoke for the first time, not to me but to Jeffrey: "I'm yours, darling, and I'm glad." Her voice sounded glad. "I suppose I've always been yours, really, since the days we rode half-broken hunters over all the highest fences we could find. But"—she turned to me—"this is why I telephoned you. You've got to help me persuade him. We must not disrupt Helena's life over something that was settled for us, really, seven years ago."

Jeffrey said, "I tell you, I cannot live without you now, Muriel! Peter had better come with me while I tell Helena so."

I interrupted. First and last, I knew I was just good old Peter saying something sensible when some one should. I said, "Don't hurry; she isn't at home," and explained to them about her telephone message.

It was clear from Jeffrey's face that the information was of no significance to him—was so trivial that he wondered I mentioned it. But Muriel saw its import clearly, although I could not tell at all whether the expression that crossed her face was disappointed or relieved.

She began to talk rapidly, almost impersonally, as if her secret thoughts through years of living alone were tumbling out at last, in any order that happened:

"The trouble with all of us—all the people like you and me, Jeffrey—is that we tried to settle our lives in fifteen minutes, more or less, in 1917, on the basis that they wouldn't last more than an hour and a half anyway. So we did all sorts of absurd things that weren't absurd then because the whole show was moving by so fast it was worth while clutching at anything."

HE said, "Well, what then? It's important to me to get married to you fast now, and to have you always."

She smiled at him; said quite dispassionately, "I love you so much. I've always loved you so much."

He walked across the terrace to her, stood staring down at her, said, "Well, why all the long sentences about us, then? We'll have years to talk. I'll go home now, and wait for Helena to come, to tell her."

She said suddenly, sharply, "You will never tell Helena, because I shan't let you. Wait, Jeffrey—let me talk, please! It's seven years too late to be what we might have been. We are as we are. You drive a car too fast all the time, because you were a flyer once and liked the sense of escaping everything by moving fast away from it in a plane. And you drink too much. So do I."

He said, "What is the point of all this? I drive well, if I do drive fast. I drink quite well, if I do drink."

She said, "The point is, there isn't much substance to our lives, or us, any more."

He said, "Oh, God, don't I know it? But it would all come back if you and I were married, my dear."

SHE looked at him through her long lashes, and her smile twisted a little. "Would you write the great novel you were going to write in college?"

Jeffrey said, "You don't need to be so unkind."

"I'm not, Jeffrey dear," Muriel replied; "I'm being realistic. You occupy yourself with a minor Wall Street job that supplements pleasantly and not too arduously the money your grandfather left you—as my work in the theater supplements the money Stephen Mills left me. You play first-rate golf and third-rate tennis. You have a pretty daughter, and a charming wife who loves you as much as I could possibly love you, because she loves you, I'm sure, as much as a woman can love a man. I'm not going to wreck her for the sake of two people who don't exist any more—the you and I who were children sure of ourselves and of love."

He said, "I can only tell you now that I am more sure than ever of my love for you—more sure that you are the only person I have ever known that I have really loved."

She said, "I know. I grant you that. It is true for me too. But it is irrelevant. I mean, we are not important enough any more to be justified in taking what we want at any one else's expense."

He looked at her. She had hurt him then. He said, "If, after last night, you still feel that I am not important to you, there is no more to be said. You are quite right."

There was a little silence. I broke it. They had obviously forgotten my presence. I said, "I want you both to come home with me and have breakfast with me now. If Helena takes an early train from town, she will be arriving almost immediately. It will be much better for you to be at my house than here, if Helena does arrive. I shall say simply that Jeffrey called on me late, during the storm, and spent the night at my house, and that I telephoned you to come to breakfast with us."

We ate on my veranda, where the morning shadows lay cool across the trellises. Before we were finished with our first cups of coffee Helena arrived.

In the final installment of this powerful drama you will read how the two lovers, Muriel and Jeffrey, came to their journey's end.

GOOD BOOKS of THE MONTH

A New Department by OLIVER SWIFT

THE ROOSEVELT REVOLUTION by Ernest K. Lindley. Viking Press.

★ ★ ★ A Washington correspondent of the New York Herald Tribune writes the history of President Roosevelt's first six months. Will F. D. be only the Kerenski of the American revolution? As fascinating as a great romance.

AH KING by Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc.

★ ★ ★ Six first-rate short stories—and a good tale told in the preface of how the book got its name.

TIMBER LINE by Gene Fowler. Covici-Friede.

★ ★ ★ Bawdy, gaudy vaudeville of Denver under the reign of Tammen and Bonfils with incidental side shows of Buffalo Bill and othe American worthies.

THE EDWARDIAN ERA by André Maurois. D. Appleton-Century Company.

★ ★ ★ All about the cigar-smoking Edward VII, who in 1901 complained that he had already put up with too many of the jokes of his cousin, the Kaiser. The Kaiser called him "A Satan—you cannot imagine what a Satan!" A brilliant picture of the years after Victoria.

THE AMERICAN PROCESSION by Agnes Rogers and F. L. Allen. Harper & Brothers.

★ ★ A picture book of vanishing America from 1860 up to only yesterday. For those who get a pang out of the weakness of looking backward.

THE EX-DETECTIVE by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown & Company.

★ ★ A series of cases handled by a retired detective from Scotland Yard. The usual Oppenheim thrill and skill.

ROUGH HEWN Anonymous. D. Appleton-Century Company.

★ ★ A slow and salty saga of hard knocks. The autobiography of a man who ran away to sea; was cast away on a volcanic island and lived like Robinson Crusoe; married the wrong woman and became a story writer, and who sailed from New York to Bermuda in a small boat alone. Vivid moment—when the author nearly murdered his wife with a hatpin through her heart.

HAPPY DAYS

WHAT WILL WE DO WITH THE GREATER LEISURE WHICH SEEMS TO BE ON ITS WAY?—BOSTON BROWN BREAD AT THE WHITE HOUSE

By

ANNA ROOSEVELT DALL

(Reading time: 4 min. 16 sec.)

DO you ever feel in a mood to "philosophize" informally—to let your thoughts wander beyond the immediate problems which take up most of your twenty-four hours? We're all so thoroughly absorbed in the great experiments and efforts of the day—the NRA, the A.A.A., the Public Works Program, international problems of peace—that we're apt to consider them an end in themselves instead of a means to an end.

Let's take for granted for a few minutes that all of these developments prove successful! We shall achieve economic security in living—so that every person has a chance to earn an adequate living; so that old age, sickness, and the education of children will not be constant daggers hanging over the heads of worried men and women. Where do we go from there?

This economic security—and I don't for a second underestimate the many difficulties confronting its realization—is, after all, only a starting point in the reorganization of living.

It seems to me impossible to go back to our old standards of what is desirable in life. Let's be frank. The chief motive in life for most of us has been the accumulation of wealth—the love of show, the superiority which, somehow or other, we have felt money would give us.

We must do almost a right-about-face. We must have new values. We must change our ideas concerning the meaning of success! Pessimists always say, "You can't change human nature, and the acquisitive desires—or greed—constitute the greatest human motive." The eternal optimist answers, "Why not direct this acquisitive force into other channels? What about competition for knowledge, for real happiness in living, for service to others, instead of just competition for money and material show pieces?"

There is no doubt that the new life will give us much greater leisure. What are we going to do with it? We're afraid of the word "culture." It sounds dry and dull and difficult. Cannot culture, in the broad sense, mean the ability to widen horizons of interest, to give real enjoyment in living—the enjoyment which comes with the appreciation of books, music, handicrafts, and all types of self-expression?

Here's another angle which I want to illustrate by a letter which my mother received recently. It says: "Following graduation from a university two years ago, I married, and now have a seven-months-old son. Since the NRA initiation my husband is (for the first time) free to spend long hours at home—hours which we feel are rightfully ours and which had been taken from us by long hours of work necessary under the previous labor conditions. Home for us has taken on a new and richer meaning since the NRA."

The home, after all, is the fundamental social unit. Families should have time to have fun together and to learn together. For example, how many fathers really have a chance to enjoy and to know their children? How many families have a chance to develop mutual interests in sports, in all types of recreation, in culture in the broad sense of which we have been speaking? I believe that many people will welcome the chance to lead more serene lives—free from the neurotic rush which has been characteristic of the postwar generation. Our restlessness has given us no fundamental peace.

All of these vistas, of course, lead far into the future. Although our immediate task is to get our house in order, I think we should be visionary enough to see beyond the present crisis and to formulate objectives for ourselves. Some young people I know feel that their children have been born into an unfortunate chaotic world and they rather dread what the future may hold for them. I feel that our young children have ahead of them a glorious adventure. Their pioneering will not be to geographically unknown frontiers.

They will blaze the trails of the new socialized life which I am optimistic enough to believe will bring far greater happiness.

Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts

MRS. NESBITT, too, must believe that women are going to have more leisure time!

Here's a White House recipe which calls for leisurely cooking.

It may take a long time to cook, but I have noticed that the finished product disappears with most amazing rapidity.

BOSTON BROWN BREAD

2½ cups whole-wheat flour
1½ cups corn meal—yellow
½ cup white flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 cup molasses
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup cold water
1 cup boiling water
1 cup raisins, or more if desired.

Mix all of the dry ingredients thoroughly. Then mix the cold water with the molasses.

Pour into flour mixture. Add boiling water.

Fill baking-powder cans, that have been well greased, ⅔ full.

Steam for 2 hours. Then remove from cans to dry, or bake in cans with lids off for 20 minutes.

The bread may be served immediately upon removing from cans.

VOX POP

THE CHILDREN MUST BE FED!

HOUMA, LA.—We believe we are doing something worth-while down here in the Bayou Black School, and to the best of our knowledge this is the only project of its kind in a *rural school* anywhere.

Hot lunches have been served to the children in city and town schools, but so far as we know nobody has tried it before in country communities.

Our plan, we believe, is unique also because we propose to serve lunches to every child in school without any cash outlay on the part of the parents. They are going to pay, but not with cash. The farmers in the community are already cultivating twenty-five pounds of vegetable seeds, and have contributed hogs and some produce from the farms.—*Carroll L. Dupont, Principal Bayou Black School.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Here in California the school children have been well taken care of and the state is still making great strides in this respect.

I do agree with you that in some communities the children are not being given that care and start that this our country can and should give. Their bodies and minds have been neglected, either because the parents are too poor or the community has been so involved in political waste that these children, the next American generation, are made to suffer for no reason at all.—*John Felix Hall.*

WE WERE BORN THAT WAY

MIAMI, FLA.—Say, what do some of these guys over the country expect for a nickel—an autographed leather-bound twenty-four-volume set of Shakespeare? It's too bad some of those Vox Poppers don't live in China, where Liberty would cost them six dollars a year! It's a wonder you don't go nerts. — *A. M. Richard.*

SOUNDS LIKE THE TWENTY QUESTIONS

EL MONTE, CALIF.—How much money would it take, how much labor would it employ, to build a good plain modern home for each family having at least one child in its membership, and now cooped up in tenements, hovels, sheds scarcely fit for pigs to inhabit?

How much money would it take, and how far would it relieve unemployment, if we provided each of these homes with an iceless refrigerator, a washing machine, new furniture, and gave each family a modern cheap automobile?

Why are we looking for new markets when this large one is at our door?—*Lelah Fowler.*

JUST THE SORT OF THING THAT MAKES AN ART DIRECTOR HAPPY

DETROIT, MICH.—There is only one possible reason why those atrocities which you misrepresent as illustrations and cover designs are so ludicrous: the artists—if one may call them artists—are so bewildered after struggling through one of your so-called fiction stories that they are in no shape to draw a decent illustration or anything else.—*M. L. Wootten, Jr.*

A GUN FOR EACH STAR

SAN PEDRO, CALIF.—Being a signalman in the navy, and coming in contact with every kind of salute, from a seven-gun salute to a captain to a twenty-one-gun national salute, I never have in my naval career heard of a forty-eight-gun national salute, indicated in your Answers to Questions in the October 28 issue.

I wonder if Vox Pop readers can inform me when the forty-eight-gun salute is fired.—*M. R. Nelson, U. S. S. Maryland.*

[The authority for calling forty-eight guns the national salute will be found under Flag of the United States in the Encyclopedia Americana. This article, by Bernard J. Cigrand, lieutenant in the United States Navy, says: "The National salute to the flag requires one gun for every star." —THE EDITOR.]

BECAUSE LIBERTY ISN'T A LOOSE MAGAZINE

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. — I'd like to throw in a good suggestion about your magazine. Why don't you make up the pages in a loose-leaf form, so I can read a story while some one else has a different part?—*Lola Chambers.*

HUMANITY AND THE P. P. P.

PORTLAND, ORE.—The line of militaristic propaganda you are feeding the people makes my blood boil. Comparatively isolated, the United States has less excuse for excess armaments than some of the European countries, but it doesn't take much intelligence to see that France and Germany could not do much damage to each other or to civilization if they had to fight with butcher knives.

Liberal education for internationalism will make for peace, but not the brand of reactionary propaganda you and Hitler are broadcasting. — *Glenn Hanmaker.*

A YELL FROM BROOKLYN

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—For sixteen long years you Americans have been indifferently observing the greatest tragedy in history, the systematic eradication of Russia. How have you Americans reacted in the tragedy of 160,000,000 of the Russian people? Have you raised your voices in protest at the immolation of the victims of Bolshevism? No; you have simply turned away, saying that it was none of your business. You have even helped the murderers by buying the goods produced by the enslaved population.

And now a small group of men insist upon recognition of the Soviets; insist upon formal approval of their murderous policy. Shame on you, Americans! —*A. W. Meyerson.*

LIKES DRAMATIC HISTORY

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—I read with the greatest interest the two stories in Liberty for October 21 and 28, written by Davidson and Doherty: The Trial of Commander Mackenzie and The Hanging of the Innocents.

Both of these stories were not only fascinating romances in themselves but also splendid dramatic history of the type that one does not find in other publications.—*Mark Barth, Principal John McNamee School.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I consider the sea crime stories one of the great attractions of your magazine. I have read the first two stories and will look forward with much pleasure to subsequent issues. —*Nathan Trachtenberg.*

SHE'LL BE GLAD TO KNOW THIS

MIAMI, FLA. — Miss McCormic, through her scribe, continues her not too elevating revelations in your brilliant sheet. She steps out of the pages of Fielding and, in a more modern sense, out-Tellegens Lou Tellegen!—*G. G. Flint.*

HAPPY DAYS FOR THE HIRED GIRL

DAYTONA BEACH, FLA.—After reading what you had to say in your Happy Days department about an eight-hour day for domestic workers, I took it to heart enough to wonder if, by employing a second maid, I could put your ideas into practice.

In the first place, here is my situation: a home neither large nor small, no children, most of the laundry sent out, no very extensive or elaborate entertaining. I have always employed a cook and a "yard man," the latter coming into the house to do the cleaning, window washing, etc.

In this case the work of the general housemaid is so lightened that if I put on a second girl I should have trouble finding enough to keep them both busy. Even at that, I cannot work out any schedule which will allow an eight-hour day for either one. — *Mrs. Robert W. Orrell.*

TORONTO, ONT.—It is always a pleasure to me to see Mrs. Dall's friendly face smiling out from her page, which I find interesting. But, even more than that, it seems to me to be filled with the spirit of wholesome happy family life, of which we see so little in these days of flamboyant selfishness.—*K. Heal.*

MR. MUNSON SEES RED

NEW YORK, N. Y.—No, there is no misunderstanding hampering the NRA, as Liberty's October 28 editorial said. The cahoots agreements between employers and organized labor is the one thing that has got to be stopped dead in its tracks before this country, or any country, gets back to "normalcy."

You say that union officials are only human. They are not even that. A labor leader is simply a parasite living off the workingmen.

It is the duty of the government to make it perfectly clear to the unions that they have no business with any one who does not belong to them.—*C. B. Munson.*

ALL RIGHT—TURN TO PAGE 7 OF THIS ISSUE

CANDO, SASK.—I am a constant reader of Liberty and really enjoy most of the stories, but why wish on us such a damn'-fool thing as And One Good Woman, by Allan Swinton, which appeared in your October 28 issue? Give us some more true experiences similar to Tex O'Reilly's.—*C. P. Gordon.*

HARGRAVE, MAN.—If you ever see Allan Swinton give him a good clap on the back for me. He put more sentiment and natural philosophy into his story And One Good Woman than all the other authors in hundreds of pages. —*Ross L. Henvan.*

WHO'S GOOFY NOW, YOU OR WEBSTER?

ATWATER, CALIF.—Who writes the answers to your Twenty Questions? His greatest blunder is his statement, in November 4 Liberty, that cinnabar is an "artificial" red sulphide of mercury. It is a natural sulphide of mercury found in various states, among them being Missouri and California. Look up the information, compare it with your published answer, and see what a goof you are.—*R. W. Clothier.*

[Webster says that cinnabar is "mercuric sulphide, HgS, occurring in brilliant red crystals, and also in red or brownish masses." Also: "Artificial red mercuric sulphide, used principally as a pigment; vermilion."—THE EDITOR.]

THE PLIGHT OF THE VETERANS

SEATTLE, WASH.—The article which appeared in your issue of October 28, 1933, consisting of a letter from a Spanish War veteran, has been read by a great many members of this organization. I have been directed by my organization, by unanimous vote, to communicate with you and to commend your action in presenting this letter to your millions of thinking readers all over the country.—*Henry Mygatt, Adjutant, Fortson-Thygesen Camp No. 2, Dept. of Wash. and Alaska, U. S. W. V.*

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—In the October 28 issue of Liberty, on page 54 therein, you published a letter from "A Veteran," under the heading Economy and the Veterans. The writer has had, in his position of Adjutant of this organization, many favorable comments about that article, and at our last meeting he was authorized to thank you for its publication.

Liberty is entitled to generous praise for its fair-mindedness in this present instance.—*Henry H. Brown, Adjutant, I. Holland Laidler Camp No. 5, U. S. W. V.*

CHARLESTON, S. C.—Victor Blue Camp No. 6, United Spanish War Veterans, have instructed me, as their Adjutant, to express the appreciation of this camp for your letter, so prominently displayed in a recent issue, entitled Economy and the Veterans.

The letter you had the hardihood to publish, while it touched only a few of the high spots and practically none of the tragedy, is particularly gratifying, helping us to feel that we still have friends.—*L. J. Schaefer, Adjutant.*

SOME CLASS!

INGLEWOOD, CALIF.—A Vox Popper in your October 28 issue, S. Kleiner, doesn't like our governmental plan with its forty-eight states.

As a matter of fact we had a darn' good government until we became so infernally class-conscious. But now labor wants to run things for labor; school-teachers for their class; power and utility operators for their own benefit.

The farmers want to get special favors from the government and the manufacturers demand high tariffs. We are all so class-conscious that we manage to make the government unfair all around.—*C. W. F.*

TACOMA, WASH.—Yes, brother, there is a reason for the individualistic conduct of the forty-eight states.

Some day—and in the not too distant future—we are going to have a department manager for each large city and for each county outside of the cities. You forgot the more than three thousand counties, but we are going to have only about one fourth of that number. Then, with a district manager for each commonwealth (about twenty-four in all) and a general manager at Washington, the old centipede will get all of those legs and feet working in precision under one timing gear.—*S. Sawyer.*

PUT A DASH OF GINGER IN OURS

SPRINGDALE, CONN.—Why not give a nice big prize every week to the person finding the Contents first? Or would it take over a week to find it?

Isn't that a bright idea, or will you take vanilla?—*Ginger.*

AN OPEN LETTER TO GENERAL JOHNSON

NEW YORK, N. Y.—We present herewith the demands of our union, the United Smaller Industrialists of America.

1. That we shall have the right to organize and bargain collectively, without discrimination because of our membership in the Red Ink Association.

2. Full compensation for nervous breakdowns, the wife's insurance money, our shirts and the baby's shoes, hypothecated to bolster up the business and maintain employment.

3. Complete relief from all "chiseling" large merchandisers who sell under the Blue Eagle and buy under the Blue Buzzard.—*A. T. Witsend.*

WASTE-PAPER MEN PLEASE NOTE

EAST CHICAGO, IND.—Referring to Harry W. Lansing's letter in Vox Pop of November 11. It seems to me that a very transparent fallacy appears in his point 4.

If, as in point 2, the government buys the mortgages and bonds and then amortizes these mortgages and bonds, they will have lost their security and become thereby worthless—just so much dead paper.

By what miracle can waste or dead paper become, as Mr. Lansing claims, worth 100 per cent?—*A Liberty Fan.*

THAT LAST NATIONAL ELECTION

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Any American citizen who reads Jay Franklin's article in November 11 Liberty and still is of the opinion that former President Herbert Hoover could ever have matched Franklin D. Roosevelt's accomplishments is not sound mentally.—*Just a Weekly Reader.*

AUSTIN, TEX.—I voted for Roosevelt, thinking him the lesser of the evils, but am now convinced of my mistake. I would swap him back for Hoover, and give plenty boot in the bargain.—*Guy B. Fisher.*

AND THEN WHAT?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Run a straw vote on the following propositions:

1. Prohibit the sale of machine guns.
2. Require all persons to carry, and produce on demand of authority, a card of identification which would include fingerprints.
3. Amend the Constitution so that known racketeers may be tried by military court-martials.
4. Form a national police force under General Pershing, with power to operate in any state against racketeers and racketeering.
5. Put all kids from eighteen to twenty-one in the army.

With Liberty's vast circulation, such a straw vote might well start constructive action.—*Reader.*

SEE WHERE IT IS THIS WEEK

CANACAO, P. I.—Why all the complaining about the Table of Contents being on a Vox Pop page? The first thing most of us do when Liberty arrives is look for Vox Pop. As soon as that has been digested we're ready for the Contents, so we can see what else the magazine has to offer. What could be more handy than having it begin right where the Pop leaves off?—*H. L. Cox.*

WOULDN'T THE COPS LIKE THAT!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Rupert Hughes in October 28 Liberty asks that the whole population submit to a process that hitherto has been reserved for criminals and wrongdoers—a process which would make of these United States a police-supervised and police-controlled nation. The Eighteenth Amendment has clearly shown how disastrous is legislation when it encroaches upon and curtails personal liberty.—*Anon.*

REGINA, SASK.—Professor R. Clyde White—quoted in Rupert Hughes's article, Fingerprint Everybody!—soberly assures us that each crime committed in the United States costs each citizen $3.60.

Leaving aside minor misdemeanors such as kidnaping, arson, rape, etc., and using Rupert Hughes's own figures, we come to this astounding result: 12,000 homicides times 120,000,000 citizens times $3.60 yearly—cost of crime in the United States, $5,184,000,000,000!

I may add this sum represents many times the estimated total wealth of the whole United States.—*Christian N. Magnard.*

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF Chanel- THE WORLD'S MISTRESS OF FASHION

Revealing One of Paris' Strangest Secrets—How the Loves and Hates of a Tragic Career Have Ruled the Changing Modes in Women's Dress

Chanel.

(Reading time: 16 minutes 5 seconds.)

EDITOR'S NOTE: Miss Elsa Maxwell, whose activities are "society page" news in Europe as in America, says of herself that she has "lived several busy lives in forty-odd gay and happy years in an ever-changing world." She has managed not only to keep abreast of that world but even to precede it a little in her discovery of the intimate and unusual sides of the celebrities and personalities with whom she has rubbed shoulders. Musician, writer, party-giver—and famed especially for the originality of her parties—she avows "the golden West" as her native heath, and a belief in gayety, happiness, and good cheer as her unalterable philosophy.

IT is so much more difficult to write about the living than the dead. The living can be resentful; the living can retaliate. The dead, "awakening from this dream called life," only smile secretly, as if to say: "Write about us as you will. Your futile words fall as impotently as summer rain on granite, so powerless are they to invade our silent reaches of eternal rest."

There is no *rest,* however, in any symposium on that strange, enigmatic character known to the world as Mlle. Gabrielle Chanel, couturière, best known to her intimates as "Coco."

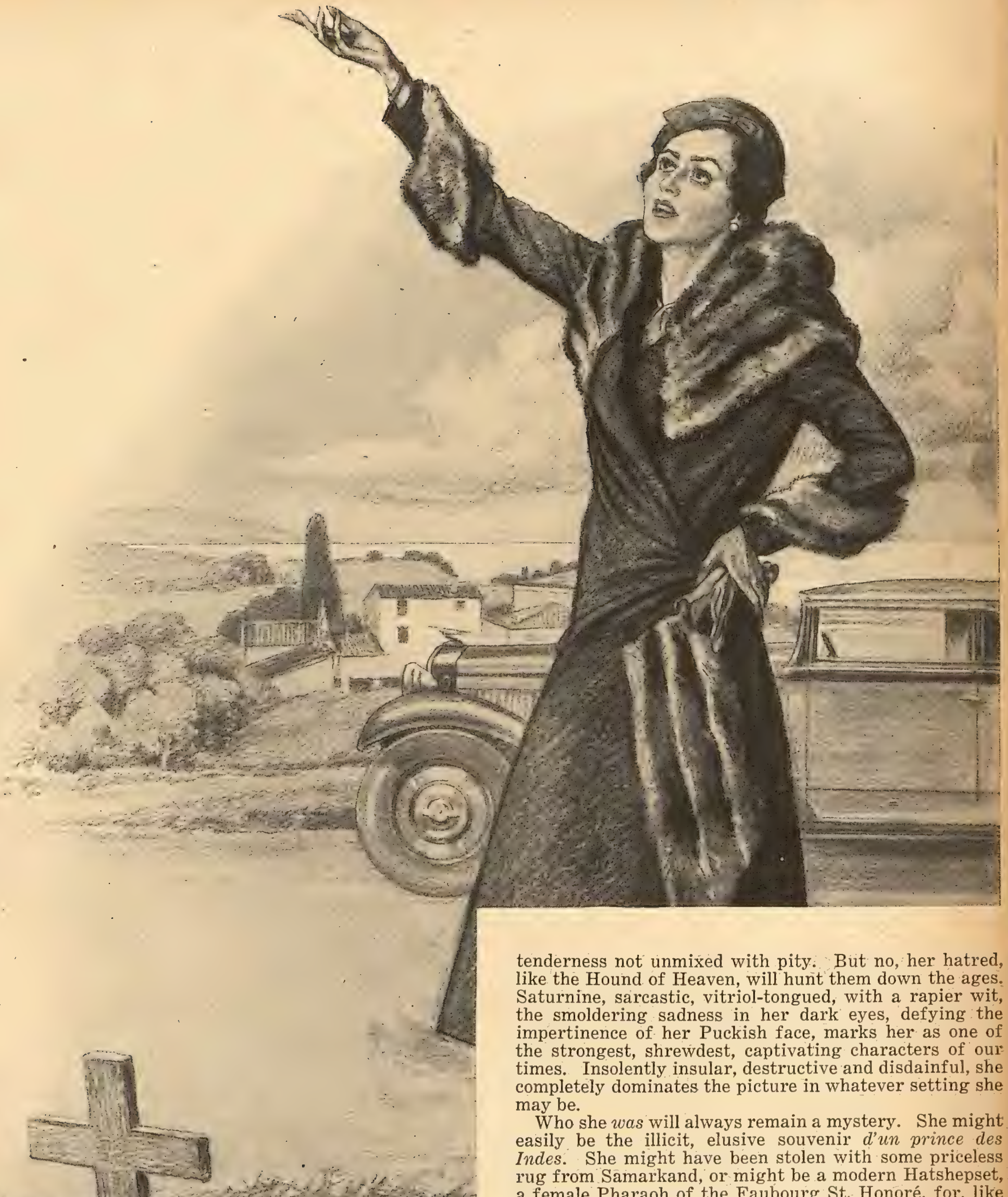
Coco, small, sullen, jewel-like gamin of many facets, a Buddha who never found Benares, brooding on life, *sans joie,* and imposing her imperious will on the countless armies of the world's women, whom, like a satirical and sinister Bopeep, she has turned into willing sheep to baa at her commands. What a marvelous mutiny would occur on fashion's sea could her ewe lambs hear the echo of her mocking laughter as she puts them through the ever-changing torture chamber of style. For Chanel loathes fashion and she became the world's greatest dressmaker purely for revenge.

Next to fashion Chanel hates women, primarily because she knows them too well.

But I anticipate my story. To learn why Gabrielle Chanel hates women is too involved—women who have adored her; women who have breathlessly awaited her latest edict, recklessly cut off their hair, thrown away their corsets, loosened their brassières, pulled up their skirts above their knees, let them down again to sweep the ground at her behest; women whose gold has stuffed her crowded coffers. One would imagine that Chanel could only regard her exalted satellites with a certain

By ELSA MAXWELL

A peasant distinctly heard her say she would make every woman in the world wear black, in mourning for her lover.



tenderness not unmixed with pity. But no, her hatred, like the Hound of Heaven, will hunt them down the ages. Saturnine, sarcastic, vitriol-tongued, with a rapier wit, the smoldering sadness in her dark eyes, defying the impertinence of her Puckish face, marks her as one of the strongest, shrewdest, captivating characters of our times. Insolently insular, destructive and disdainful, she completely dominates the picture in whatever setting she may be.

Who she *was* will always remain a mystery. She might easily be the illicit, elusive souvenir *d'un prince des Indes.* She might have been stolen with some priceless rug from Samarkand, or might be a modern Hatshepset, a female Pharaoh of the Faubourg St. Honoré, for, like her prototype of ancient Thebes, she was born a *commerçante.* To my mind, women good at figures and with business ability are rarely ever mysterious or seductive, which renders Chanel the perfect paradox in pulchritude. For without the usual trappings and panoply of feminine allure her sex appeal is apparently far more insidious than her more flamboyantly sexy sisters'.

I remember not long ago discussing with her the exaggerated and square-shouldered effects in dress promulgated by Marlene Dietrich. I asked Chanel what possible influence this might have on future fashions. She laughed

"I Deserved a Sour Stomach

But TUMS Kept My Stomach Sweet"

I ADMIT I was indiscreet at the party last night. I had far too much to eat, smoked too much. But I feel fine today. Not a hint of sour stomach. No acid indigestion, not a trace of heartburn. Here's the secret: After the dinner I ate three or four Tums—those delightful new candy-like antacid mints. Tums contain no soda or water soluble alkalies, only soothing insoluble antacids that pass off undissolved and inert when the acid conditions are corrected. Millions now use Tums. Only 10c, all drug stores.

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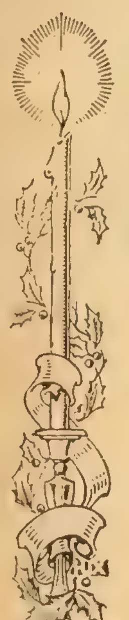

An Ideal Christmas Remembrance

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heartily as she replied that no German has ever yet succeeded in imposing any new or lasting note in *la mode.* "Look at German men," said Chanel. "The English have always created the chic in male apparel, as we French have dominated the world of women's fashions; though Germans dislike the British, they have always copied their clothes, and no German gentleman considers himself smart unless he has made his annual pilgrimage to Saville Row. And now that German women will no longer be permitted to emulate foreign culture, I am sure they will regret couturières even more than Corots."

But I digress; so back to the purlieus of Auvergne where Chanel, whose real name has never yet been known, was supposed to have begun her vicarious and variegated career as a *diseuse* in one of those haunts which correspond to our night clubs of today, which was frequented by the soldiers on *service militaire* in the barracks near by. The commanding officer, a common swaggering fellow, was the proud possessor of the person, though not the heart, of our fascinating heroine. His orderly happened to be a well known French sportsman of an old and honored line, whose temper was daily roused and goaded almost to madness by the unnecessarily humiliating tasks given him by his colonel. This may be mere conjecture, but it is certainly a fact that the French sportsman left no stone unturned in his whirlwind courtship of our Auvergnaise heroine until he had taken her away from under the very nose of his superior officer; and, when his time of service had expired, he whisked her off with him to Chantilly, where he was the owner of one of the larger racing stables in the *pays.*

HIS taste in the fair sex was on a par with his eye for a horse, and it is said that the antics and amusing argot of his latest acquisition daily delighted our rough-and-ready horseman whose hand was always firm on the snaffle of either filly or a charming *fille;* so she was supposed to have lived in the stables with the grooms and jockeys as companions, playing belotte, the great card game of the lower classes, with the stableboys, taking the horses over the jumps with the jockeys in the morning, being sent for by her sportsman friend to be made love to or to amuse, whichever the mood might be.

Coco, though untamed, was untiring in her efforts to please. Ageless then as she is ageless now, undoubtedly disillusioned in the cradle, her eyes must have been dazzled at Chantilly by the glint of the first rung in a glamorous golden ladder gleaming on the far horizon of her dawning dream of conquest—when at this momentous period of her life illusion stung her stagnant senses into real love. Love, engulfing and supreme, caught her in its net and in the nuances of a bewildering beauty her soul awakened to its first delicate vision of womanhood.

Until this time Coco had been on the defensive; not knowing fear, but suspicious of any overt act of kindness toward herself, she viewed with alarm the tentative approach of the first male whose eye did not appraise her amorous possibilities.

Boy Capel, English banker, darkly handsome, a Frenchman in feeling, supposed to have been the love-child of his mother and a great French prelate, while visiting the week-end at Chantilly had strolled idly in the direction of the stables and happened on as strange a scene as ever met the eye.

IT was the sportsman's custom to invite all the famous Parisian cocottes and mannequins to come to his house for tea after the races. Two of these elegantly, exquisitely attired creatures, having heard of Coco, had determined to track her to her lair, curiosity their motive. Coco, morose, monosyllabic, had met their advances in contemptuous silence, when one of the unwary women, uttering some derogatory observation on Coco's lack of *savoir-faire,* was shocked into sudden reality by a brisk blow upon her overpainted cheek, which stung the tears to her eyes. A free-for-all ensued, Chanel emerging victorious and triumphant.

Capel, overcome with amusement at the vagaries of this strange little creature, fell an instant victim to her charm, and, I am told, then and there offered to set her up in a hat shop of her own. She confided to him that she had ideas about women's clothes —that she had watched all the different famous purveyors of fashion strut back and forth every Sunday on her host's lawn, and that she thought them overdressed; that everything they wore was too artificial and complicated. She said she would make sincere clothes, simple in line and unaffected in detail. She said that women should dress more uniformly, more youthfully, that the clothes of that period made women all the same age—but *old,* and that she could make all women the same age—but young. It was *youth* that was needed in dress design today.

Capel must have mentally contrasted her with the pallid, pure English type of woman whom he was eventually to marry. Then and there he fell deeply and passionately in love with Coco, a love which was to live until his death. To say that she returned his love at this time would be "gilding the lily"; but she was undoubtedly drawn to him—the first man in her life who treated her with a certain courtesy and tenderness.

The French sportsman was to be sent on a mission to Russia, and Capel, facing his host, told him frankly of his own interest in Coco, warning him of his intention to take her away from him if possible.

More amused than angry, the Frenchman went so far as to wish Capel luck; and each vied with the other in a curious courtship, with Capel the winner of the prize. From then on Coco's life was a young romantic dream of idyllic bliss. The gentleness and singleness of her lover's devotion was touching, particularly the delicacy with which he revealed to this bruised and trampled little soul new beauties in a life she had heretofore found only a hard and grim battlefield of sex. She was his confidante in everything. They say her remarkable business acumen was learned in her friendship with the English banker.

It was then, I believe, he revealed to her the contents of his will: that in the event of his death everything he possessed that he could legally leave away from his immediate family would go to her. (She gave most of Capel's fortune back to his widow—the daughter of the late Lord Ribblesdale, whom she persuaded Capel to marry, thinking it the best solution for his future—with the now famous observation that there was only one thing a Frenchwoman valued more than money, and that was *love.)*

During this time Capel's fortune augmented and tripled, his success even then being attributed to his Auvergnaise companion whose whimsical charm and *méchant* wit was already tickling the ears of jaded Parisian clubmen and business associates.

His women friends cut him; his men friends congratulated him; his enemies envied him.

It was now, they tell me, that Coco determined to start on a business career of her own. She explained to the protesting Capel that she must have *some* occupation, that the urge to create was too great to disobey, so he reluctantly backed her and set her up in a small shop of her own in Paris. Immediately her influence was felt in fashion marts. Perhaps you women readers will remember the first simple little jerseys, now called *tricots,* with scarf and bag to match, accompanied by the small sailorlike caps, evolving into the Basque béret which she launched after her invasion of Biarritz in the Pyrenees.

THE strength of Coco's hand at the helm of her small ship on the stormy sea of style was her ready, sometimes ruthless employment of anything or any one within her radius. Her inclusion of topography itself in her scheme proved her right to be eventually acknowledged the best dressmaker in Paris.

"No woman can be well dressed who is uncomfortable in her clothes. If she is yacht-minded she should be dressed for the water—if she likes to fly she should be dressed correctly for the air. At a ball she should be able to move comfortably, unhampered by trains to trip her in the dance." This was in the days when women were still hobbled, laced, and trussed like stuffed, uncomfortable peacocks. Coco, with her true discrimination and fine touch, gradually taught all women the real value of simplicity in attire.

Her success was inevitable, but her goal for the moment was blurred because of her utter absorption in her love for Capel. One day (he was to motor back to her from Cannes) on opening the morning journal she read in black headlines of her lover's death in a motor accident on the road near Fréjus, in Provence. Who knows her reaction at this moment of tragic realization? Who knows the agony of grief and despair she must have suffered in these first stark hours alone?

There was no woman friend near by to give a helping hand. She had always been an openly avowed enemy of her own sex.

So, as always in her life, she had to fight her great battle with sorrow by herself.

SEVERAL months later a small white cross appeared miraculously and mysteriously at the very spot where Capel had been killed. A peasant working in the fields near by confessed that night at the *bistrot* that he had seen a little lady drive up in a great motor car and kneel down by the cross in the road, seemingly overcome with emotion.

Then, standing up very straight, he distinctly heard her say that she would make every woman in the world wear black, in mourning for her lover.

How true this was no one knows, but suddenly and inevitably black became the most fashionable, widely worn color. No woman was considered chic unless she was dressed in black, and it is said that the great couturière, standing in the window of her private *atelier* in the Rue Cambon, had remarked to a friend, "Look, nine women out of ten are wearing my color."

"But," protested the friend, "you never wear it yourself."

"Certainly not," replied Coco. "Do you think I want to look like all the millions of women who wear what I impose upon them?" Then, turning confidentially to her friend, she told her that "*Entre nous,* I detest the chic woman—the hours she spends in my fitting rooms plainly show that she has nothing else to do or think about. *Voilà!* What will you? I charge her through the nose and she is happy to pay."

Curiously enough, with all the great wealth attained in apparently so diverting a fashion, Chanel could never have reached the position she now occupies without her masculine understanding of commercial problems. She is also generous to a fault, and no artist with the slightest claim to talent is turned away from her door. Sert, the great mural painter, Drian, Picasso, Marie Laurencin—all have been helped to fame and fortune by Chanel. The money which she accumulated, to count and hoard with the avariciousness of the true bourgeoise, she dispensed with a regal and reckless hand at the call of art for poets and writers, for musicians who otherwise could never gain a public hearing. She would hire the best concert hall in Paris, make out the program, blackmail her friends and the

MISS MARJORIE SHEERIN *of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:—*

"My cough is gone already—

"I'm so glad I took my Doctor's advice!"

"I had to stay home from the office," *writes Miss Sheerin,* "my cough was so bad. So I called the doctor. He said, 'Take Pertussin—it's the best thing there is for a cough.' Am I glad I did!... *Next morning my cough was gone!"*

MILLIONS OF GLANDS—like tiny water faucets—inside your throat and bronchial passages keep the tissues healthily moist.

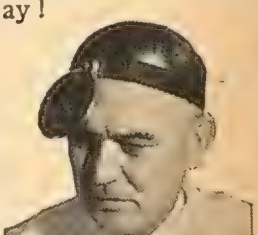
But when you "catch cold" these glands clog up with thick, infected mucus! Your throat feels tickly—dry. You cough and cough, but you can't "raise" a thing.

You must get those little moisture glands back into action, to stop a cough. And Pertussin does just that!

Doctors have found that a spoonful or two quickly stimulate the glands to start pouring their *natural moisture* out into your throat. Germ-laden phlegm is loosened. Your throat feels soothed and relieved. Pertussin is actually helping Nature herself to cure your cough!

Pertussin is the scientific extract of a medicinal herb famous in treating the most severe coughs known. It contains no narcotics, no harmful drugs. Get a bottle today!

DOCTORS PRESCRIBE Pertussin for babies, too—it's so safe. "It's the best remedy I know for coughs," writes one doctor. "I use it for my own family," another states. It won't upset the digestion.



PERTUSSIN

has been prescribed by doctors for 30 years . . *It works safely!*

Some Women Always Attract

The women you most admire, and perhaps envy, prize their beauty and guard it. Their lustrous eyes and clear skin are the result of daily care. Above all else, these women keep their blood free of the poisons of constipation. Thousands of such women find Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets a matchless corrective. Made of pure vegetable ingredients. Know them by their olive color. They are a safe substitute for dangerous calomel. Not habit-forming. All druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

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Use Daily

LAVORIS

It's Different

The unique throat-*purging* action of this gargle keeps tissues in a clean, hygienic and resistant condition.

216 EVERY MINUTE

Analyze Liberty's weekly sale of 2,174,000 copies. You will see that this is the equivalent of 216 people paying a nickel for a copy of Liberty every single minute. 216 nickels, every minute of the day, 7 days a week, 52 weeks a year! A tremendous and continuous affirmation of Liberty's popularity.

critics to attend; and very soon a genuine clientele would be established for the artist and a new career would be launched by this intrepid *entrepreneuse.*

After the great grief over the loss of the only man she ever loved was slightly assuaged, she cast her eyes around her for new fields to conquer. In the business world she reigned supreme; in the Bohemian and artists' world her slightest whim was law —which recalls an anecdote concerning a great princess who had the temerity to dine at Chanel's house one evening. When questioned, at a tea party, about her reason for going to the house of this bizarre and slightly scandalous person, the princess haughtily replied that she was sufficiently sure of her social position to dine where she pleased.

"But," said a champion of Coco, overhearing the conversation, "Chanel must have been *more* sure of her social position to have received you." And the laugh was on the princess.

It was at this period of her career that she met His Imperial Highness the Grand Duc ——. Young, melancholy, and beautiful, probably the most chic man in Europe, he fell deeply in love with Chanel. That she returned his love is doubtful. He was an oblique and sensitive creature, too introspective, and lacking the rugged brutal quality essential to dominate this miniature female Stalin of the Rue Cambon. The Grand Duc ——, caught in the web of a genuine emotion, suffered undoubtedly, but Russians are habituated to suffering, so no one noticed except, perhaps, the Grand Duc's sister, the Grand Duchess. Chanel inherited Her Imperial Highness among her other revolutionary relics.

I REMEMBER dining with the Grand Duc at La Rue's in the Place de la Madeleine, the night he had definitely received his *congé* from Chanel. In the middle of the soup he buried his head in his hands and muttered to me in an undertone that he was the most unhappy of men. (He is now quite happily married to the most beautiful and amusing woman in the world.)

I asked him what had happened, and he groaned, "She is salmon fishing in Scotland."

I inquired politely, "Why salmon fishing?"

He replied dully, "Because, like a clever woman, she always takes up the favorite sport of her *amants.*"

"But," I said, "you played polo."

"What were you wearing yesterday, Elsa, in the country?"

"A *tricot* and a shirt," I replied innocently.

"What kind of shirt?" relentlessly pursued the Grand Duc.

"I hadn't noticed," I protested. "Why?"

"YOU wore a polo shirt," said the Grand Duc in an agonized voice. And there was nothing more to say when I suddenly remembered that we had *all* worn polo shirts that season; and now I knew why. It was only Coco dramatizing another *adieu* by introducing a priceless new *chef d'œuvre.*

During the reign of His Imperial Highness the turn in the tide of her social fortunes was definitely felt. Duchesses clamored to go to her house, her thinly disguised contempt for them only adding fuel to their determined onslaught and attack upon her doors. I should say her salon today is one of the most interesting and amusing in Paris, and her parties are beautifully arranged. But your hostess you rarely see. It really bores her to receive. The great world for her is rather a joke. She knows too many of its many secrets; her chief relaxation being in the *semimonde.*

Her insolence, however, is proverbial. I think really she despises the circle around her who cavort so comically to her slightest caprice.

When a certain British duke blundered breezily into a frantic friendship with Chanel, he not speaking a word of French nor she of English, and managed to convey to her in sign language his desire for an immediate marriage, her reply remains a classic:

"No, your Grace. History has recorded many duchesses of your line, but history will record only one Chanel."

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 24

1—The tiara.

2—A character in Greek mythology doomed forever to roll a stone uphill and have it constantly roll down again.

3—A cloth or felt cap (usually red) with a tassel.

4—The engineer in charge of construction of the Panama Canal, and first civil governor of the Canal Zone.

5—King's College, Halifax.

6—Mohammedanism.

7—Five, with a refrain after the second and fifth lines.

8—A vat or tub.

9—The Turkish Empire.

10—Printers and publishers of Amsterdam and Leiden, Holland, from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries.

11—Sea nymphs.

12—A state of western Brazil, once noted for its gold and diamond mines.

13—Neither. It is a species of lizard of tropical America.

14—A French novelist.

15—A publication founded by Benjamin Franklin in 1732.

16—Lines drawn on a sphere making equal oblique angles with all meridians.

17—At the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland.

18—Carthage must be destroyed; hence, There must be no halfway measures.

19—Dionysus.

20—The Green Hat, by Michael Arlen.

TO THE LADIES!

(Reading time: 4 minutes 16 seconds.)

HUMPTY-DUMPTY might have been a big success writing film stories for Hollywood.

This idea comes to me after hearing Anthony Abbot tell what happened in Hollywood to Upton Sinclair. Engaged to write a screen drama, paid in advance, Upton couldn't think up a good ending. Racked his brains—no result. Then he slipped and fell downstairs, landing, like Humpty-Dumpty, on his head. Upton picked himself up crying, "At last I've got it!" The right ending for his story. Somehow the fall had jolted it into his mind.

As you know, Upton Sinclair is America's leading author-Socialist. His great book, The Jungle, inspired Teddy Roosevelt to reform Chicago's stockyards. Upton has been a captain on the Socialist firing line for thirty-one years. Talking with him the other day, I asked what Socialistic achievement in America has given him the greatest satisfaction.

"The League for Industrial Democracy," he said. "We founded it in 1905. The League has chapters now in one hundred colleges. It helps young men and women understand what Socialism really means as applied to government and economics."

Upton Sinclair

I learned, by the way, that Brain-Trusters Moley, Berle, and Tugwell were Industrial Democracy Leaguers during their bright college years.

Next I asked Upton what American trend has given him the deepest disappointment. He said:

"The failure of American labor to comprehend Socialism. Our intellectuals and our middle class have learned to understand it. Our laboring class has not."

Upton Sinclair lives in California, digs in his garden for exercise, is a passionate Mickey Mouse fan.

FOR about a year I have been slightly acquainted with a man whose chronic expression of terror baffled me. He is large, robust, quite well off. Recently, through mutual friends, we became better acquainted, and he told me his troubles. This is what he said:

"My dear lady, have you any idea what it means to be a lone man in a big family of women? I have a wife and eight daughters. No sons. All the girls have their girl friends. My home is eternally infested with females. You laugh. You think it is funny. Let me tell you, it isn't!"

I'm afraid I did laugh. I couldn't help it. The poor man went on to catalogue his tribulations:

"Eight clothes-crazy females! Nine, counting the wife. From one year's end to another my house is full of pins. Lipsticks everywhere, powder everywhere, perfume everywhere! Not a decent spot for a man to sit down. And the telephone—my God, do you think I ever get a chance to use the telephone? Sure I love them all. I know they all love me. But my whole life is swamped by females!"

Comic perhaps; yet it must be pretty awful for him, when you stop to think of it. Being the father of a vast flock of daughters must be one of the darnedest predicaments a man can get himself into.

ONE of the great surgeons of this country is an artist in the use of leisure. He has equipped the top floor of his home as a "relaxation room." Canvas, brushes, colors, smocks, and easels are there—also puzzles of every sort. After dinner at night, no matter how numerous or how distinguished the company, he herds them all upstairs and makes them paint pictures. No one is allowed to shirk; no one is allowed to criticize. It is just for relaxation—but it's done in absolute earnest. There are the puzzles if you get tired of painting. When the hour of "relaxation" is over you return downstairs for music and conversation. A peculiar household. Peculiarly civilized.

WITCHES were good guessers. They were too good. Shrewdly observing the present, shrewdly remembering the past, they foretold the future shrewdly—and got themselves roasted for their pains.

That is my conclusion after reading a number of old books on witchcraft. It never has paid to be too smart. You step on the toes of some influential boob and he has you cooked to a turn.

I wonder how many witch burnings the boys would have held if old-time witches had been as cagy—as hypocritical—as most of us are today. Not many, I think.

READ Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt's new book, It's Up to the Women. Recovery *is* up to us, you know, and Mrs. Roosevelt explains how we can do our part. (Published by Stokes.)

FUR *under* your coat this year. That is now the smartest way to wear it. Paris has decided there is nothing as *chic* as a plain untrimmed coat worn over a fur waistcoat. Leopard is the favorite for these nifty fur vests. London, also, has struck a note of novelty by putting fur sleeves on evening gowns. You snuggle into your fur, smile, and say, "Whoops—open up another window!"

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

Tarzan *and the* LION MAN

Fantastic Perils, Hairbreadth Escapes, Beauty in Distress. . . . Here's the Most Exciting of All the Tarzan Adventures

By
EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY DEAN

(Reading time: 32 minutes 10 seconds.)

MILTON SMITH, head of a moving-picture company, sends Tom Orman, his prize director, to Africa to make a jungle picture. Naomi Madison is the feminine lead, with Rhonda Terry to double for her in dangerous shots. Stanley Obroski has the male lead, the Lion Man. Pat O'Grady, Bill West, and Gordon Z. Marcus are in the company.

Against the advice of Major White, big-game hunter and guide, Orman takes his safari into the country of the hostile Basutos. The savages attack them, killing Major White and many others of the personnel. The black porters desert in a body. Still Orman pushes on into the jungle. The next day, when the survivors awake, they find that Sheik Ab el-Ghrennem and his Arab guard have left, taking with them Naomi, Rhonda Terry, and a map, one of the props of the scenario, which the Arabs believe is the key to a huge cache of diamonds. In the meantime Obroski, whom his companions believe dead, has been captured by the Basutos, but is rescued by Tarzan. Obroski is the exact double of Tarzan.

Rhonda and Naomi manage to escape from their captors, but are attacked by a lion, Rhonda's pony being killed and the girl thrown to the ground unconscious a few feet from the savage beast.

PART V—THE GORILLA MEN

THE frightened ponies raced back along the trail over which they had come. Naomi was utterly powerless to check or guide the terrified creature that carried her swiftly in the wake of its fellows. The distance they had covered in the last hour was traversed in minutes as the frightened animals drew new terror from the galloping hoofs of their comrades.

The river they had feared to cross before did not check them now. Lunging across, they threw water high in the air, waking the echoes of the forest with their splashing.

Heartsick, terrified, hopeless, the girl clung to her mount.

But for once in her life the thoughts of the Madison were not of herself. The memory of that still figure lying close to the dead carnivore crowded thoughts of self from her mind—her terror and her hopelessness and her heartsickness were for Rhonda Terry. . . .

Long day had followed long day as Orman and West searched vainly through dense forest and jungle for the trail they had lost. Nearly two weeks had passed since they had left camp in search of the girls when their encounter with the lion and the "ghost" of Obroski took place.

The encounter left them unnerved, for both were weak from lack of food and their nerves harassed by what they had passed through and by worry over the fate of Naomi and Rhonda.

They stood for some time by the carcass of the lion, looking and listening for a return of the apparition.

"Do you suppose," suggested West, "that hunger and worry could have affected us so much that we imagined we saw—what we think we saw?"

Orman pointed at the dead lion. "Are we imagining *that?*" he demanded. "Could we both have the same hallucination at the same instant? No! We saw what we saw. I don't believe in ghosts—or I never did before—but if that wasn't Obroski's ghost it was Obroski; and you know as well as I that Obroski would never have had the guts to tackle a lion, even if he could have gotten away with it."

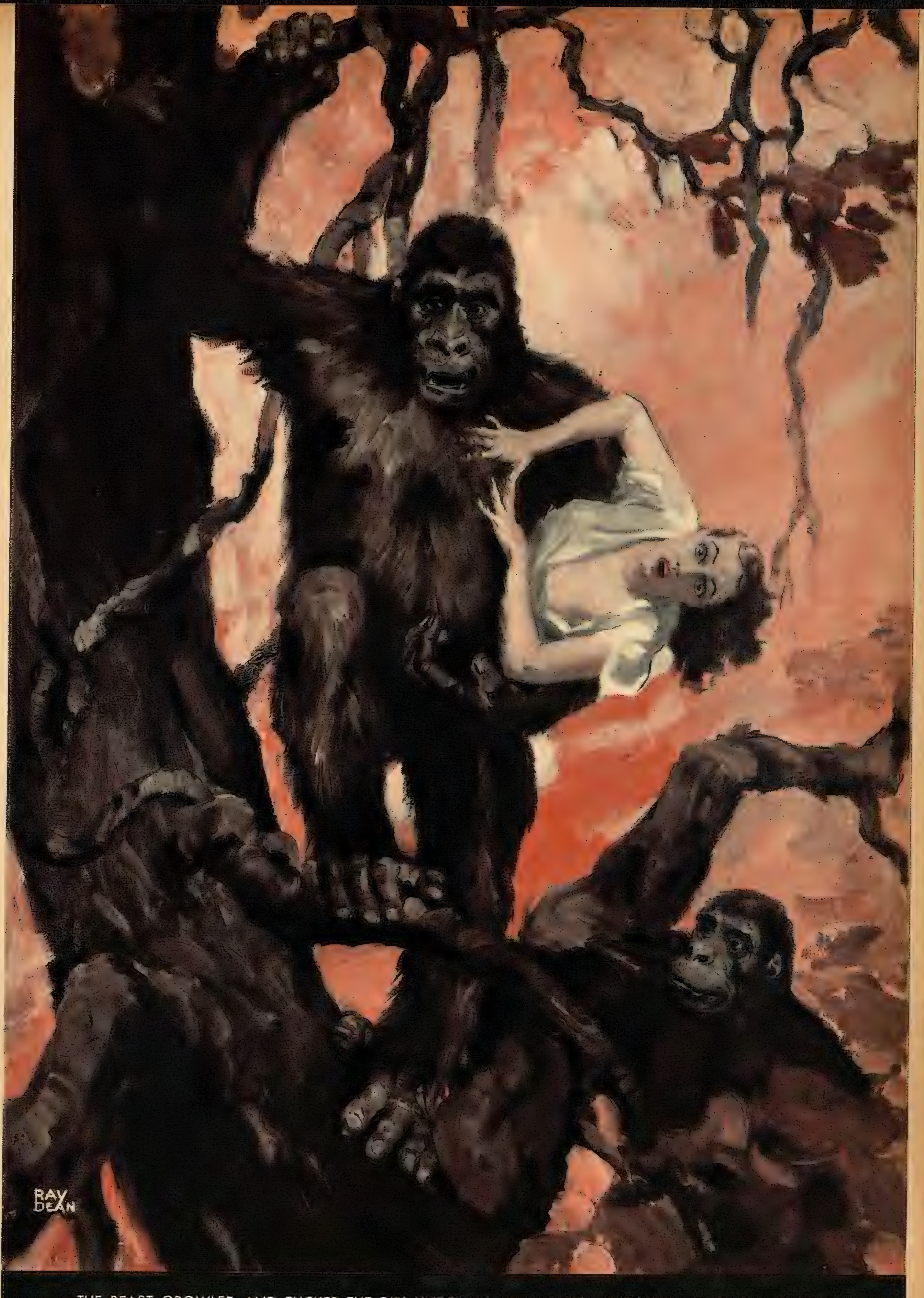
West rubbed his chin meditatively. "You know, another explanation has occurred to me. Obroski was the world's prize coward. He may have escaped the Basutos and got lost in the jungle. If he did, he would have been scared stiff every minute of the days and nights. Terror might have driven him crazy. He may be a madman now, and you know maniacs are supposed to be ten times as strong as ordinary men."

"I don't know about maniacs being any stronger," said Orman. "That's a popular theory, and popular theories are always wrong. But every one knows that when a man's crazy he does things that he wouldn't do when he's sane."

"Well, whatever prompted him, he did us a good turn in more ways than one—he left us something to eat." West nodded toward the carcass of the lion.

After they had eaten and cut off pieces of the meat to carry with them, they set out again upon their seemingly fruitless search. The food gave them new strength; but it did little to raise their spirits, and they plodded on as dejectedly as before.

Toward evening West, who was in the lead, stopped suddenly and drew back, cautioning Orman to silence. The latter advanced cautiously to where West stood pointing ahead at a lone figure squatting over a small fire near the bank of a stream.



THE BEAST GROWLED AND TUCKED THE GIRL UNDER HIS ARM AGAIN. WITH THE AGILITY OF MONKEYS THE TWO CLIMBED UP THE TALL TREES AND PRECARIOUS LEDGES.

"It is one of Sheik Ab el-Ghrennem's men," said West.

"It's Eyad," replied Orman. "Do you see any one with him?"

"No. What do you suppose he is doing here alone?"

"We'll find out. Be ready to shoot if he tries any funny business or if any more of them show up."

Orman advanced upon the lone figure, his rifle ready; and West followed at his elbow. They had covered only a few yards when Eyad looked up and discovered them. Seizing his musket, he leaped to his feet; but Orman covered him.

"Drop that gun!" ordered the director.

Eyad understood no English, but he lowered the butt of his musket to the ground.

The two approached him. "Where is el-Ghrennem?" demanded Orman. "Where are Miss Madison and Miss Terry?"

Eyad recognized the names and the interrogatory inflection. Pointing toward the north, he spoke volubly in Arabic. Neither Orman nor West understood what he said, but they saw that he was much excited. They saw too that he was emaciated, his garments in rags, and his face and body covered with wounds. It was evident that he had been through some rough experiences.

When Eyad realized that the Americans could not understand him, he resorted to pantomime, though he continued to jabber in Arabic.

"Can you make out what he's driving at, Tom?" asked West.

"One of the girls has been killed by some animal. From the way he growled and roared when he was explaining it, I guess it must have been a lion. Some other fate befell the rest of the party, and I guess it must have been pretty awful."

West paled. "Does he know which girl was killed?" he asked.

"I can't make out which one—perhaps both are dead."

"We've got to find out. We've got to go after them. Can he tell us where they were when this thing happened?"

"I'm going to make him guide us," replied Orman. "There's no use going on tonight—it's too late. In the morning we'll start."

They made a poor camp and cooked some of their lion meat.

To the south of them, several miles away, Stanley Obroski crouched in the fork of a tree and shivered from cold and fear. Below him a lion and a lioness fed upon the carcass of a buck. Hyenas, mouthing their uncanny cries, slunk in a wide circle about them.

Presently the figure of a man strode silently into the clearing. The lion looked up and growled, and an answering growl came from the throat of the man. Then a hyena charged him, and Obroski gasped in dismay. What would become of him if this man were killed? He feared him, but he feared him less than all the other horrid creatures of the jungle.

HE saw the man side-step the charge, then stoop quickly and seize the unclean beast by the scruff of its neck. He shook it once, then hurled it on to the kill where the two lions fed. The lioness closed her great jaws upon it once and then cast it aside. The other hyenas laughed hideously.

Tarzan looked about him. "Obroski!" he called.

"I'm up here," replied the American.

Tarzan swung lightly into the tree beside him. "I saw two of your people today," he said—"Orman and West."

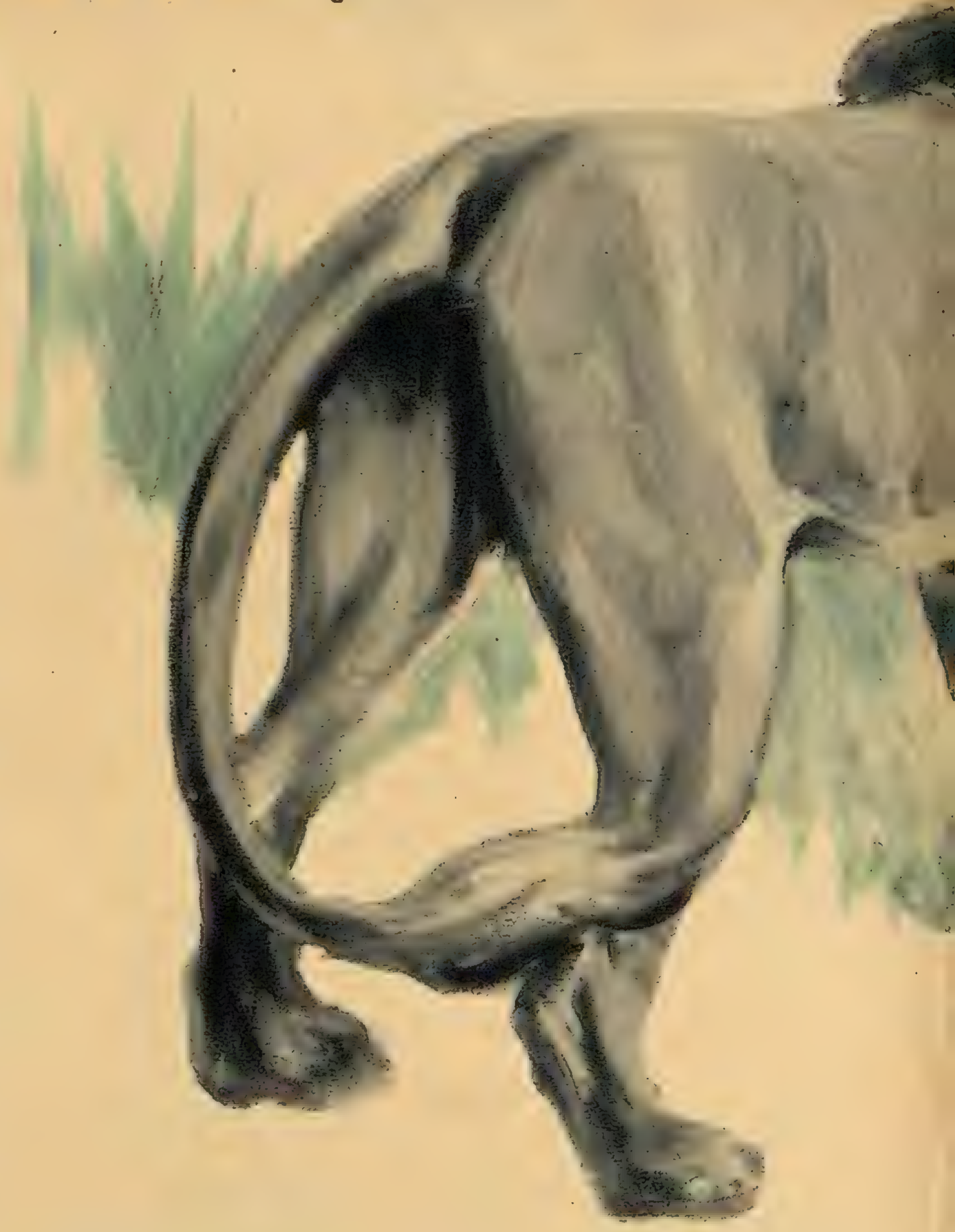
"Where are they? What did they say?"

"I did not talk with them. They are a few miles north of us. I think they are lost."

"Who was with them?"

"They were alone. I looked for their safari, but it was nowhere near. Farther north I saw an Arab from your safari. He was lost and starving."

"The safari must be broken up and scattered," said Obroski. "What could have happened? What could have become of the girls?"


The lion wheeled slowly about and approached her. He came close and sniffed at her body. Rhonda could feel his hot breath against her face.

"Tomorrow we'll start after Orman," said Tarzan. "Perhaps he can answer your questions, when we meet him." . . .

For several moments Rhonda Terry lay quietly where she had been hurled by her terrified horse. The lion stood with his forefeet on the carcass of his kill, growling angrily after the fleeing animal that was carrying Naomi Madison back toward the forest.

As Rhonda Terry gained consciousness, the first thing that she saw as she opened her eyes was the figure of the lion standing with its back toward her, and instantly she recalled all that had happened.

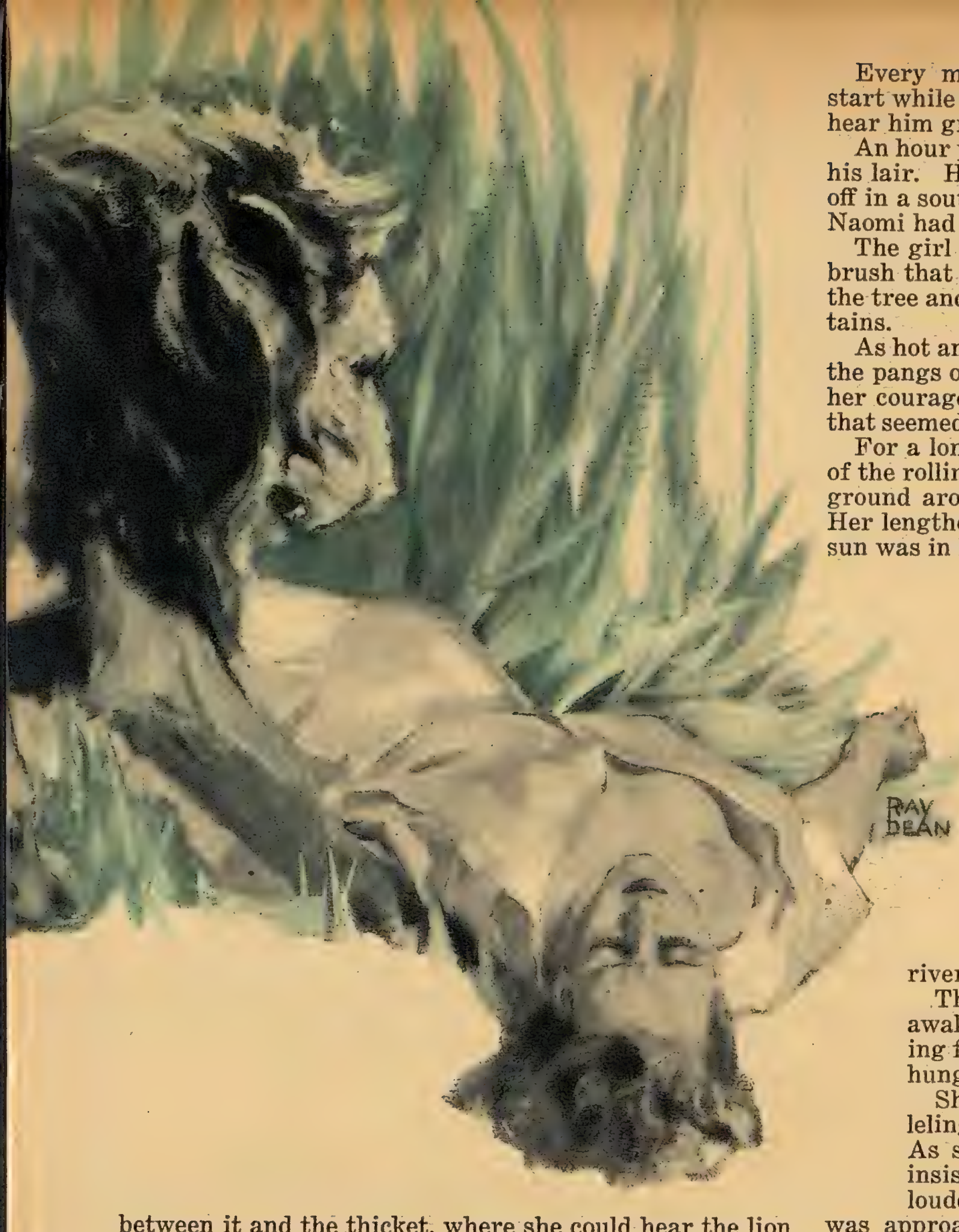
The lion sniffed at his kill; then he turned and looked about. His eyes fell on the girl, and a low growl rumbled in his throat. Rhonda froze in terror. She wanted to close her eyes to shut out the hideous snarling face, but she feared that even this slight movement would bring the beast upon her. She recalled having heard if animals thought a person dead they would not molest the body. It also occurred to her that this might not hold true in respect to meat eaters.

The lion wheeled slowly about and approached her. He came close and sniffed at her body. Rhonda could feel his hot breath against her face.

She heard him sniffing and growling above her. For what seemed an eternity to the frightened girl, he stood there. Then she realized that he had walked away!

From her one unobscured eye she watched him after a brief instant when she had become very dizzy and almost swooned. He returned to the body of the horse and worried it for a moment. Then he seized it and dragged it toward the bushes from which he had first leaped to the attack.

Rhonda raised her head a little and looked around. About twenty feet away grew a small tree. She lay



between it and the thicket, where she could hear the lion growling.

Cautiously she commenced to drag her body toward the tree, glancing constantly behind in the direction of the thicket. Inch by inch, foot by foot, she made her slow way. Five feet, ten, fifteen! She glanced back and saw the lion's head and fore quarters emerge from the brush.

No longer was there place for stealth. Leaping to her feet, she raced for the tree. Behind she heard the angry roar of the lion as it charged.

She sprang for a low branch and scrambled upward. Terror gave her an agility and a strength far beyond her normal powers. As she climbed frantically upward among the branches she felt the tree tremble to the impact of the lion's body as it hurtled against the bole.

THE lion stood glaring up at her. For a few minutes he paced about the tree; and then, with an angry growl, he strode majestically back to his thicket.

From her tree sanctuary she could see quite a distance in all directions. A tree-dotted plain extended northwest toward a range of mountains. Close at hand rose the volcanic cone-shaped hill that she had been pointing out to Naomi when the lion charged.

All these landmarks, following so closely the description on the map, intrigued her curiosity and started her to wondering and dreaming about the valley of diamonds. Suddenly she recalled something that Atewy had told her—that the falls at the foot of the valley of diamonds must be the Omwamwi Falls toward which the safari had been moving.

If that were true she would stand a better chance of rejoining the company were she to make her way to the falls and await them there than to return to the forest, where she was certain to become lost.

Every minute was precious now, but she could not start while the lion lay in the near-by thicket. She could hear him growling as he tore at the carcass of the horse.

An hour passed, and then she saw the lion emerge from his lair. He did not even glance toward her, but moved off in a southerly direction toward the river that she and Naomi had crossed a few hours before.

The girl watched the beast until it disappeared in the brush that grew near the river. Then she slipped from the tree and started toward the northwest and the mountains.

As hot and dusty hour followed hot and dusty hour and the pangs of thirst assailed her with increasing violence, her courage faltered again in the face of the weariness that seemed to penetrate to the very marrow of her bones.

For a long time she had been walking in a depression of the rolling plain, her view circumscribed by the higher ground around her. The way was drawing to a close. Her lengthening shadow fell away behind her. The low sun was in her eyes.

The climb ahead of her was steeper than she had anticipated, and it required all her strength and courage to reach the top of what she guessed might have been an ancient river bank or, perhaps, a lateral moraine; but the view that was revealed rewarded her for the great effort.

Below her was a fringe of wood through which she could see a broad river, and to her right the mountains seemed very close now.

FORGETFUL of lurking beast or savage man, the thirst-tortured girl hurried down toward the tempting water of the river. She rushed to the bank of the river and threw herself face down and drank.

That night she slept in a tree, dozing fitfully and awakening to every sudden jungle noise. Morning found her weak from loss of sleep, fatigue, and hunger.

She discovered a fairly good game trail paralleling the river, and this she followed upstream. As she stumbled on she became conscious of an insistent muffled roaring in the distance. It grew louder as she advanced and she guessed that she was approaching the falls. Toward noon she reached them—an imposing sight much of the grandeur of which was lost on her fatigued benumbed sensibilities. The great river poured over the rim of a mighty escarpment that towered far above her.

Slowly the grandeur and the solitude of the scene gripped her. She felt as might one who stood alone, the sole inhabitant of a world, and looked upon an eternal scene that no human eye had ever scanned before.

But she was not alone. Far up, near the top of the escarpment, on a narrow ledge, a shaggy creature looked down upon her from beneath beetling brows. It nudged another like it and pointed.

For a while the two watched the girl; then they started down the escarpment. Like flies they clung to the dizzy cliff, and when the ledge ended they swung to sturdy trees that clung to the rocky face of the great wall.

Down, down they came, the great first-men, shaggy, powerful, menacing. They dropped quickly, and always they sought to hide their approach from the eyes of the girl.

She felt very small and alone and tired. With a sigh she sat down on a rounded boulder and leaned against another piled behind it. All her remaining strength seemed to have gone from her. She closed her eyes wearily and two tears rolled down her cheeks. Perhaps she dozed. But she was startled into wakefulness by a voice speaking near her. At first she thought she was dreaming and did not open her eyes.

" She is alone," the voice said. " We will take her to God—he will be pleased."

It was an English voice, or at least the accent was English; but the tones were gruff and deep and guttural. The strange words convinced her she was dreaming. She opened her eyes, and shrank back with a little scream of terror. Standing close to her were two gorillas—or such she thought them to be until one of them opened its mouth and spoke.

"Come with us," it said; "we are going to take you to God." Then it reached out a mighty hairy hand and seized her.

Rhonda Terry fought to escape the clutches of the great beast thing that held her, but she was helpless in the grasp of those giant muscles. The creature lifted her easily and tucked her under one arm.

"Be quiet," it said, "or I'll wring your neck."

"You had better not," cautioned his companion. "God will be angry if you do not bring this one to him alive and unharmed. He has been hoping for such a she as this for a long time."

"What does *he* want of her? He is so old now that he can scarcely chew his food."

"He will probably give her to Henry the Eighth."

"He already has six wives. I think that I shall hide her and keep her for myself."

"You will take her to God," said the other. "If you don't, I will."

The beast growled and tucked the girl under his arm again. With the agility of monkeys the two climbed up the tall trees and precarious ledges.

Up and up the beast bore her until at last they stood upon the summit of the escarpment. Below them, to the south, the river plunged over the edge of the escarpment to form Omwamwi Falls; to the north stretched a valley hemmed in by mountains—the valley of diamonds, perhaps.

The surprise, amounting almost to revulsion, that Rhonda had experienced when she first heard the two beasts speak a human language had had a strange effect upon her in that while she understood that they were speaking English it had not occurred to her that she could communicate with them in the same language—the adventure seemed so improbable that perhaps she still doubted her own senses. Now she had an instant in which to think clearly, and with it came the realization that she had the means of communicating with her captors.

"Who are you?" she demanded, "and why have you made me a prisoner?"

The two turned suddenly upon her. She thought that their faces denoted surprise.

"She speaks English!" exclaimed one of them.

"Of course I speak English. But tell me what you want of me. You have no right to take me with you. I have not harmed you. I was only waiting for my own people. Let me go!"

"This will please God," said one of her captors. "He has always said that if he could get hold of an Englishwoman he could do much for the race."

"Who is this thing you call God?" Rhonda demanded.

"He is not a thing—he is a man," replied the one who had carried her up the escarpment. "He is very old—he is the oldest creature in the world and the wisest. He created us. But some day he will die, and then we shall have no God."

"HENRY the Eighth would like to be God," said the other.

"He never will while Wolsey lives—Wolsey would make a far better God than he."

"Henry the Eighth will see that he doesn't live."

Rhonda Terry closed her eyes and pinched herself. She must be dreaming! Henry the Eighth! Thomas Wolsey! How preposterous seemed these familiar allusions to sixteenth-century characters from the mouths of hairy gorillas.

After what seemed a very long time the girl heard voices in the distance, growing louder as they proceeded; and soon after he who carried her set her upon her feet.

As she looked about her she saw that she stood at the bottom of a cliff before a city that was built partially at the foot of the cliff and partially carved from its face.

The approach to the city was bordered by great fields of bamboo, celery, fruits, and berries in which many gorillas were working with crude handmade implements.

As they caught sight of the captive these workers left their fields and clustered about, asking many questions and examining the girl with every indication of intelligent interest. But her captors hurried her along into the city.

That portion of the city that was built upon the level ground at the foot of the cliff consisted of circular huts of bamboo with thatched conical roofs, of rectangular buildings of sun-dried bricks, and others of stone.

Near the foot of the cliff was a three-story building with towers and ramparts, roughly suggestive of medieval England; and farther up the cliff, upon a broad ledge, was another even larger structure of similar architecture.

Rhonda's captors led her directly to the former building, before the door of which squatted two enormous gorillas armed with crude weapons that resembled battle-axes; and here they were stopped while the two guards examined Rhonda and questioned her captors.

She listened as one in a dream while her captors demanded entrance, that they might take their prisoner before the king; she heard the guard demur, saying that the king could not be disturbed, as he was engaged with the privy council.

"Then we'll take her to God," threatened one of her captors.

FINALLY a young gorilla was summoned and sent into the palace with a message. When he returned it was with the word that the king wished to have the prisoner brought before him at once.

Rhonda was conducted into a large room the floor of which was covered with dried grass. On a dais at one end of the room an enormous gorilla paced to and fro while a half dozen other gorillas squatted in the grass.

There were no chairs or tables or benches in the room, but from the center of the dais rose the bare trunk and leafless branches of a tree.

As the girl was brought into the room the gorilla on the dais stopped his restless pacing and scrutinized her. "Where did you find her, Buckingham?" he demanded.

"At the foot of the falls, sire," replied the beast that had captured her.

"What was she doing there?"

"She said that she was looking for her friends, who were to meet her at the falls."

"She *said!* You mean that she speaks English?" demanded the king.

"Yes, I speak English," said Rhonda. "And if I am not dreaming, and you are king, I demand that you send me back to the falls, so that I may find my people."

"Dreaming? What put that into your head? You are not asleep, are you?"

"I do not know," replied Rhonda. "Sometimes I am sure that I must be."

"Well, you are not," snapped the king. "And who put it into your head that there might be any doubt that I am king? That sounds like Buckingham."

"Your Majesty wrongs me," said Buckingham stiffly. "It was I who insisted on bringing her to the king."

"It is well you did. The wench pleases me. We will keep her."

"But, your Majesty," exclaimed the other of Rhonda's two captors, "it is our duty to take her to God. We brought her here first, that your Majesty might see her; but we must take her on to God, who has been hoping for such a woman for years."

"What, Cranmer! Are you turning against me too?"

"Cranmer is right," said one of the great bulls squatting on the floor. "This woman should be taken to God. Do not forget, sire, that you already have six wives."

"I am king!" screamed the gorilla. "My word is law. Take the wench to the women's quarters!"

The beast the king had addressed as Wolsey now leaped to his feet and commenced to beat his breast and scream. "This is sacrilege," he cried. "He who defies God shall die! That is the law. Repent and send the girl to God!"

"Never!" shrieked the king. "She is mine."

Both brutes were now beating their breasts and roaring so loudly that their words could scarcely be distinguished; and the other bulls were moving restlessly, their hair bristling, their fangs bared.

Then Wolsey played his ace. "Send the girl to God," he bellowed, "or suffer excommunication!"

But the king had now worked himself to such a frenzy that he was beyond reason. "The guard! The guard!" he screamed. "Suffolk, call the guard and take Cardinal Wolsey to the Tower! Buckingham, take the girl to the women's quarters or off goes your head!"

The two bulls were still beating their breasts and screaming at one another as Rhonda Terry was dragged from the apartment by the shaggy Buckingham.

Up a circular stone stairway the brute dragged her, and along a corridor at the rear of the second floor. It was a large room in the corner of the building, and about its grass-strewn floor squatted or lay a number of adult gorillas, while young ones of all ages played about or suckled at their mothers' breasts.

Many of the beasts were slowly eating celery stalks, tender bamboo tips, or fruit. But all activity ceased as Buckingham dragged the American girl into their midst.

"What have you there, Buckingham?" growled an old she.

"A girl we captured at the falls," replied Buckingham. "The king commanded that she be brought here, your Majesty." Then he turned to his captive. "This is Queen Catherine," he said—"Catherine of Aragon."

"What does he want of her?" demanded Catherine peevishly.

Buckingham shrugged his broad shoulders and glanced about the room at the six adult females. "Your Majesties should well be able to guess."

"Is he thinking of taking that puny hairless thing for a wife?" demanded another, sitting at a little distance from Catherine of Aragon.

"Of course that's what he's thinking of, Anne Boleyn," snapped Catherine, "or he wouldn't have sent her here."

"HASN'T he got enough wives already?" demanded another.

"That is for the king to decide," said Buckingham as he quitted the room.

Now the great shes commenced to gather closer to the girl. They sniffed at her and felt of her clothing. The younger ones crowded in, pulling at her skirt. One, larger than the rest, grabbed her by the ankles and pulled her feet from under her; and as she fell, it danced about the room, grimacing and screaming.

As she tried to rise it rushed toward her; and she struck it in the face, thinking it meant to injure her. Whereupon it ran screaming to Catherine of Aragon, and one of the other shes seized Rhonda by the shoulder and pushed her so violently that she was hurled against the wall.

"How dare you lay hands on the Prince of Wales!" cried the beast that had pushed her. . . .

The frightened pony carried Naomi Madison in the wake of its fellows. She could only cling frantically to the saddle, constantly fearful of being brushed to the ground.

Presently, where the trail widened into a natural clearing, the horses in front of her stopped suddenly; and the one she rode ran in among them before it stopped too.

Then she saw the reason—Sheik Ab el-Ghrennem and his followers. She tried to rein her horse around and escape; but he was wedged in among the other horses, and a moment later the little herd was surrounded. Once more she was a prisoner.

THE sheik was so glad to get his horses back that he almost forgot to be angry over the trick that had robbed him of them temporarily. He was glad, too, to have one of his prisoners. She could read the map to them and be useful in other ways if he decided not to sell her.

"Where is the other one?" demanded Atewy.

"She was killed by a lion," replied Naomi.

Atewy shrugged. "Well, we still have you; and we have the map. We shall not fare so ill."

Naomi recalled the cone-shaped volcanic hill and the mountains in the distance. "If I lead you to the valley of diamonds, will you return me to my people?" she asked.

Atewy translated to el-Ghrennem. The old sheik nodded. "Tell her we will do that if she leads us to the valley of diamonds," he said. "*Wellah!* Yes, tell her that. But after we find the valley of diamonds we may forget what we have promised. But do not tell her *that*."

Atewy grinned. "Lead us to the valley of diamonds," he said to Naomi, "and all that you wish will be done."

Unaccustomed to the strenuous labor of pushing through the jungle on foot that the pursuit of the white girls and their ponies had necessitated, the Arabs made camp as soon as they reached the river.

The following day they crossed to the open plain. And when Naomi called their attention to the volcanic hill and the location of the mountains to the northwest, and they had compared these landmarks with the map, they were greatly elated.

But when they reached the river below the falls the broad and turbulent stream seemed impassable and the cliffs before them unscalable.

They camped that night on the east side of the river, and late into the night discussed plans for crossing to the west side, for the map clearly indicated but a single entrance to the valley of diamonds, and that was several miles northwest of them.

In the morning they started downstream in search of a crossing, but it was two days before they found a place where they dared make the attempt. Even here they had the utmost difficulty in negotiating the river, and consumed most of the day in vain attempts before they finally succeeded in winning to the opposite

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shore, with the loss of two men and their mounts.

The Madison had been almost paralyzed by terror, not alone by the natural hazards of the swift current, but by the constant menace of the crocodiles with which the stream seemed alive. Wet to the skin, she huddled close to the fire; and finally, hungry and miserable, dropped into a sleep of exhaustion.

Coming down the east bank of the river, they had consumed much time in unsuccessful attempts to cross the stream, and they had been further retarded by the absence of a good trail. But on the west side of the river they found a wide and well beaten track along which they moved rapidly.

Toward the middle of the afternoon of the first day after crossing the river, Naomi called to Atewy, who rode near her.

"Look!" she said, pointing ahead. "There is the red granite column shown on the map. Directly east of it is the entrance to the valley."

Atewy, much excited, transmitted the information to el-Ghrennem and the others; and broad grins wreathed their usually saturnine countenances.

"And now," said Naomi, "that I have led you to the valley, keep your promise to me and send me back to my people."

"Wait a bit," replied Atewy. "We are not in the valley yet. We must be sure that this is indeed the valley of diamonds. You must come with us yet a little farther."

That night the Arabs camped just east of the red granite monolith that they believed marked the entrance to the valley of diamonds, at the mouth of a narrow cañon.

Early the following morning they started up the cañon on the march that they believed would lead them to a country of fabulous wealth. From far above them savage eyes looked down from scowling black faces, watching their progress. . . .

In the light of a new day, Tarzan of the Apes stood looking down upon the man who resembled him so closely that the ape man experienced the uncanny sensation of standing apart, like a disembodied spirit, viewing his corporeal self.

It was the morning that they were to have set off in search of Orman and West; but Tarzan saw that it would be some time before Obroski would travel again on his own legs.

With all the suddenness with which it sometimes strikes, fever had seized the American. His delirious ravings had awakened Tarzan, but now he lay in a coma.

THE Lord of the Jungle considered the matter briefly. He neither wished to leave the man alone to the scant mercy of the jungle, nor did he wish to remain with him. His conversations with Obroski had convinced him that, no matter what his inclinations might be, the dictates of simplest humanity required that he do what he might to succor the innocent members of Orman's party. The plight of the two girls appealed especially to his sense of chivalry, and it was with his usual celerity that he reached a decision.

Lifting the unconscious Obroski in his arms, he threw him across one of his broad shoulders and swung off through the jungle toward the south.

Toward evening the two came to a native village beyond the Basuto country. It was the village of the chief Mpugu, whom Tarzan knew to be friendly to whites, as well as under obligations to the Lord of the Jungle, who had once saved his life.

Obroski was unconscious when they arrived in the village, and Tarzan placed him in a hut which Mpugu placed at his disposal.

"When he is well, take him to Jinja," Tarzan instructed Mpugu, "and ask the commissioner to send him on to the coast."

The ape man remained in the village only long enough to fill his empty belly. Then he swung off again through the gathering dusk toward the north, while far away, in the city of the gorilla king, Rhonda Terry crouched in the dry grass that littered the floor of the quarters of the king's wives and dreamed of the horrid fate that awaited her.

A week had passed since she had been thrust into this room with its fierce denizens. She had learned much concerning them since then, but not the secret of their origin.

The six adult females were the wives of the king, Henry the Eighth; and they bore the historic names of the wives of that much married English king. There were Catherine of Aragon, Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, Catherine Howard, and Catherine Parr.

It was Catherine Parr, the youngest, who had been the least unfriendly; and that, perhaps, because she had suffered at the hands of the others and hated them.

RHONDA told her that there had been a king in a far country four hundred years before who had been called Henry the Eighth and who had had six wives of the same names as theirs and that such an exact parallel seemed beyond the realms of possibility.

"Those were not our names before we became the wives of the king," explained Catherine Parr. "When we were married to the king we were given those names."

"By the king?"

"No—by God."

"What is your God like?" asked Rhonda.

"He is very old. No one knows how old he is. He has been here in England always. He is the God of England. He knows everything and is very powerful."

"Have you ever seen him?"

"No. He has not come out of his castle for many years. Now he and the king are quarreling. That is why the king has not been here since you came. God has threatened to kill him if he takes another wife."

"Why?" asked Rhonda.

"God says Henry the Eighth may have only six wives—there are no names for more."

Early the next day the American girl was awakened by horrid growls and roars that seemed to come not only from outside the palace but from the interior as well.

The she gorillas penned in the quarters with her were restless. They growled as they crowded to the windows and looked down into the courtyard and the streets beyond.

Rhonda came and stood over them and looked over their shoulders. She saw shaggy beasts struggling and fighting at the gate leading through the outer wall, surging through the courtyard below, and battling before the entrance to the palace. They fought with clubs and battle-axes, talons and fangs.

"They have freed Wolsey from the Tower," she heard Jane Seymour say, "and he is leading God's party against the king."

Catherine of Aragon squatted in the dry grass and commenced to peel a banana. "Henry and God are always quarreling," she said wearily, "and nothing ever comes of it. Every time Henry wants a new wife they quarrel."

"But I notice he always gets his wife," said Catherine Howard.

"He has had Wolsey on his side before—this time it may be different. I have heard that God wants this hairless she for himself. If he gets her, that will be the last that any one will ever see of her—which will suit me." Catherine of Aragon bared her fangs at the American girl.

The sound of fighting surged upward from the floor below until they heard it plainly in the corridor outside the closed door of their quarters. Suddenly the door was thrown open and several bulls burst into the room.

"Where is the hairless one?" demanded the leading bull. "Ah, there she is!"

He crossed the room and seized Rhonda roughly by the wrist.

"Come with me!" he ordered. "God has sent for you."

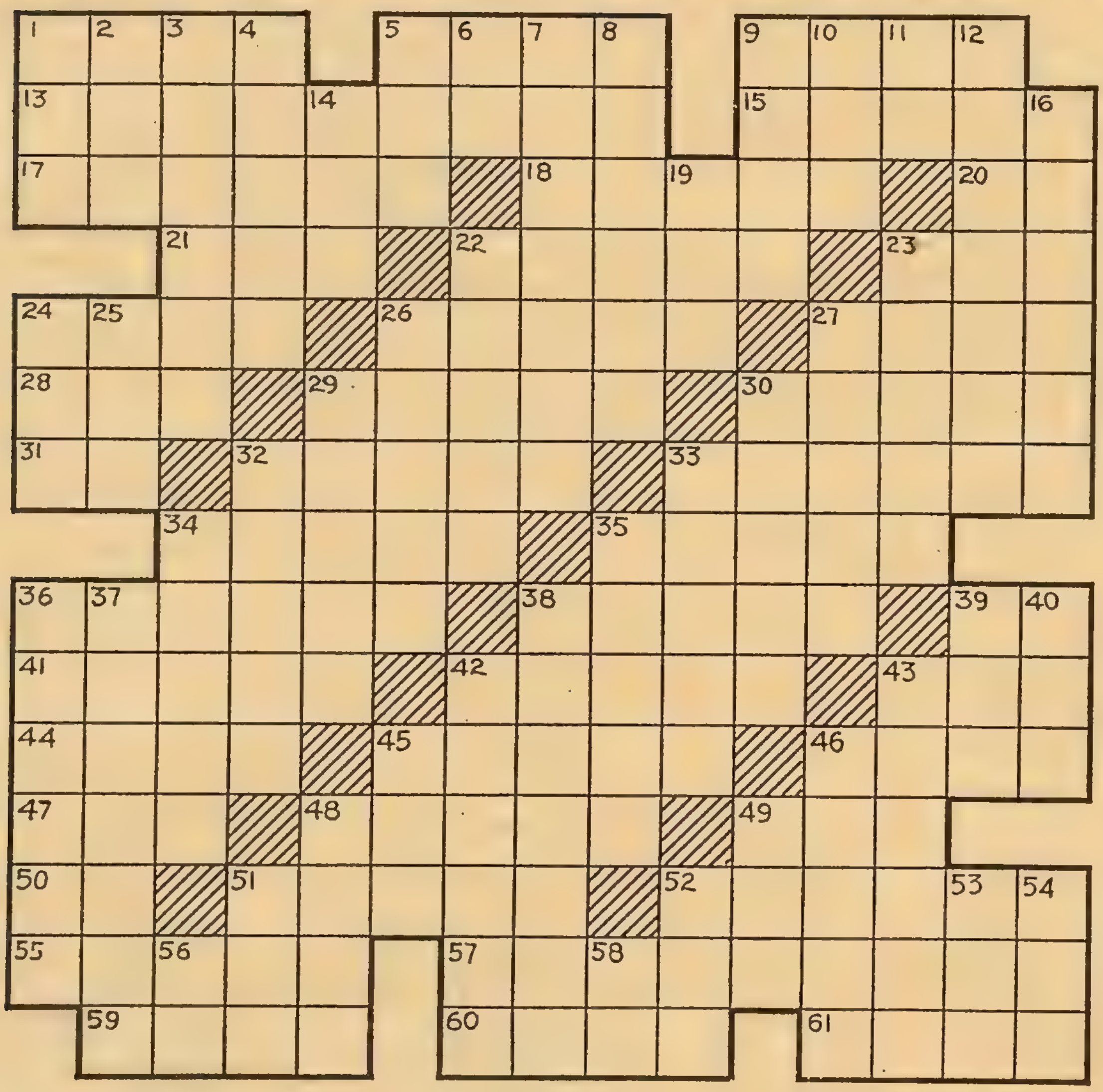
In the next installment you will read how Tarzan kills a giant gorilla and rescues Naomi Madison from deadly peril.

ANSWER TO

JUMBLEJEM ON PAGE 22

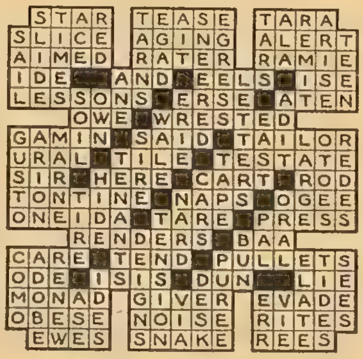
Legacy

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 A western state
5 Seed covering
9 Asterisk
13 Priority of service
15 Quoted
17 Consumers
18 Greek poet of Lesbos
20 An element (symbol)
21 Ill temper
22 To coquet
23 Obscure
24 Character in Othello
26 Sleek, smooth
27 Combining form meaning equal
28 Spanish word for river
29 Members of the laity
30 Declaims as if mad
31 A form of to be
32 Devices for holding
33 To make partition of among a number
34 End to which a design tends (plural)
35 Fallen in
36 Issues or passes off as vapor
38 The central part of anything (plural)
39 A pronoun
41 An island in the Mediterranean Sea
42 Disease in sheep (plural)
43 Leading unit in a military formation
44 Goddess of the rainbow
45 A sleeveless garment (plural)
46 Low land overflowed with water (plural)



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 STAR TEASE TARA
SLICE AGING ALERT
AIMED RATER RAMIE
IDE##AND#EELS#ISE
LESSONS#ERSE#ATEN
   OWE#WRESTED
GAMIN#SAID#TAILOR
URAL#TILE#TESTATE
SIR#HERE#CART#ROD
TONTINE#NAPS#OGEE
ONEIDA#TARE#PRESS
   RENDERS#BAA
CARE#TEND#PULLETS
ODE#ISIS#DUN##LIE
MONAD GIVER EVADE
OBESE NOISE RITES
 EWES SNAKE REES
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Answer to last week's puzzle

47 Youth
48 Exposes to view
49 To be guilty of a mistake
50 French conjunction
51 Import
52 Sailor
55 A goatherd in Vergil's third Eclogue
57 To resolve
59 Regard with care
60 Passage in a mine
61 Combining form signifying within

VERTICAL

1 Employment
2 Beverage made from leaves of a shrub
3 City in Langlade County, Wisconsin
4 Greek combining form: sacred
5 Measures of area
6 A Japanese measure of distance
7 Letters of a particular type (plural)
8 Poems
9 Tax
10 A metal
11 By
12 Withdrew from service
14 Crude metal
16 To pass by descent
19 To annoy; bore
22 Tosses
23 A king of Israel
24 A Babylonian mythological god
25 To point
26 Leaves port
27 Lays or covers with stone
29 Beast of burden
30 Rends asunder
32 Garments
33 Defies
34 Frozen
35 Conoidal pieces in machinery
36 Showed a particular facial expression
37 New Zealand tree
38 Pranced
39 A Chinese dynasty
40 Measure of type (plural)
42 A state in India
43 Noxious animals
45 A container
46 Bodily structure
48 Make crooked
49 Ever (abbreviation)
51 Digit
52 To fix in the ground, as a post
53 In addition
54 Prefix: recent
56 Pronoun
58 Note of the scale

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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Love on Hollywood

The Story of a Star Who Was Looking for a Villain and Found a Hero

(Reading time: 30 minutes 6 seconds.)

HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD on the night of an opening. Not yet seven and the sidewalk already crowded with a jostling throng. Sight-seers from Iowa fighting for places with determined tourists from Illinois and Rhode Island. Retired farmers from Vermont, resident three months, giving glib misinformation to transients from Maine and Nebraska.

Dusk deepening into dark. The first power wagons beginning to drone as the arcs flash up along the boulevard and the spots focus on the theater. Half the town upon the streets to gape, the other half to laugh at the gapers—and all for the opening of Joy Egan's new picture. Joy Egan, " America's Girl Friend "; " The World's Jazz Baby." Joy Egan in Bright Nights.

And out at the Supertex studio Joy Egan was finishing the seventh retake of the scene where she falls down a flight of stairs. It wasn't a comedy fall. It was dramatic. And it couldn't be doubled, because Gelsey, her director, had once seen a swell scene in a German film where a girl fell downstairs and ended, all twisted, in a close-up.

The seventh take was O. K. There remained only the scene where she struggled with the heavy.

" It's got to be snappy," Gelsey warned her. " Remember, you've been stringin' this guy along because of his money. But when he wants to spend the night—"

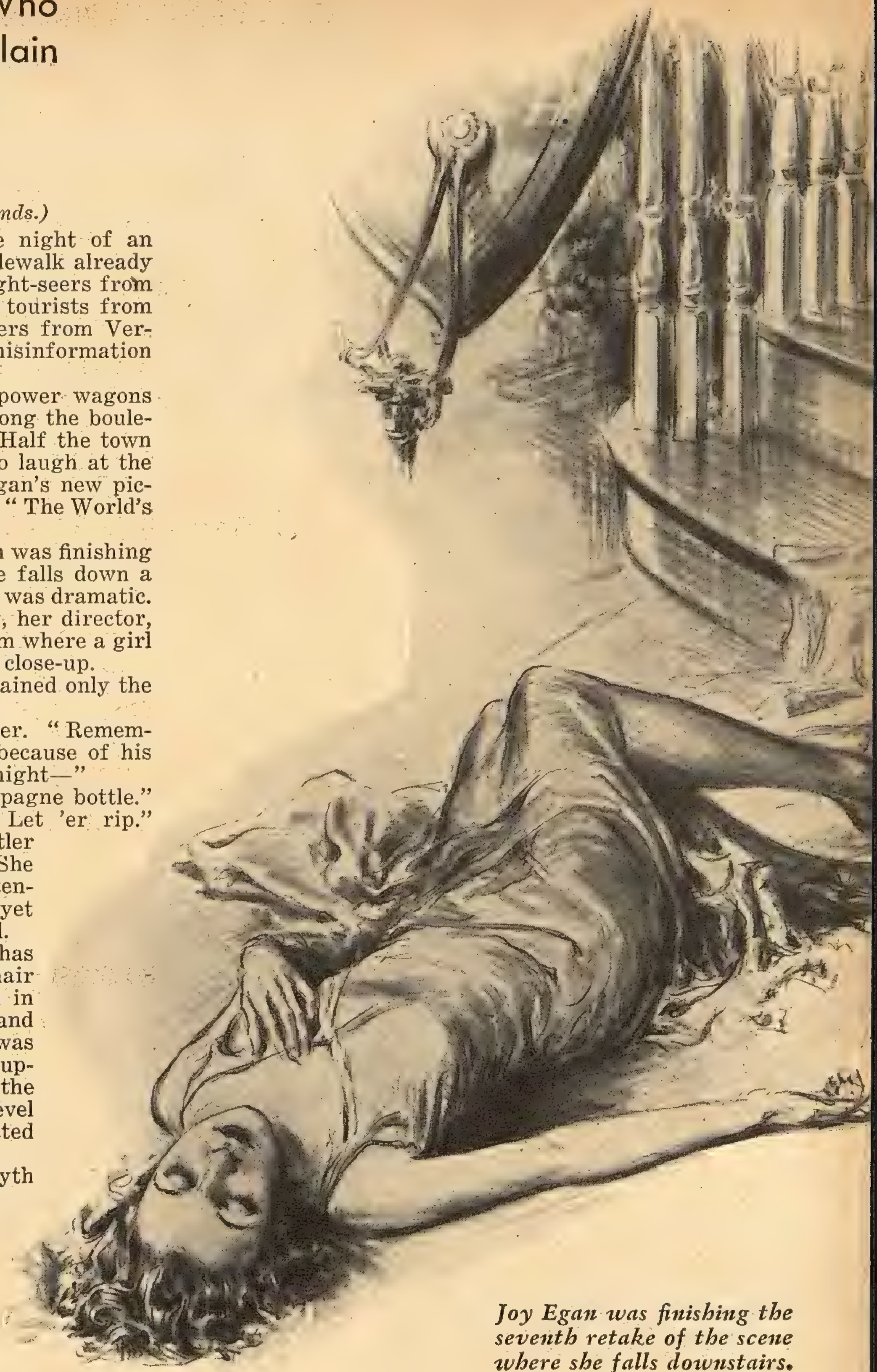
" I go ga-ga and soak him with a champagne bottle."

" That's it. Got the bottle? O. K. Let 'er rip."

Joy Egan knew her celluloid as Whistler knew his palette, Paganini his violin. She knew how to play a love scene which was ostensibly as guileless as a maiden's first kiss, yet held the subtle implication of a pagan revel.

Outwardly she resembled a child that has been dressed for a grown-up party. Her hair was short and stood up all over her head in surprised curls. Her nose was short too, and tilted a trifle at the end, while her mouth was round and innocent, full or sensuous, or upslanted at the corners with laughter, as the mood of the scene required. Only her level gray eyes, fringed with black lashes, reflected the brains within.

It took brains to keep alive the jaunty myth which was Joy Egan. Chaste wanton, profligate vestal, she must guard her reputation for naughtiness as carefully as a Victorian maiden guarded her virginity. She



Joy Egan was finishing the seventh retake of the scene where she falls downstairs.

By FLORENCE RYERSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT A. CAMERON

ROBERT A. CAMERON

must be light but not libertine, giddy but not gross. Her speech must be risqué without being ribald, and her dancing feet must never overstep the intangible line which divides daring from depravity.

Yes, it took brains to make Joy Egan—brains and that sort of shrewdness which comes to a fighter who has started at the bottom and battled to the top. The bottom had been, in Joy's case, a not-quite-slums street in Chicago. The top was a ten-room-and-sun-porch apartment on Wilshire Boulevard. She was famous, successful, envied—and so weary that she longed to lie down on the floor of the sound stage and sleep for a year.

It was eight o'clock before she finished her scene. That meant she would have to dress for the opening at the studio, which would not be an unmitigated evil. At least she would be spared the family—all except Cousin Minnie, who had consented to act as Joy's dresser because her husband had run off and left her with Johnny and Jocelyn to support.

She made it plain with every breath she drew that she considered Joy close and mean not to hand over the two hundred a month without making her work for it.

She also thought Joy ought to help little Jocelyn get into the movies instead of making her stay in school.

Joy walked slowly across the strip of green parkway that divided the stage from the dressing rooms. It was cool out there and quiet. A baby moon was in the sky. The freshly watered grass sent up a sweet clean smell. She longed to strip off her slippers and feel the cool dampness under her aching feet.

A man was waiting near her door. Bruce Blair, who had played with her in Blue Dawn. Joy set her jaw firmly and resolved that she would not lend him any more money, no matter *what*.

But Bruce's wife was sick, and there was going to be a baby—

"YOU hadn't ought t' help those bums!" Cousin Minnie raged as she helped Joy out of the hot tight dress which had chafed her skin all day.

In the shower Joy closed her eyes and tried to relax.

". . . a summer ermine that would just fit Jocelyn going for a song, but you got to throw money away on strangers!"

Joy turned off the water with a jerk. When she sank down in front of her dressing table, the glass reflected her cruelly.

All the lines drooped—her eyelids, worn by the glare of the lights, her lips, weary of their perpetual smile, even the lines of her slim throat seemed weary of holding her head erect.

"If you don't care about getting to that opening, other folks *do*," Cousin Minnie told her caustically.

"Oh, all right, all right. There isn't enough of the dress to keep two people busy. Here's a couple of dollars. Treat yourself to a taxi home."

Nine o'clock, and the Boulevard was ablaze. The pattern of the crowd shifted and changed under the hard white light like inconstant particles in a kaleidoscope. At the end of the street, searchlights in blue and silver slashed the sky into ribbons of dark velvet.

Joy's limousine swung into the line of cars which was moving inch by inch between cordons of police. The mob discovered her and applauded madly.

Her face was no longer the face of the dressing-room mirror. All the lines had lifted. The eyes sparkled. The lips curved into laughter. It was as though the life of the crowd were running in her veins.

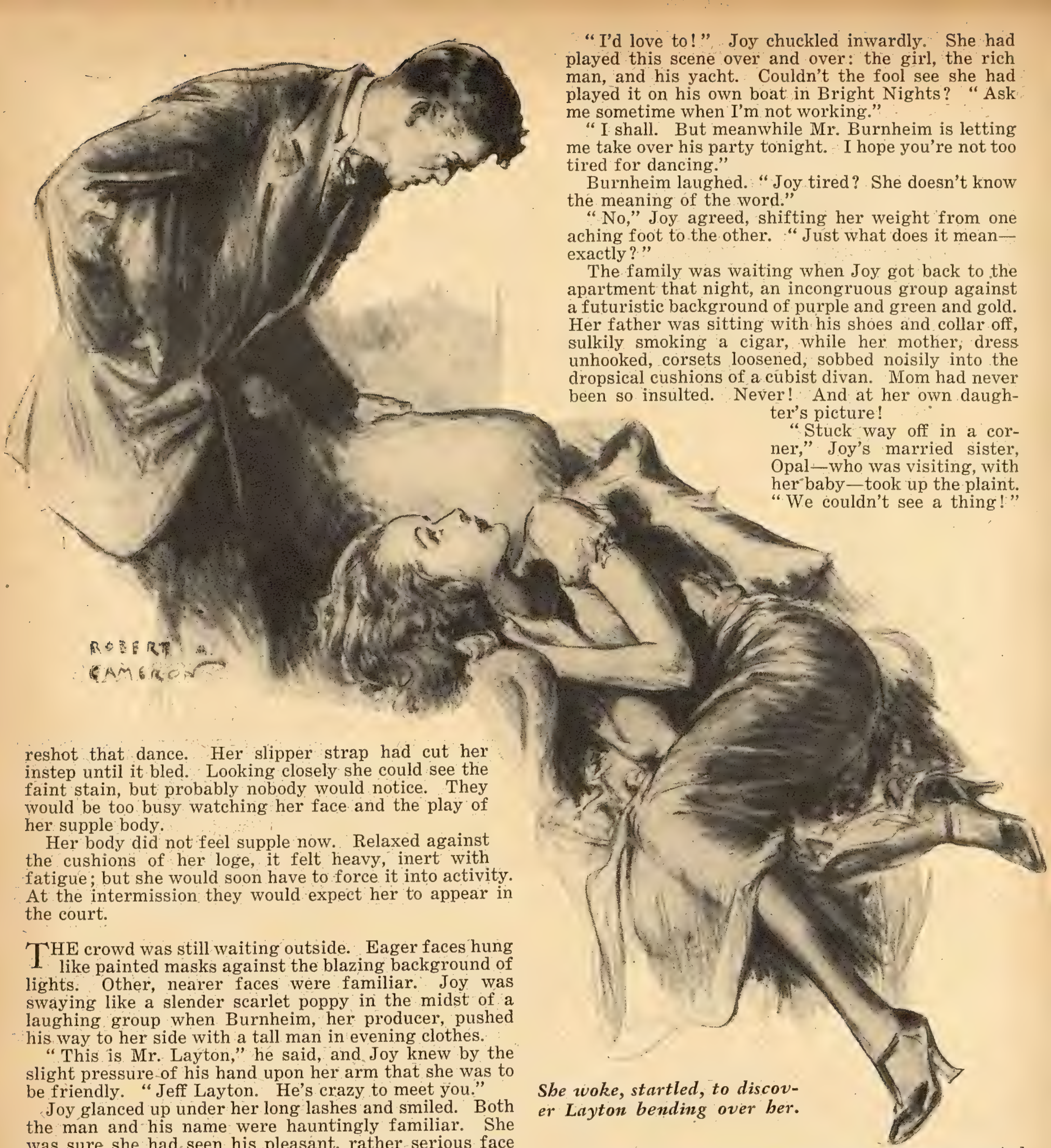
Near the theater the lights grew brighter. The uproar increased. An orchestra was playing. Overhead a loud-speaker spewed forth raucous words.

"Miss Joan Crawford is arriving, folks, lovely in white. Next comes Bill—beg pardon, Bill—I mean Mr. *William* Powell. Miss Crawford will speak a few words of greeting into the mike."

Arc lights sputtered. The crowd laughed and chattered. The loud-speaker recommenced its jocund ballyhoo: "Now for the big sensation of the evening, folks. Miss Joy Egan, star of tonight's picture. Miss Egan is in a red-velvet dress. And is she pretty! Well, just ask me. No, don't ask me—m' wife's here. Ha-ha! Won't you say a few words, Miss Egan? Stand by, folks; Miss Egan is going to say a few words. Miss Egan, Miss Joy Egan, star of Bright Nights."

The picture was applauded, of course. All pictures are applauded at openings. Watching the story unroll, Joy remembered how cold she had been when they shot the yachting sequence, the wind biting through her costume of thin chiffon. Strange that the audience did not sense her coldness, nor her exhaustion in the scene where she danced on the table. They had shot and

Boulevard



She woke, startled, to discover Layton bending over her.

reshot that dance. Her slipper strap had cut her instep until it bled. Looking closely she could see the faint stain, but probably nobody would notice. They would be too busy watching her face and the play of her supple body.

Her body did not feel supple now. Relaxed against the cushions of her loge, it felt heavy, inert with fatigue; but she would soon have to force it into activity. At the intermission they would expect her to appear in the court.

THE crowd was still waiting outside. Eager faces hung like painted masks against the blazing background of lights. Other, nearer faces were familiar. Joy was swaying like a slender scarlet poppy in the midst of a laughing group when Burnheim, her producer, pushed his way to her side with a tall man in evening clothes.

"This is Mr. Layton," he said, and Joy knew by the slight pressure of his hand upon her arm that she was to be friendly. "Jeff Layton. He's crazy to meet you."

Joy glanced up under her long lashes and smiled. Both the man and his name were hauntingly familiar. She was sure she had seen his pleasant, rather serious face before. She knew, even before he bent his head, that his hair would be gray at the temples. *Jeff Layton.* Why, of course. He was the president of the bank where she kept her money. He had millions in oil wells—or was it mines? It was his yacht they had used in Bright Nights. And almost at the same moment she realized why he had seemed so familiar. He was the perfect millionaire type as it is pictured on the screen. Broker, sportsman, banker—she had played opposite him in pictures again and again. Only there it had been an actor made up for the part. Here was the original.

She was used to having little jokes with herself, jokes that no one else enjoyed. This one she considered unusually good, and the thought lent subtle humor to her reply.

"I liked your yacht," she said. "Especially the rigging. The heavy chased me over every inch of it!"

"Why not try it," Layton suggested, "without the heavy?"

"I'd love to!" Joy chuckled inwardly. She had played this scene over and over: the girl, the rich man, and his yacht. Couldn't the fool see she had played it on his own boat in Bright Nights? "Ask me sometime when I'm not working."

"I shall. But meanwhile Mr. Burnheim is letting me take over his party tonight. I hope you're not too tired for dancing."

Burnheim laughed. "Joy tired? She doesn't know the meaning of the word."

"No," Joy agreed, shifting her weight from one aching foot to the other. "Just what does it mean—exactly?"

The family was waiting when Joy got back to the apartment that night, an incongruous group against a futuristic background of purple and green and gold. Her father was sitting with his shoes and collar off, sulkily smoking a cigar, while her mother, dress unhooked, corsets loosened, sobbed noisily into the dropsical cushions of a cubist divan. Mom had never been so insulted. Never! And at her own daughter's picture!

"Stuck way off in a corner," Joy's married sister, Opal—who was visiting, with her baby—took up the plaint. "We couldn't see a thing!"

"And the usher was damned impudent when we wanted him to get you," her father contributed.

"As if it wasn't bad enough for the studio to order us not to stand with you at intermission," her mother keened simultaneously, "like we was something to be ashamed of. And not letting your pa on the lot to take care of your interests."

Joy sank into a chair and allowed the plaints of her family to drone about her ears.

"Where's Will?" she asked finally. "Wasn't he with you?"

"Yes; but he's out looking for Les."

"Les has lost his job," Opal contributed maliciously.

"Not again? Why, he's only been there about a week!"

"Now don't you go blaming Les!" Her mother sprang to the defense. "He couldn't help it. He'll tell you himself."

Joy looked up as Les slouched into the room, and experienced for the hundredth time a sort of wondering defeat. Where was the little pink-and-white brother she had mothered in that half-forgotten Chicago street? That baby couldn't have changed into this thin sallow boy with a sulky mouth and hair that seemed painted on his skull like the hair of a tailor's dummy.

“God, what a head!” he groaned, and lurched across the room to drop on the divan. “'D they tell you I got the gate, sis?”

“Yes. What happened this time?”

“Ol' Clark caught me shootin' craps, an' got fresh. I told him I didn't have t' work—you made enough every week to buy his lousy business. Then I up 'n' quit on him.”

“And you done just right,” his mother approved. “Joy won't let folks insult her family, will you, Joy?”

Suddenly Joy broke down. She sat sobbing into the crook of her arm. The family stared, first with astonishment, then with uneasy annoyance. It wasn't like Joy to carry on about a little thing like Les losing a job.

“Here's Will,” Opal said nastily. “He'll quiet her.”

Will was tall and blond and clean-shaven. “Handsome as a screen hero,” every one said. And yet, he had tried the screen and failed—lacked something, nobody could say quite what. He was doing bits when Joy met him, working, between pictures, in a haberdashery. Joy had bought the shop, and they were to be married as soon as she could put aside enough money to take care of her family.

To Joy, Will was the visible symbol of her release from bondage. Just to look at him was a reminder that there were happier times ahead, years when she would be able to forget the studio and settle down in a house with a blue-tiled kitchen, a garden, and a patio with painted chairs.

“WHAT'S the matter, baby?” he asked cheerfully. Will was always cheerful. “Something get your goat? There, there!”

“It's Les. He's out of a job again. Minnie's nagging for a summer ermine. And Opal's left Joe and come home with the baby.”

“Well, I guess you got enough to go around.” Will never worried. “You aren't going to starve.”

“No.” Her sobs were growing less. “But with Jocelyn's tonsils, pop's real estate, mom's new car, and Les running into a grocery wagon, I haven't saved a cent this month. We won't *ever* get married.”

“We don't have to wait, honey.”

“I don't want to be married until I can leave the screen.”

“I don't feel right about spoiling your career—a great artist like you.”

“I'm *not* a great artist. I just happen to be dishing up something the public wants right now. But they won't want it long. I'm twenty-six and beginning to show it.”

“You're tired now, honey. You'll feel different tomorrow.”

“I'll never feel different and I'll never be rested till I get off the screen.” The very thought cheered her, and she added more brightly: “I saw Jeff Layton again today. You know—the banker. He offered to advise me about investments.”

“Gee, that's great! He's way on the inside.”

“Yes,” doubtfully. “But I don't know. He acts sort of crazy about me. You know how men are—that kind of men.”

“It won't hurt to string him along. Say, he might give Les a place in the bank!”

“Yes”—Joy's eyes were troubled—“that's right, he might.”

JOY knew all about rich men. For years she had been playing the working girl who is harassed by a wealthy employer; the gay wanton whose heart is pure but whose dancing feet are led astray by a millionaire. Jeff Layton's technique, to her, was so obvious that it was laughable. Upon her first visit to his office he offered to take over her muddled affairs and build up the basis for a neat fortune by the time her contract was finished. He promised to take Les into his own office where he could keep a paternal eye on the young man.

“And where I'll visit him,” Joy added to herself. Mentally she was forecasting his next move. Ten to one, he would ask her out on his yacht. Before she could complete the thought, he glanced up from her list of securities.

“Would you like to run away for a little rest this week-end? We could just loaf up and down the coast. My sister would chaperon.”

Joy knew that one. It was cribbed from The Two o'Clock Girl. At the last minute his sister (if she existed) would be stricken with neuralgia or appendicitis.

“I'm sorry,” she told him, with beautifully assumed regret. “I never go anywhere when I'm on a picture. Perhaps later.”

Followed months of steady work. She saw Layton occasionally at his office, more often at the studio, where he dropped in to talk over investments.

“He thinks I'll have ninety thousand by the end of my contract,” she told Will. “Mostly in bonds. He's sold my stocks while they're high, because, he says, there'll be another drop.”

“He's crazy!” Les was reading the market reports. “If you'd let me take charge of your money—”

“She won't,” her father commented bitterly. “She'd rather be gypped by a stranger than trust her own flesh and blood.”

“Let's get out.” Will hated arguments. “Let's go somewhere.”

“I'm all in.” Joy had worked ten hours. “Ready to drop.”

“It'll do you good. Brighten you up. We'll drop in at the Roosevelt and dance.”

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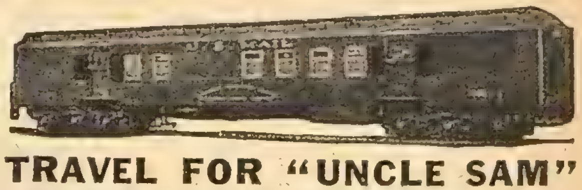

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At the Roosevelt he was the handsomest man in the room. Joy knew that as many eyes looked at Will as at her, for all that she was a movie star. That was as it should be. She was rejecting the advances of a rich man to marry a poor boy—exactly as though it were a romance on the screen.

"Rich man, poor man—" The rhyme flitted through her mind as she danced. "Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief—"

She discovered Jeff Layton at a table with a party. He saw her—was crossing the room, and she had told him she never went out during the making of a picture! It's exactly like a scene in a picture, Joy thought as she introduced him to Will and watched the older man size up the younger with a quick shrewd glance.

"I'm being a bad girl," she confessed frankly. "Breaking training. Making whoopee."

"Good for you!" Layton approved. "How about trying it with me tomorrow night?"

"I'd love to—but I have an awful day."

"Then Saturday. No? Sunday? Good. The yacht's in dry dock, but we can take a run up the coast in the car."

"Of course I don't have to go," she told Will on the way home. "Mother can get sick or I'll have a headache."

"You can't risk making him sore," disapprovingly. "Won't hurt you to be nice to the old boy."

"He isn't so old." Joy, for some reason, was annoyed. "Not a day over forty, if that—and not bad-looking."

"Yeah, if you like that type." Will was too sure of himself to be jealous. "Spends a mint on his clothes. Whyn't you steer him to the shop?"

"With his taking time for my business, and giving Les a job, and getting a specialist for mom's appendicitis? I've gouged enough out of him! Sorry," she added in a different tone. "I didn't mean to be cross, but I'm tired."

"You'll get a chance to rest Sunday."

"Oh, yes?" Her voice was bitter. "I hope to God it rains!"

But Sunday was clear and warm.

At ten o'clock Joy strolled into the living room and discovered that Layton had been there for some time. Mom was talking to him confidentially, and when mom talked confidentially it meant she was complaining about the studio—the way it was treating Joy's family, not allowin' papa on the lot, f'r instance, although by rights he ought to be looking after her interests.

Opal was there too, in a soiled negligee. The baby whimpered in damp night clothes. Papa and Les, still in pyjamas, lounged among the Sunday papers and breakfast trays with their stale coffee, broken toast, and cigarette stubs. Only Cousin Minnie was missing; but Joy knew with a sick certainty that she would fall upon them presently if they lingered.

"I WANTED to see your family," Layton told her as they stepped into the car. "I'd never met any of them, except Lester."

"How is Les doing?"

"Well," judicially, "he doesn't seem any too fond of work."

"He's so young," she defended. "And it's hard—seeing me make so much money."

"You're devoted to him, aren't you?"

She nodded. "Mom was sick a long time after he was born. I had to take care of him. It would kill me to have him turn out badly. If only I could get him to go to school!" She broke off, angry with herself. Layton was trying the old stunt, she told herself, finding out what she valued in order to get a hold on her.

For a time they talked about the sea, which stretched, a mosaic of jade and lapis lazuli, toward the west. Layton had crossed it many times, but it was lonesome business, traveling alone. With some one he cared for—He left the thought delicately suspended, and swung the car up through a sycamore-shaded cañon to a house which overlooked the water.

"This is a private place, not an inn," he told her. "Old Maria was my nurse. She'll be glad to give us a meal."

The old-retainer wheeze! Joy chuckled to herself as she followed him through a crumbling gateway and into a patio where honeysuckle clambered over the adobe walls and spilled golden pollen upon the velvet leaves of scarlet geranium. Olive trees changed mistily from green to silver, and beyond, outlined against a sea so intensely blue that it seemed to burn, was a single perfect eucalyptus.

While Layton went in search of their hostess, Joy dropped into a cushioned chair. She closed her eyes, luxuriating in the warmth, the heavenly quiet. Her taut nerves loosened; fatigue flowed away into the honey-colored sunshine.

She woke, startled, to discover Layton bending over her. The sun had moved until its light no longer lay across her chair. A wind was blowing in from the sea.

"Four o'clock," he told her. "You've slept three hours, and dinner is waiting. I hope you like Spanish food."

The table was laid at the sheltered end of the patio, under a tangled grapevine. Pots of nasturtium and petunia were upon the floor.

Maria—who was fat and brown and smiling—served them chicken cooked in a peppery sauce, tortillas, and tender green chilis that had been stuffed, then fried. For salad, watercress from the stream below. For dessert, sugared guavas from the garden.

JOY was as happy as any woman can be who is enjoying the right things with the wrong man. If only Will might be here to taste this divine food, to hold her hand while she looked across the patio to the green-blue sea! Or if Layton would allow her to enjoy it. But no! Already Maria was bringing the coffee, and he had moved his chair, ostensibly to face the view, but really, she saw, to be several feet closer to her.

"Like this place?" he asked abruptly.

"Love it! I could live and die and be buried here!"

"There isn't any reason why you shouldn't—it belongs to me." She waited, still and scornful, for what she knew must follow. "We could come up here whenever you liked—if we were married."

"Married?"

"You don't mean to say you didn't know I was crazy about you?"

"No—that is—" How could she tell him that she had expected a proposal, but not of marriage? "You—you didn't show it," she faltered.

"I thought it was plain as day! Anyway, you know it now. Will you marry me, Joy?"

"No." At least she owed him frankness. "I'm sorry, but, you see, I'm in love with some one else."

"That boy I saw the other night?" She nodded. "He's not the man for you, Joy."

"I'm the best judge of that."

"You're the worst possible judge, my dear. Almost any one else could see he's a nice enough boy, but all wrong for you. You need some one who will take care of you."

"He'll take care of me. You're misjudging Will because he's good-looking. And, anyway, he's the man I love."

There was silence. Dusk was falling. The wind had grown chill and the trees had become black shadows.

"It's time we started home," she said; and, as Layton helped her with her coat: "I s'pose I'd better find another job for Les. You won't want to bother with him now."

"Don't be a little idiot! What you've told me doesn't make any difference. You'll marry me."

"One of those strong silent men who always get what they want, eh?"

"Something like that. I've never wanted anything that I didn't get. I want you—very much."

She laughed, relieved. With his proposal of marriage Layton had stepped out of character, had become an unknown quantity. Now, with that last remark, he had stepped back into his part—the part of the rich man who wants something so much that he is willing to pay any price, even marriage.

The next three weeks were a delirium of work, part of the time on two pictures at once. There were nights when Joy dropped into bed too exhausted for sleep, mornings when she woke too weary to rise. But at least the end of her slavery was in sight.

"Burnie wants an answer on the new contract," she told Les. It was late, and the family had gone to the theater. Only her brother was there, surprisingly, to greet her on her return from the studio. "I'm going to tell him tomorrow."

"What're you going to tell him?"

"That I'm through with the screen!" She tossed her coat and hat on the couch and moved about the room, talking excitedly. "We washed up the last of the retakes today and the picture's in the can. I've enough money put away to take care of mom and dad, not extravagantly but comfortably, the rest of their lives, and you have a job. I'm going to marry Will and do all the things I've dreamed about. I'm going to have a house of my own, and a garden, and kids—" She broke off suddenly at the sight of her brother's face. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing."

Les had been trying to light a cigarette, but he threw it down and picked up a newspaper. There was about his attempt to appear casual something strained and unnatural.

"You're in some sort of a mess," Joy insisted.

"All right." He tossed the paper aside. "If you must know, I've been buying stocks—"

"But you haven't any money!"

"I got some from Will." He gave her no time to question, but hurried on: "The stuff kept going up—until Wednesday; then the bottom dropped out. They were going to sell us out and I had to do something. So I took some of Layton's bonds." She gave a quick sharp cry, but he went on, unheeding: "They weren't registered and I told the broker they were yours. It wasn't stealing. I thought sure the stuff would go up and I could put the bonds back."

"But Layton found out?" She could scarcely speak.

"Yes. I think he knew all the time! The dirty sneak! He wants to talk to me in the morning." He dropped to the floor and buried his head in Joy's lap, his arms about her waist. "You go see him, sis. I'm scared! He could send me to jail! But he's crazy about you. You can do anything with him. Please go!"

HE was sobbing now. His hair was no longer smooth but ruffled into curls. Once more he was the baby brother Joy had loved.

"Don't!" she said, drawing him to her shoulder. "Don't cry, honey. Sister will fix it! Sister will take care of you."

Will was still at the shop. On Saturday he kept open until ten. But he had closed the door when Joy arrived, and was covering the stock for the night.

"What's happened?" he asked quickly. "Is it Les?"

Hazily the thought entered Joy's mind that Les had said something about getting money from Will, but she brushed it aside. She talked quickly, breathlessly, so that he would have the story complete, could begin reassuring her, telling her not to worry.

"Les is sure Layton knew about the bonds and didn't stop him. Wouldn't you think he'd know better than to try that old gag?"

"What gag?"

"Getting a hold on my brother so's to get a hold on me. Why, it's so old it's got whiskers!"

"Old or not, he's got you." Will's voice held a strange shrill note and his face was distorted into a flat mask of fear. "If he turns ugly, you can see what it'll mean."

"To Les?"

"To you. If he presses the charge and the papers get hold of the story, it may put a crimp in your new contract."

"My contract?" Her voice was brittle, like the crackle of ice. "What's my contract have to do with it?"

"If a thing like this breaks in the papers, Burnheim can claim it's knocked your value; he can cut down on your salary."

"I'm not going to sign again. You know that."

"Joy, you can't mean that. You can't be fool enough to leave the screen just when you're getting into the big money!"

FOR the first time she saw that his eyes were an odd shade of blue, pale and expressionless behind their long fair lashes. There was something strange about his mouth, too. Funny she'd never noticed how slack it was, how weak and petulant.

"You'd be crazy to give it up! What could you live on?"

"There's your shop," she said slowly, and he laughed.

"Live on a lousy shop when you can knock down three thousand a week? Don't be a sap. Besides, we haven't the shop. I just sold it."

"*Sold* it?"

"Sure. Where'd you think Les got the money to buy stock? I let him have the first payment a fellow made on the place." He bent over her, flashing his teeth in his facile smile. "Of course I want you to take a rest, honey. Burnie'll give you time off to get married. We can take a trip to Honolulu. You'll come back all rested 'n' ready for work. And you won't have to worry any more. I'll take everything off your shoulders. All you got to do is your stuff at the studio. I'll manage your money and all."

Joy began to laugh—a laugh that was shrill with hysteria. She picked up her coat and made for the door. Will followed, arguing, protesting, but she did not even turn. She only hurried faster, until she was safe in the car, until she had started the engine and swung away from the curb. Then her laugh cracked, splintered into sobs, and the boule-

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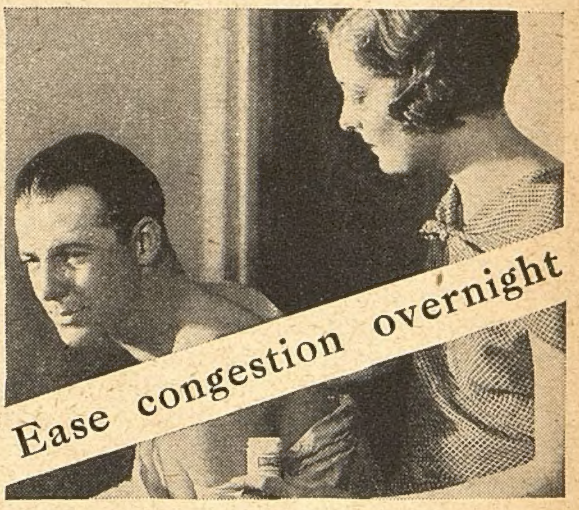

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vard became a swirling mass of jewels seen through the prism of her tears.

She was glad to find the apartment empty. Feeling that she must get the interview over before she slept, she had stopped and telephoned Layton to meet her there.

Her body was a thing of weariness and dull aching pain. Her mind felt numb and lifeless. Over and over again the same thoughts ground through her brain: Will, *her* Will, had never existed. He was an illusion created in her own mind. Layton could send Les to prison unless he permitted her to buy the boy off. That would mean three more years at the studio—three years of life in this apartment with pop and mom, with Opal and Les and Minnie.

Layton wanted to marry her. Perhaps he had the right idea, after all. When you want something very much, you should reach out and take it. Well, she wanted something. She wanted rest and release from worry.

There was a ring at the door, and she threw it open. Layton entered, dropped his coat and hat, and followed her into the living room without a word. Under the lights she faced him.

"I'll marry you," she said, "if you still want me. Only, you'll have to take me at once."

He studied her pallor, her deep-sunk eyes and quivering lips.

"And Will?"

"I'm through with Will."

"Good." He snapped to a decision and picked up the telephone. "Can you pack in twenty minutes?"

"Yes. What are you going to do?"

"Call the airport. There's no three-day license law in Arizona." For a time he talked into the telephone. When he turned, Joy was still waiting.

"There's one thing more," she said evenly. "What are you going to do about Les and those bonds?"

HE stopped short, the telephone still in his hand. "You mean he told you?"

"Of course he told me. That's what you wanted, wasn't it?"

"No!" he half shouted. "Never dreamed he'd be such a fool!"

"But"—she was puzzled—"he said you knew he had them."

"Not until the broker phoned me. They knew I was taking care of your stuff and asked about the bonds."

"Why didn't you stop it then?"

"Because I thought it'd give me a hold on the young scamp. Thought this would give me a chance to be tough with him.

"I could *make* him go to school. You said you wanted that more than anything."

"And you"—she was staring as though seeing him for the first time—"you didn't intend I should find out?"

"Good Lord, no!" His indignation was almost comic. He had run his hands through his hair until it stood up on end. It gave him, absurdly enough, the look of a small boy whose game has not come out as he intended. "That's the very *last* thing I wanted. My idea was to make you think he'd gone to school on his own hook."

"*The very last thing I wanted.*" She heard nothing after that. The last thing he wanted was for her to know. Then he hadn't intended to use it. The idea was so far from his thoughts that he hadn't even guessed her ugly little suspicions.

Why, he'd thought she was marrying him because she loved him, because his want of her had brought her to him. He had been right about Will—was it possible he was right about her? She felt his hand on her arm. His warm flesh touched hers with a pressure that sent a strange tingle through her body.

"THE family's coming, dear," he said. "Better go pack and let me handle them."

She nodded, and Layton accompanied her to the door of the bedroom, his arm around her shoulders. As they reached the threshold, he bent and kissed her once, lightly, then again with a boyish ardor that left her breathless.

"Little thing," he said. "Little *thing*. What fun we're going to have—you and I!"

He released her and, leaning against the door, she heard his voice in the outer room. For a moment it was low and controlled; but as the voices of the family rose in shrill and clamorous protest, his words rang out clear and distinct.

"I've told you the proposition. I'll double everything you make, but you'll get your own jobs, and you'll keep 'em, or you'll not get a cent!" And in reply to some wail from Opal his tone carried the crack of a whip. "No use appealing to Joy. I'm bossing things from now on, and she's going to rest. D'you understand? She's going to rest!"

Suddenly, in the dark bedroom, sanity descended upon Joy—sanity and a new clearness of vision. She had merely mixed up the cast of her story. Will had been the "heavy" all along, and the hero—the real hero—was laying down the law in the next room.

Smiling her famous smile, Joy Egan snapped on the lights and went over to powder her nose before packing.

THE END

CIRCUMSTANCES CONTEST PRIZE WINNERS

WEEK OF OCTOBER 7

$50 FIRST PRIZE
FLORENCE DILLON, New York, N. Y.

$25 SECOND PRIZE
FANNY E. WATERS, Westmount, Montreal, Que.

$15 THIRD PRIZE
CHARLES M. WILSON, JR., Washington, D. C.

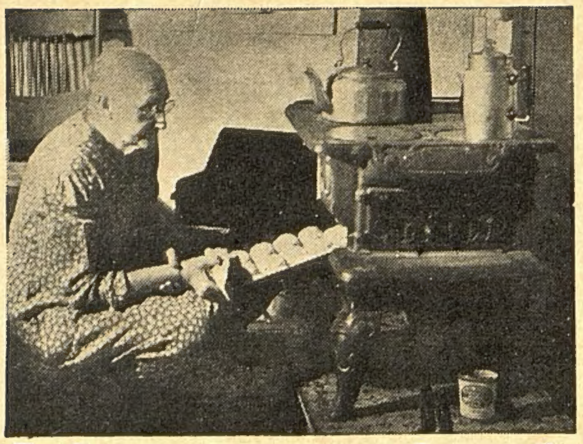
$10 FOURTH PRIZE
LORA LEMMER, Macomb, Ill.

TEN $5 PRIZES

Gilbert Consulich, Berkeley, Calif.; H. Carleton Dair, Dorchester, N. B.; Carlotta H. Fish, Rye, N. Y.; J. F. Gordy, Atlanta, Ga.; Harry L. Jones, Dayton, Ohio; Alice Lawson, Tulsa, Okla.; Dick Ruttan, Hollywood, Calif.; L. A. Siguad, Greenwood Lake, N. Y.; E. C. Thoroman, Lawrence, Kan.; James Walker, New York, N. Y.

FIFTY $2 PRIZES

James A. Aleshire, Lacarne, Ohio; Betty P. Anderson, Tallahassee, Fla.; Mrs. Muriel A. Baker, Matawan, N. J.; Ivan Belknap, Corpus Christi, Texas; Elizabeth Bradford, East Milton, Mass.; Miss Bobbie Buss, San Antonio, Texas; Rita J. Carroll, Brooklyn, N. Y.; C. H. Chapman, Chicago, Ill.; Dan Cheek, Lavonia, Ga.; Frederick L. Cole, New Haven, Conn.; Charles R. Courter, San Francisco, Calif.; J. D. Cronin, San Francisco, Calif.; Loris Dover, Mars Hill, N. C.; Althea Edmunds, Brooklyn, N. Y.; George E. Flynn, Saginaw, Mich.; Frida Friesser, New York, N. Y.; Toivo J. Hagman, Wenatchee, Wash.; Herbert G. Hall, Michigan City, Ind.; R. G. Harding, Regina, Sask.; Claudia Harris, Indianapolis, Ind.; George H. Hart, Lawndale, N. C.; Lee Hopkins, Kansas City, Mo.; C. Kahl, Phoenix, Ariz.; Carl Lancken, Tulsa, Okla.; Mrs. R. A. Lauer, Sacramento, Calif.; M. Lauerman, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary M. Lydick, South Bend, Ind.; Marie V. Martino, New York, N. Y.; Howard J. McClurg, Chicago, Ill.; Cleo Melbourne, Denver, Colo.; Helen Mills, Sacramento, Calif.; Louis J. F. Moore, Great Neck, N. Y.; Catherine R. Moran, State Line, Mass.; George Morgan, Auburn, Mass.; Dale Norman, San Diego, Calif.; Glen Recktenwall, Jr., Gary, Ind.; Helene Saum, Yankton, S. D.; Mrs. R. R. Schubert, Youngwood, Pa.; Norine Sexton, Los Angeles, Calif.; Robert Shearer, St. John, N. B.; T. J. Slowey, Baltimore, Md.; D. Thomas, Ellsworth, Kan.; Ethel W. Trout, Atlantic City, N. J.; Chase Varney, Colorado Springs, Colo.; F. P. Vetterick, Pascagoula, Miss.; Alfred Vogt, Winnipeg, Man.; Mrs. C. T. Wheeler, Chicago, Ill.; Gilson Willets, San Francisco, Calif.; George B. Young, Buffalo, N. Y.; Myer L. Zola, Mattapan, Mass.



$5,000 IN BIG CASH PRIZES

YOU CAN WIN!

Home Life Snapshot Contest

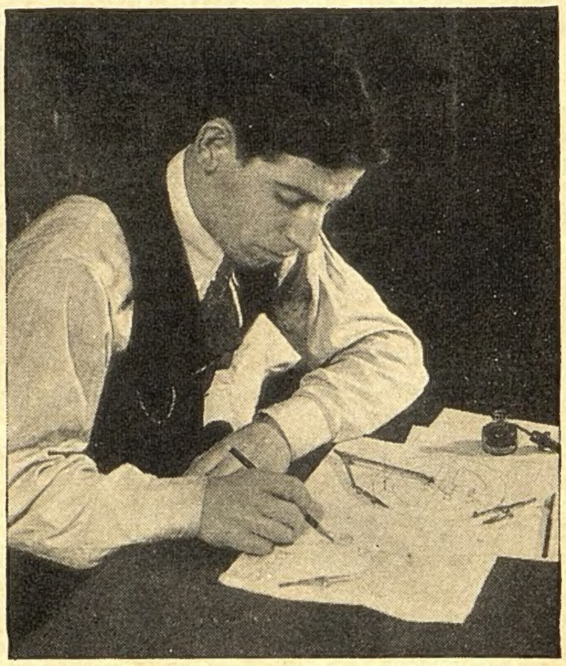
51 AWARDS THIS WEEK FIVE $200 GRAND PRIZES

AIM your camera at a Liberty Home Life Snapshot prize. Your chance to win one of this week's cash awards is excellent. Just snap a picture somewhere about your home and enter it as directed in the rules. No matter if you are a novice at photography. If your entry is clear enough for reproduction by printing, it is clear enough to win a prize. For the purposes of this contest the product of the most inexpensive camera will be as acceptable as that of the most costly. In fact, you can use a borrowed camera if your own is misplaced. The picture's the thing.

Everything related to home life presents possibilities for a prize-winning picture. The children at play or study, an interesting corner of the living room, dad fixing a tire on the family flivver, that game of contract with the Smiths, mother returning from an early Christmas shopping adventure—there's probably a prize-worthy subject right before you now. Get the camera and snap it!

Fifty-one prizes will be paid this week, and you may also win one of the $200 Grand Prizes. This week's contest closes Tuesday, December 26.

The snapshots on this page won cash prizes last season. Why not send in your snapshot this week? You may win big money!



CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

EACH WEEK	
FIRST PRIZE.................	$100
TEN SECOND PRIZES, each $10	100
FORTY THIRD PRIZES, each $5	200
WEEKLY TOTAL............	$400
TOTAL PRIZES FOR TEN WEEKS......................	$4,000
GRAND PRIZES	
FIVE PRIZES, each $200.......	$1,000
TOTAL CASH PRIZES TO BE PAID....................	$5,000

HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST RULES

TEN WEEKLY CONTESTS

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will award $400 in cash prizes for the best home life snapshots submitted by nonprofessional photographers.

2. Any one, anywhere, may enter except professional photographers, employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

3. There is no restriction regarding size of prints. Enlargements are eligible, but in case of enlargements the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached.

4. Photographs need not be taken specifically for this contest, but they must be taken on or after November 8, 1933, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you agree that you will upon request submit to Liberty the negative from which your print was made. Such negatives will be returned if desired.

5. Submit as many prints as you wish. Write plainly or print name and full address on the back of each. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.

6. The first weekly contest closes Monday, December 4, and succeeding contests will close each following Monday, including February 5, 1934, which ends the contest series.

7. Quality of photography does not count, except that any snapshot in order to be awarded a prize must be of sufficient clearness to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. Judging on that basis, each week of this contest series the person submitting the best snapshot will receive the first prize of $100, etc., as per the cash prize schedule elsewhere on this page.

8. Address all entries to HOME LIFE SNAPSHOTS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

$1,000 GRAND PRIZE RULES

1. Regardless of whether or not it has won a weekly prize, every entry in the contest series will be eligible for one of the five $200 Grand Prizes to be awarded when the contest series closes.

2. These Grand Prizes wil be awarded for the following divisions: Group A, best baby snapshot. Group B, best family group. Group C, best home interior. Group D, best pet picture. Group E, the snapshot that most nearly tells a complete story.

3. The conditions set forth in Rules 3, 4, 5, and 7 above apply to this Grand Prize offer.

Advertisement

Over 1000
Additional Awards Weekly
To Entrants In The
LIBERTY HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

The Master Photo Finishers of America, giving Master Photo Finishing service through the most important Photo Dealers in most towns and cities of the United States and Canada, will award thousands of extra Blue Ribbon Prize Photo Enlargements each week to entrants in the LIBERTY Home Life Snapshot Contest.

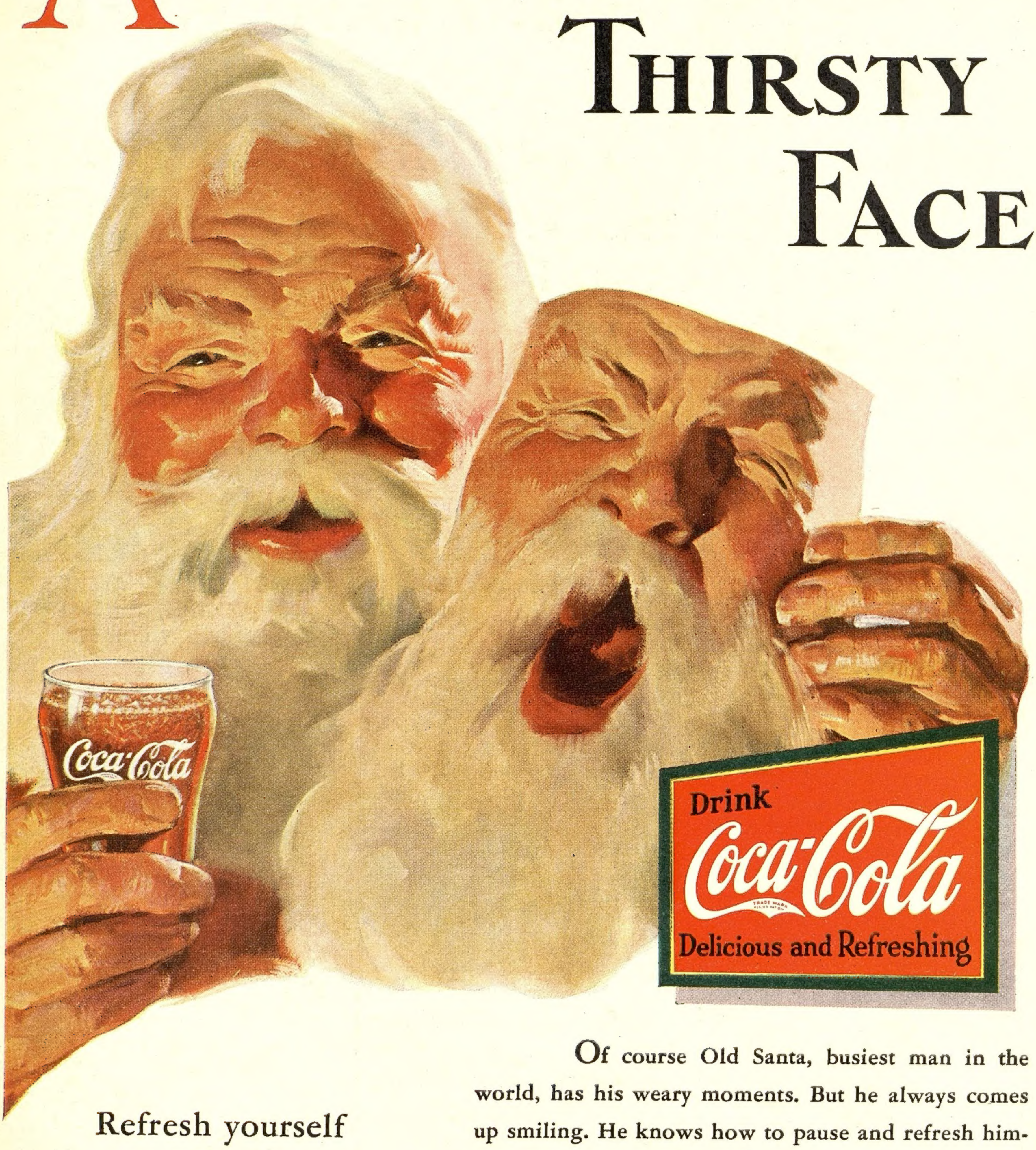
All that is necessary to qualify for one of the many weekly prize enlargements is to obtain one of the official Liberty Home Life Snapshot Contest entry blanks from any local photo dealer whose Photo Finishing is serviced by a Master Photo Finisher, and leave your entries with this Dealer accompanied with one of these Entry Blanks.

All local entries made in this manner will be judged weekly with numerous Blue Ribbon Enlargements awarded the best of local entries, after which all entries will be forwarded immediately to LIBERTY for entry and consideration in connection with the $5,000.00 weekly and grand prizes in the Liberty Home Life Snapshot Contest.

DEVELOPING
MASTER PHOTO FINISHERS OF AMERICA
AUTHORIZED DEALER
SERVICE AND QUALITY
PRINTING

The Master Photo Finishers of America *Giving Master Photo Service To the Better Photo Dealers of the United States and Canada*

AWAY *with a* TIRED THIRSTY FACE



Of course Old Santa, busiest man in the world, has his weary moments. But he always comes up smiling. He knows how to pause and refresh himself with an ice-cold Coca-Cola, and rebound to a happy normal . . . This great drink is a perfect blend of those pleasant, wholesome substances which foremost scientists say do most in restoring you to your normal self. It is really delicious and it will refresh you.

Refresh yourself
and be alert
Bounce back to normal

NRA
MEMBER
US
WE DO OUR PART

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